

AN. Hey this is my first story, so when reviewing be easy, though I would like you to help me better my writing, so anything, you think might help me become a better writer, please tell me.

AN pt2 This story is based loosely on "Harry Potter and the New Life" by Venetian Prince. The pairing is Harry/Cho/Katie/other, there wont be more than 4-6 girls, you can vote for the others on the poll on my profile.

"What are you," asked Voldemort , his voice shaking in anger , hate, Jealousy, and fear.

Anger, at the Gaul of these mudblood loving fools who defy his will!

Hate, for the green eyed boy who gives them there hope.

Jealousy, yes for the first time since taking the name Lord Voldemort , he was Jealous. How this boy with no remarkable magic or skill, was able to survive not one but two killing curses. Killing curses from Lord Voldemort himself, the strongest Dark Lord since Salazar Slytherin.

Finally fear. Deep down in the small mangled piece of soul that he had left over he felt fear. Fear of this scrawny, messy haired, nuisance, with eye's so much like his mother's. That he could stand time and again against, everything that he could throw at him, and not only survive, but overcome it all. What was it about this boy that made him able to do the impossible? He was snapped out his thoughts, by the voice of his most hated obstacle.

"Broken," answered Harry in a small voice that filled all of the Great Hall. "I'm broken, and tired, miserable..... But most of all I'm ready for you to die.

At these word's the already silent warriors, standing around them grew even quieter. All of them waiting, with baited breath, wondering if today would be the day the war ended. Would the Dark Lord finally kill the light's beacon of hope, or would Harry rid the world of the monstrosity that stood before them now?

"That's big talk coming from such a weak boy," taunted Voldemort.

"I haven't been a boy since I stopped you and that stuttering idiot in first year. Today won't be any different," he said in a voice that didn't betray how little fight he had left in him. "Today I'm going to end you for good!"

"Ah yes," replied Voldemort, as he started to circle like a shark, waiting for the perfect time to strike, Harry matching him step for step. "The year I failed to obtain the philosopher's stone. Let us be honest, that was more of me making a mistake and the incompetence of my servant, than of your doing."

"Really, because from where I standing all you seem to do is make mistakes."

"You're absolutely right," he spoke, surprising all in attendance. "When it comes to you I have made many mistakes, though not as many as you. My Mistakes only set back my plans, yours end with those who care for you dead. How does it feel knowing that you kill as many people with your mistakes, as I do with a wand?"

Hearing his words Harry couldn't help but flinch, as the faces of those who had died fighting flashed, before his eyes, bringing with them the pain of knowing he was right.

"Cedric, a boy with the whole world before him, dead because you. Fred, with his jokes and pranks bringing joy to all of those around him, killed because you wouldn't die. Ginny the first female Weasley in over three hundred years, life cut short while fighting for you. Hagrid the lovable, half giant who wouldn't hurt a fly, died while looking for you when you pulled your disappearing act. Poor Sirius who had suffered in Azkaban for twelve long years, dies coming to save you. Remus the misunderstood werewolf that had finally found love, died in battle while you were nowhere to be found. Nymphadora, mother to a newborn son, killed while looking for her dead husband. Dumbledore, leader of the light, champion of muggle born, and magical beings alike, died protecting you," Voldemort listed names, his smile and confidence growing, as he saw how each name cut Harry like the finest goblin steel. "Your latest mistake would be your biggest wouldn't you agree? I must thank you though," he said in a mocking tone, as he bowed to Harry, causing all those who had lost someone to growl, their hate for the red eyed man. "Without you it wouldn't have been as easy as it was to get rid of such filth."

"SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH RIDDLE," screamed Harry, sounding as if he was tearing his vocal cords with each word. Not knowing that his magic was growing, as he yelled, pushing to break free, to make the monster, who had taken so much from so many, to make him pay for his crimes.

Paying no mind to the waves of magic coming off the boy, thinking it was nothing more than a child throwing a tantrum, he continued to taunt him. "Don't worry, after I have killed you there won't be any more death. I'm sure I can find something for the mudbloods, to do under my rule," he paused, enjoying the effect his words were having not only on the boy, but all those, in the hall. "I believe I'll make them slaves, to those of more noble blood. There will be different kinds of slaves mind you, the men for the labor that is below, those of us with pure blood. My men get very restless, so I know what we can get the women to do.... After all that's all those mudblood whores are good for, he finished, with a dark chuckle.

Those watching the back and forward of the two strongest wizard's alive, felt chills run up their spines. The ones who had fought against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, knowing what would be in store for them if their hero didn't win. The Death Eaters worried knowing that the Potter brat had gotten the better, of the Dark Lord many times now, and never before had he showed the power that was coming off of him now.

"I'm done listening to your shit Riddle," said Harry coming to a stop, having a plan to finish the snake for once and for all, 'It's funny really, if this works I'll have to chalk it up to my inner Slytherin,' he mused.

Stopping in front of Harry, his amusement slipping into his voice, making him sound all the more deadly, "So you're ready to be the one to be the one to die by my wand? No longer going to let better men and women die in your place?"

'Perfect,' thought Harry, 'now just to get him to hold still.' "Why don't we do this like the graveyard? One spell each, our wands aren't brothers like last time, this time the person with the most power will win.

Laughing in a way that could only be described as insane, Voldemort thought to himself, 'This boy can't think that he can match

me in power, true that at full power, he may pose a threat, but I can tell that he's up to something..... It doesn't matter, but I can use this to gain an upper hand just in case."

"Alright a test of power it is, but first let's take a vow to ensure that we stick to the rules," answered Voldemort with his ever present chuckle in his voice. "After all I can't have you running off like you always seem to do."

"Fine, I'll take one so long as you do," replied Harry, feeling a huge burst of happiness, and fear wash over him. The happiness, he felt at the thought, of Voldemort dying for good, could only be beat by the fear at knowing that if his plan worked, he'd be going out with him.

"No shields, no dodging, anything else goes, agreed?"

"Agreed," said Voldemort. "I Lord Vol..."but before he could continue, Harry cut him off.

"None of that fake, name crap Tom. Make your vow with your real name," demanded Harry, seeing how Tom was already trying to worm his way out of the vow.

Chuckling at being caught by the boy, "Fine, fine I'll play by your rules, not that it matters, I know how drained you are right now. At full power you barely stand a chance, of overpowering me. As you are now, you stand no chance of beating me. It will be like taking candy from a baby.

Well let's hope for your sake that you're better at stealing from children, than you are at killing them. After all, we all know what happened the last time you tried to kill one," said Harry, feeling sick to his stomach as he realized what he had just said.

Hearing Harry's words, Voldemort's, eyes flashed dangerously, but said the vow anyway. "I Tom Marvolo Riddle, swear on my, life soul and magic that I will follow the rules to the duel set forth by Harry Potter, So Mote Be It," he finished, as his magic flashed red showing that it had accepted the vow.

'So this is it,' thought Harry, knowing that the end was coming closer by the second.

"Hermione, Ron," spoke Harry looking over Voldemort's shoulder seeing them standing behind him holding each, silent tears streaming down there faces. The look that pasted between them said more than any, words ever could." I love you guys."

Ron and Hermione, both knowing that Harry wouldn't be with them after seeing the determined look in his eyes. They wanted to stop him, to tell him that he didn't have to do whatever it was that he was planning on doing, but the look that he gave them told that he wouldn't be with them much longer, as well as telling them that he had to do this. It begged them not to make it any harder on him than it already was. With all that in mind they said their final good bye.

"Mate I'm sorry, said Ron, his voice cracking under the grief hr felt at having lost Fred and Ginny, knowing he was about to lose his best friend, and brother in all but blood. "I wish I had been a better friend, I promise I'll be a better man. I'll be someone you would be happy to call your best friend," he finished taking deep breaths fighting for control, tiring to be strong for Hermione.

"Don't be a prat Ron," replied Harry, chuckling at the surprised look on Ron's face from his words."You where the best mate anyone could ask for. You better take care of Hermione, she's too important for me to leave, with anyone else.

Smiling at his words, Ron just nodded knowing that it was time for the girl he loved, that was breaking down in his arm's to say goodbye.

"Mione," spoke Harry in a tone that he had only ever used when talking to his bushy haired sister. "You take care of Ron alright," getting a nod from the girl as tears continued to poor down her beautiful face. "Merlin knows how lost he'll be without you." She chuckled at his words, a sob escaping her before she said.

"I love you Harry, never forget that. You're the best brother that I could ever ask for."

With their final words of his best friends he knew now was the time to start. That if he continued putting off what he had to do he'd never be able to. Taking a deep breath he spoke the vow that he knew would mean his death.

"I Harry James Potter, swear on my Life soul and Magic that I will follow the rules of say forth for the duel, So Mote Be It," he finished as a flash green that matched his eyes went off.

As the last of the light from Harries vow faded from view, all knew the end had arrived. The power that was pouring off Voldemort was choking those around the Great Hall, his magic rising with his glee, at the fact that what started all those years ago on that Halloween night, was coming to an end. His wand hanging loosely at his side, ready to strike, charging waiting for the chance to unleash whatever dark curse, the man holding it wanted.

Feeling all the power coming off Voldemort Harry couldn't help but wonder if his plan would work. Could a spell he learned before he had even taken his OWLS, do anything, against this legend of the Dark Arts? With his knuckles turning white from griping his wand Harry raised it said his final good bye as his eyes locked over Tom's shoulder. "Goodbye Riddle."

Voldemort thinking that Harry was staring at the mudblood and blood traitor, over his shoulder, knew now was the time to strike. Wand flashing, as he let out a roar that would haunt all in attendance till there dying day, he unleashed a spell from his wand that was a sickly white, headed start for Harries chest.

Seeing the curse heading for him, Harry couldn't help but smile knowing it was most likely some ancient dark curse. That he was going to use a charm he learned in fourth year. Slowly almost lazily Harry raised his wand and spoke a spell that no one would have thought to hear in a duel with the Dark Lord.

"Accio Sword of Gryffindor"

There where gasp from around the hall as the sword was ripped out of the hands of Neville Longbottom, who was standing beside Ron and Hermione. Every eye in the hall watched as the basilisk venom enhanced blade made its way across the hall. In morbid fascination all of them saw the sword entered at the base of his neck, and out of his Adam's apple in an explosion of beauty and gore, killing the Dark Lord known as Voldemort.

As the sword was entering the snake mans neck across the hall, the white spell made contact with Harry Potter's chest. Pain filled his body as the spell stopped his heart, the last thing he saw as his world turned to black, was the tip of the sword exited the front of Riddles neck. His final thought was 'I got him!'

AN: Hey I'm back with my second chapter, and I would like to thank all of you who fav'd, and alerted this story(there was over 50 in all), and a even bigger thankyou to the FOURpeople who reviewd. Now that thats out of the way, more about this chapter. Just to let everyone know this chapter is by far a better chapter than the last one. Also just a heads up there is what I guess you could call a god in this chapter, and would like to tell everyone that this will NOT be a story where a god holds Harry by the hand, by doing everything for him. There will be no voice over that tells Harry what to do. The god will give him a chance to live again, and when he sends Harry to his new life (I know that was a spoiler but if you couldnt figure out that Harry is going o take the chance at a seond life then your a bit slow) that will be the end of said god. So please enjoy, and check the AN at the end for a chance to help mold this story.

"SHUT IT YOU BLOODY BIRD!"

The bird not listening continued singing, as if mocking the offending human, who had the nerve to interrupt its song.

Sitting up in his bed, pushing his shoulder length hair that was the color of crushed strawberries out of his face, he glared at the bird, with eyes as green and hard as emeralds.

Wishing he still had the BB gun that he had stolen from one of the muggle children that lived here in Godric's Hollow, so that he could shoot, the damn pest that had woken him. But of course, the bitch known as his mother had found it made him return it, to the muggle trash.

How she had found out he had stolen it, he didn't know. He had his hunch as to how she had found out.

His younger sister had most likely seen him with it, the day before he was forced to return it. It would make sense as the day he was confronted by the bitch about stealing it, she had, had avoided, him like he had a case of dragon pox.

If he ever found out she was the reason he was caught, she would have to pay. Maybe she would trip going down the stairs, after all a fall like that could cause someone to break a bone or two.

With thoughts too dark for a child his age, he got out of bed looking for anything that he could use to 'Silence', the bird with.

Walking around the room, one would never guess that the child known as Harry Potter, who called the room his own, would be as sick and twisted as he was. Only those closest to the Potter family had an indication as to what hid behind the beautiful face that was so much like his mother's. But even they had no clue to how much of a monster, he truly was.

While searching he comes across a picture that his father had forced him to put in his room, hoping that seeing himself surrounded, by the eight other people in the frame, would help warm him to them. Little did he know that by doing so, he only served to make his son hate him, and the others in the picture even more.

Picking up the photograph, he couldn't help but to become lost in all the plans he had to get rid of them. How he couldn't wait to go to Hogwarts, where he could put his plans into motion.

Finally after a time he was brought out, of his blood filled fantasies, by the animal, whose existence, he planned to end. Why wouldn't the damn thing shut up?

Making his way to the window, he could only hope that the blow wouldn't kill it right away, wanting to watch it suffer before it died. How he loved to watch animals squirm in pain, before whatever injury, it was that he gave them finished them off.

Flinging the window open, he drew back his arm, preparing to whip the picture, pausing only to sneer at it one last time.

His mother, father, two sisters, grandparents, and, his father's lap dogs, were all waving at him, as if his scowling face made their day. Off to the side he saw his picture self scowling at the other occupants.

Meeting eyes with himself. "Don't worry," he said in a voice that sounded like silk. "I'm going to bring about their end soon... I will be rid of them, even if it's at the cost of my soul!"

Little did he know that each word he spoke was heard by one of the many different higher beings. Unlucky for him this higher being was known as Karma.

S2ndC

Karma had taken a likening to watching the Harry Potters of different universes. Trouble always seems to find them. Always having a destiny far greater than those around them.

Loving to see him overcome the odds and beat all those that stood in his way. He became something akin to a hero to Karma.

He had just watched as one of his favorite Harry's, had given his life to stop, the Tom Riddle, of his world. Karma feeling upset that he had not been able to repay him for living such a selfless life, could do nothing more than move on to the next Harry and hope he had it better than the last.

As he started watching the life of this new Harry he felt his spirits rise as he saw that not only would he be as gifted as the last one, but he would have a family there to help him handle all the challenges he was to face.

With high hopes he set in for what he was sure was going to be a bright future for his favorite mortal, but his hopes didn't last long.

It started from an early age; the Harry of this world seemed to hate most things including his family. They loved and cared for him, like any loving family would, but Harry didn't seem to care. He would go out of his way to cause those around him trouble.

Seeing this Karma hoped that he would grow to love his family and realize how lucky he was to have them in his life.

These hopes were destroyed like those before them. For as the child grew older, he started to take pleasure in the pain of others. At first it was crushing bugs, but soon after he grew bored with them, and moved on to bigger animals, dragging out their pain as long as he could.

It was on the boy's eighth birthday, that Karma knew that his hero would become worse than the one known as Tom Riddle.

His family had gotten him a cake, and after singing him happy birthday, it was time to cut it. Like always Harry seemed to be in a dark mood, and when his sister had offered him the knife he grabbed it roughly out of her hand. In doing so he sliced her hand open.

As she screamed, all of those gathered rushed to her side, trying to see if there was anything they could do to help. What none of them saw was the look of pure bliss on Harry's face at seeing the pain she was in. It wasn't long after that he started to plan ways for his family to get hurt.

But like with the bugs and animals, seeing them only temporally hurt, soon lost all its appeal to him.

It wasn't long after, that he decided that the only way for him to achieve true happiness was to kill them.

All Karma could do was sit back and watch as, he came up with ways to finish them off without being caught.

Then it happened. Harry found a way to have them finished off without it being lead back to him. All he had to do now was wait till he started, Hogwarts. Then he could put his plan into motion.

Which brings us back to the present, Karma was watching as the monster known as Harry Potter, drew back the picture. Getting ready to kill another innocent creature's life.

Closing his eyes, as he had many times before now, not wanting to see what was going to happen next. He heard the child's silk voice, "Don't worry; I'm going to bring about their end soon... I will be rid of them, even if it's at the cost of my soul."

Karma's eyes flashed open at a speed only a being of his power could, if he acted fast enough he could use the monster's words against him.

It was true that he couldn't take a soul unless it was given willingly. Luckily the way the boy had phrased his last sentence was all the

opening he would need to spare the world from the wrath of this boy who would undoubtedly become a dark lord.

With barley a thought the boys soul was ripped out of his body, whisked away to feel what it was like to be tortured for the soul reason of the fun of others.

Satisfied Karma glanced at the soulless body one last time, getting ready to move onto the next Harry when he saw something that gave him pause, he realized that the body had landed in the exactly the same way the Harry before this one had when he gave his life for his world.

Slowly a smile made its way on to his face. "Maybe your story isn't over yet my Harry. After all you sacrificed your chance at happiness. If anyone should get a second chance it's you," said Karma, his smile getting bigger as he thought of a way to not only help this world, but his favorite Harry as well.

ANpt2: So I hope you can see some of the ways that Harrys life is going to be very AU.

Now as for the harem vote are as follows

OC sister=10 votes (perverts), Gabrielle D.=6 votes(YEAH VEELA), Astoria G.=6 votes(mini perky version of the ice queen), Lavender B.=3 votes (what no LavLav?), Romilda V.= 1vote(Damn no love)

So if this poll keeps going this way, I only have one question! Do I make Gabrielle a loli, or make her the same age as Astoria(two years younger than Harry)?

And Finally(I know I'm finally going to shut up soon) I'm going to have Harrys god give him one power of his choice. So what should his power be? Enhanced senses, and reflexs?(faster, stronger, sees and smells better) Elemental?(if so which element or all of them?), metamorph?, Mage sight? (can see spells and knows how to do them, right away), Eidetic memory?, The power to touch his nose with his tonuge? It's your choice, just leave what you want in a review.

AN: Here's number 3.

If Harry was to be honest with himself, he had been looking forward to death.

Not only would he get to see Sirius, and all the others who had died, he would finally get to meet his parents.

How he had longed for the warmth of his mother and father's embrace. To be able to sit and talk with them. Learn when his mother had first realized that James wasn't the cocky bully that he once was, or how his dad had finally gotten Lily to say yes to a date.

Just getting to know them, was going to be more than enough of a reward for not only how hard his life had been, but for giving up his future, and chance at happiness.

But at this moment Harry was starting to feel that maybe he wasn't going to be rewarded but punished.

"Hello," called Harry, for what seemed like the thousandth time. "Is anyone out there?"

He had awoken much like he had when he had been hit with the second killing curse, alone naked and surrounded by nothing but whiteness.

Slowly getting to his feet, he wished for clothes, they appeared before he was fully standing. Putting them on, he decided to go looking for someone, to see what the first step, in the next great adventure was.

The only thing wrong with this plan was that there was no one to be found.

All he could do was continue to walk and call out for someone, hoping that anything besides, silence would answer him.

Maybe he wasn't to be rewarded for what he had done. He remembered hearing his uncle saying something about killing yourself meant you would go to hell.

'But this isn't hell is it,' he thought to himself, thinking of hell as a pit full of fire. 'Then again I thought I was going to get to see my parents, and everyone else that had died. Not getting to see them or anything else for all of eternity would be the worst kind of hell I could think of... I'd almost prefer the flames and a pit.'

"Well if that's what you really want I could pull some strings, see if I could find you hole to be thrown in to."

Whipping around Harry came face to face with a... Well he wasn't really sure what it was.

Standing in front of Harry was a being whose appearance kept shifting, one second it would be a beautiful women with long white hair and blue eyes, the next it was a man with blonde hair, and violet eyes that somehow reminded him of Mad eye moody. Never keeping the same look for more than a second.

Standing there transfixed by the constantly changing person, he didn't hear said person chuckling at him.

"You know I always thought that you had better manners than to just stare at someone, like their some kind, circus attraction."

Hearing this Harry jumped, and started sputtering apologizes, "I-I'm so sorry sir... or um miss? It's just that you caught me off guard and well..."

Figuring he had had enough fun with the boy in front of him he settled his appearance to that of a small child with green hair, orange eyes and skin the color of rust.

"It's quiet alright Mr. Potter, you may call me Karma, or Kar for short,"spoke the now identified person. "I'm used to people reacting that way when they see how good looking I am," he said, in a tone of voice that reminded Harry of the time Sirius had run around Grimmauld Place, pretending to be Lucius Malfoy.

"Oh...um ok Kar," Harry said hesitantly, not really sure what to say to the person in front of him. "Do you know where we are?"

"Yes for a matter of fact I do. We are as of this moment in the... In between," finished Kar, in a way that suggested that Harry should be in awe.

"The in between," asked Harry, looking very much like Neville in potions class. "Ok, and where exactly is that?"

"Most of the time in the middle."

Not really knowing what possessed him to say it Harry replied, "You're a bit of smart ass aren't you?"

After the words had left his mouth Harry realized that he may have just insulted the only person who could give him answers. Getting ready to apologize for being rude, "I'm sor-", but he never got to finish as Kar had broke down laughing.

"Tha- that was pretty funny, most mortals are to afraid of me to say something like that," he l

Taken aback by not only him laughing but at the look this child was giving him, Harry tried to move the conversation on.

"If you don't mind me asking what do you mean 'mortals'?"

"What I mean is beings from your plain of existence, you only live for so long, and then you bite it. Which is kind sad considering, how many different ways there are to live forever?"

Hearing his words, Harry replied acidly, "You mean like Horcrux? I don't see anything sad about, being above killing innocent people, just to live a little longer!"

Seeing the glare on the youth's face that would make any baskilisk jealous, he couldn't help but smile. 'I most defiantly made the right choice in selecting him to go back. Now to just get him to agree.'

"Yes a horcrux would be a way to extend your life, but I was thinking more along other lines, one that doesn't involve, ripping your soul."

Having the grace to look abashed, he sheepishly apologized. "Yeah um...Sorry about that I've had a bit of a past with horcrux's and then hearing you say that I thought..."

...I was saying more people should go around killing incents," supplied Kar, not sounding the least bit upset like any normal person would.

"Yeah, I truly am sorry, I don't even know you and I'm putting words in your mouth."

"It's quiet alright," said Kar softly. "I know of what all you've been through. Your reaction isn't all that much of a surprise."

They both stood there for a few moments lost in thought, until Kar realized that if he didn't get things rolling, there was no telling how long they would be there. "How about we continue this conversation, in a more relaxed setting huh?"

Harry's reply died on his lips as Kar snapped his fingers, turning the vast nothingness into what Harry was sure had to be Hermione's dream room. There in front of them stood rows upon rows of book shelves full of books. Some as new as the day they were printed others looking so old that they would turn to dust at the lightest touch.

Only after Kar turned, walking away did Harry find out there was more than just books in the room. Behind them stood two chairs, sitting by a small table, in front of a fireplace.

Following Kar's example Harry sat down. Waiting for this strange child to explain what was going on.

"Now if I recall before, we got side tracked you asked what I meant by mortals, correct?"

"Yeah, the way you said it made it sound as if you're not, or never have been mortal. Also you said you know my story. How do you know anything about me, and on top of that when you first showed up you made a comment about what I was thinking, but I know for a fact that you have to have eye contact or a... Connection to another to see their thoughts "finished Harry realizing he had kept talking not giving a chance to respond.

Sitting listening to the boy go on and on about all he said he couldn't help but wonder if he would take him up on his offer. "Done asking

questions, or are you just taking a breather, getting ready for round two," he asked with a cheeky smile.

Rubbing the back of his head, thinking how much he must of sounded like Hermione, he answered, "Not right now but I'm sure by the end I'll have plenty more for you."

"Well answering your first question, no I'm not mortal, and never have been. Secondly I know your story because I've watched you're and many version's of your life, you're always so much fun to watch, it's like your Saturday morning cartoon, for me. Lastly as for how I can read your thoughts well that's just a perk of being a god."

...

"So," paused Harry thinking how best to say the next line. "The afterlife has mental hospitals to. Don't worry little one I'll be sure to get you back to the nice people in white lab coats."

"Yo-you k-know it's not smart calling a god crazy right," asked Kar, while trying to catch his breath after laughing so hard.

"Man kid you were never this funny in life, when you go back you should try making more jokes."

It took a few seconds for Kars words to make since. "Wa-wait a minute!" Harry said stumbling over his words. "I-I'm going back again? I thought I only had one horcrux in my bo..."

It was at that moment Harry realized something that he should have far sooner. 'Oh man I just insulted god, not once but twice!'

"Calm down kid, I don't care if you're a bit cheeky. I haven't laughed this many times in a conversation in a long time," he said trying to calm Harry down. "Besides I can feel others emotions as well as read thoughts and both of yours are giving me a headache."

Harry eyeing him skeptically, nodded his head, and took a few breaths trying to do as he was told and calm down.

"Now let's clear something's up. First I'm not god, I'm a god. They are totally different things."

"Does that mean that there are other gods, besides yourself, and what are you the god of?"

"Yes there is more than one god," answered Kar softly, not wanting to scare him. "As for your second question, I'll answer with my own. What's my name?"

"Karma, said Harry, it not hitting him who this was until the name had left his mouth.

"OH!"

"Look he figured it out," Kar, cheekily replied. "Your prize is a cookie." With a snap of his fingers a basket of cookies appeared before them.

"Thank you but I'm not hungry at the moment."

"I'm not ether but I really love these things," he answered as he stuffed a whole one in his mouth.

Trying not to think about Ron, as he watched this child/god stuff himself he waited wanting nothing more than to fire off all the questions that kept passing threw his head.

Finally finishing Kar continued where he had left off. "Where was I...? Oh yes as for the horcruxs there all gone."

"But how can, I go back to my body? The only reason I could last time was because I had some of Riddle's soul in my scar."

"Ah, well you see that's where, the problem lies, you won't be going back to your body, but somebody else's. Hell you won't even be going back to that world," he said bluntly.

"No!"

Not really surprised by this response he deiced to find out why he didn't want another chance at life, and try and reason with him. "Why not? Why wouldn't you want a second chance?"

"WHY NOT," Harry copied, thinking it should be obvious. "I'm not going to kick some bloke out of his body, just so I can take it for a

joy ride. That would be just as bad as killing someone to make a Horcux"

"Harry, the body you would be going into is already empty."

"My answer is still no. It would be a bit wired for me to walk around in someone else's dead body. What if I was to run in to someone who knew them when they were alive? And what do you mean I wouldn't be going back to my world?"

"Do you know about what muggles call the many world theory," he asked knowing that Harry had read about it when he was younger.

"Yeah I do, when I was younger I read a book about this man who feel through a portal, to a world just like his except he had never been born there."

"Well it's like that, except there will be bigger changes than one person not being born."

At hearing this Harry took pause, to think about, what he had been told. "And what about the dead person's family?"

"He's not dead."

"But I thought you sai-" he started to say but was cut off by Kar.

"I took the child's soul Harry!"

Hearing these words Harry felt himself becoming sick at the thought of a child having its soul stolen. "You monster," Harry growled out, in a voice full of venom. "How can you sit there and talk about taking a kid's soul like it's nothing!"

He would have continued but before he could say anything else Kar asked a question that stopped him from saying anything else's.

"If you had, the chance to stop Tom Riddle would you have taken it" asked Kar looking into his eyes and seeing the same hate and disgust directed at him as the eyes of the red-haired Harry had for the world.

"Of course," came Harry's clipped reply.

"Even if the only way to do so was when he was a child?"

About to say he could never do that to a child, he stopped when he heard a question, he had asked Dumbledore about the first time he had seen Riddle. "What would you have done to him professor if you knew what he would grow up to be?"

"And there wasn't any way he could have been saved," whispered Harry, hating the fact that if it meant stopping the world from ever knowing of Voldemort, he would have killed Tom Riddle in a second. "Wasn't his family there for him, anyone who could have changed the path he was headed down? And how can you be so sure he couldn't be saved?"

"He was a part of a family that loved him very much, they had continued to try reaching out to him, again and again but to no avail," he replied, knowing that when Harry learned it was another version of himself, that had been heading down that road, it was going to hit him hard. "As to how I know I saw this child do horrible things. He had a liking for causing pain to other things, but that lost all appeal to him as time went on. When I was finally able to stop him he was less than three months away from hiring someone to kill his family."

Sitting back and he closed his eyes trying to keep the bile that was currently fighting its way down.

"How old was he?" asked Harry, dreading what the answer would be.

"Ten years old."

"Bu-but how can that be," asked Harry, in a pained voice. "I can see how Riddle turned out bad, but you said this kid had a loving family."

"I don't know why, he turned out the way he did, but I'm happy that I was able to stop him," Kar spoke his voice full of conviction. "He was as powerful as you and was going as dark as Voldemort. He would have been unstoppable."

"I'm not that stro-" started Harry only to be cut off by Kar.

"Not that what? Strong? You've said some stupid things since we've meet, but that has to take the cake." Letting out a sigh at how bad his confidence issues where. 'That won't be a problem once he gets into his new body.'

"But my school marks where always below Hermione's," supplied Harry, as if that was evidence enough that he wasn't strong.

"Yes you did, but let ask you something," said Kar waiting for Harry to give him the go ahead.

Harry nodded his consent to continue having forgotten for the moment about his future's body, old tenant.

"How often did you open a book, that wasn't a course book, and that had nothing to do with quidditch?" Waiting for an answer that didn't seem to be coming he plowed on ahead. "A couple of times in fourth and fifth years.

Looking ashamed of himself Harry focused on the empty basket the cookies had been in.

"Honestly I'm amazed that you where in the top ten of your year, every year. The only people above you being Hermione, Daphne Greengrass, and a group of Ravenclaws. And while we're on the subject what would your parents have had to say, if they saw how you slaked off. Do you know they where top of their class in all of their class's, the only one who beat one of them was the other one."

Seeing him looking like a beat puppy he deiced to cut him slack. "Listen I know that you had it hard. With everyone always watching you, some kind of plot going on and how the Dursleys raised you to not stand out. You had a lot going against you, but it's no excuse.

"I'll do better next time!"

"Oh!" said Kar, in a teasing manner. "So you plan on going back huh?"

"I think I will." he said in a hesitant voice. "I mean I wonder what life will be like without Voldemort always trying something."

At hearing this Kar flinched, which didn't go unnoticed by Harry.

"He is dead in this new world right?" asked Harry, while a sense of dread washed over him.

"No he's not dead," said Kar in a rush, waiting for one of those famous Harry Potter blow ups, that he used to love to watch, but now at the thought of being on the receiving end did look anywhere near as funny as usual. "Now before you start yelling I should give you some details about why he's not dead."

Getting close to losing his cool, Harry motioned him to go on, hoping that what he would hear wouldn't push him over the edge.

"Well to be honest this worlds Boy-Who-Lived hasn't come to Hogwarts yet, so the Philosopher's stone hasn't ether."

Hearing that the stone wouldn't be brought to Hogwarts until he showed up didn't surprise him. He knew that Dumbledore had let him face things, so he would be ready for when bigger and harder problems showed up.

"So how long until, the me of this world show's up?"

"You show up this year and so does the Boy-Who-Lived," he answered wondering when he would catch on about him not being the boy who lived.

He didn't have to wait long.

"Wait does that mean that this worlds Harry Potter isn't the BWL, and my parents are alive in this world," he asked with a look that bordered on obsessed.

"Yes you'll be going to school at the same time as Neville the BWL, and yes your parents are alive in this world. Bu-"

"YESSSSSSS!" Harry screamed, like a mad man.

"I'm going to have to get close to me in this world, if I'm lucky I could get to know our parents."

"Harry that's not going to be possible." Kar knew the truth was getting ready to come out and didn't look forward to what Harry's reaction would be.

"Why not," asked Harry his voice taking on an edge that sent chills up even the god's spine. "I'm going back to stop this kid from going all, Voldemort on the world, why can't I have the one thing I want?"

"You can't become close to him because, of who you're going back as."

"And who am I going back as?"

"You're going back as yourself. You're going back as Harry Potter!"

...

"I'm the monster who planned to kill his family," asked Harry in such a small broken voice that it hurt Karma more than when he had to watch him die.

"No you are not that monster. He's being punished as we speak."

"Did he ever hurt any of our family?"

"That doesn't matter; all that matters is that you're going to go be the best son they could ask for."

"Tell me the truth. Did he hurt them?"

Kar hesitated, but finally spoke, "Yes he's hurt your mother, father, sisters, Sirius, Remus and anyone else he can without being caught. They don't have any proof, but they do suspect him."

Hearing this tore Harry's heart in ways that he could never described. Not only had he hurt Sirius and Remus, but his mother father and his sisters as well.

"I'm ready to go. What do I have to do?"

"Wha," sputtered Kar. He hadn't expected Harry to want to go after he heard what his other self had done. "We have to talk about a couple of things before we send you in."

"Alright what is it," he demanded.

"First is I don't know if you heard me say it before but, you're not the BWL?

"Yeah I heard it's Neville right," asked Harry, after getting a nod he said. "Alright what else?"

"Secondly just because someone was a good or bad person in your world does not mean they will be in this new one."

"Ok"

"Third, you have to realize that your family has been dealing with a monster for ten almost eleven years. They're going to be guarded against you, at least until you prove yourself to them.

"Alright," Harry said as he calmed down knowing, that everything Kar had said so far had been right.

"Now for what you will get to take with you, the pouch you wore around your neck and all its items, all of you magic, and lastly your parseltounge ability.

"Wait," said a puzzled Harry. "I thought that was from Tom's soul, I shouldn't be able to speak snake anymore."

"Magic and the abilities, which come with it, are a part of the soul. You had a part of Riddles soul latched on to yours, over time your soul took the ability from him. Also you should know that since the other Harry's soul was in the body you're going to, you will become more like him. Now wait before you get upset you won't go around killing things, but you will take some personality traits from him. Which ones I don't know."

"That's really troubling, are you sure I won't start hurting things?"

"Well when you had voldemort soul on yours did you go killing people? No. Then you have nothing to worry over," replied Kar, getting a little sad knowing goodbye was coming.

"And finally, the last thing you should know is..." he paused for dramatic effect. Finally getting some of his playfulness back, after losing it during the serious talk. "That I will be giving you a gift of your choice. No matter what it is that you want, whiter it be, having superman's power, or become the first male Veela."

"If it was me I'd go male veela, could you just imagine the fun you could have with that power."

"Um yeah, I think I'm going to pass on the whole male Veela thing," said Harry, while chuckling at the look of utter heartbreak, on Kar's face, at him not picking it. "Besides something tells me you would enjoy me having it more than I would myself."

"Yeah you're right, but it doesn't really matter though, you'll be beating the women off with a stick as soon as you get to Hogwarts anyway. And hopefully they'll just be plain beating you off," stated Kar whispering the last part so that Harry wouldn't hear.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh right you have no idea what your, new body looks like do you? Well let's just say you take after your mother in this world instead of your father."

"Ooooookay?"

"Now when you go to sleep, on your first night there, you'll have a dream. In this dream there will be a desk with a piece of paper. Write what you want my gift to you to be, after you're done fold it up and swallow it. When you wake up the next morning, you have the ability.

"Well this is where we say goodbye young Harry. I know it's been short but it's been fun having you around... Well except when you were being all scary, then I was... well scared."

Snorting Harry replied "Yeah right me scaring a god."

'He really doesn't know how far he could go if he just tried,' thought Kar.

"I look forward to seeing what you do in the future, Mr. Potter,"

Before Harry could even say goodbye he felt a pull behind his belly button, much like a port key, and darkness over took him.

AN: So this chapter is as long as the first two. I hope to have all my chapters be this long or longer from here on out.

When I upload the next chapter I'll be taking the poll down.

About this story I would like people to know that it will be a while, before any Lemons happen. I plan on working up to things like that. This wont be a story were, Harry see's the girl he likes and then in the next chapter he's sleeping with her.

There's still time to help pick his power from Karma, so leave your review and the best will be picked.

Finally THANKYOU! to everyone who reviewed last chapter. I love ya!

"Ugh!" Was all Harry was really able to say, as he found himself back in the world of the living.

'Getting back in a body must be harder than getting out,' thought Harry, not daring to move or open his eyes, afraid it would intensify the pain. 'It feels like Bludgers are mating in my head.'

Eyes closed tight, Harry lay there, listening to the sound of a bird singing. He found that if he focused on the tune coming from the bird, he could almost pretend that there wasn't any pain at all.

He could feel the emotions coming from the animal. Happiness, excitement, playfulness, and gratitude, were just a few of the feelings he was getting from it.

For a second he felt that maybe the bird was singing for him, as a thank you, but quickly dismissed it as the pain playing tricks on his mind. Why would a bird have any reason to thank him?

How long he listened to it he would never know. What he did know was that as it finished and flew away, his pain was all gone except for a dull ache that was running through his body.

Feeling that it was finally safe to move, he started to sit up, slowly rising not wanting to increase the ache in his body. Putting his hand out to support his weight, he felt his hand come in contact with something.

Finally opening his eyes, to see what he had touched, he looked down to see a photograph. Picking it up to see who all was in it, he gasped at what he found.

From the confines of the frame he saw nine people standing together in front of a pond, five of which he had seen before.

Standing all the way to the left was a couple that were older than all the rest in the picture but didn't look a day over forty. They were holding each other with peaceful smiles on their faces. The man had untamable brown hair and wore wire thin glasses over blue eyes. The woman that the man was holding had long black hair, which was kept out of her face by a hair pin, showing off deep chocolate eyes.

Harry had seen them both in the Mirror of Erised. They were Charlus and Dorea Potter, Harry's grandparents.

Moving on to those beside them, he came across two men who had been like fathers to him, in his last life. Lupin and Sirius stood side by side, the former giving a soft smile as he waved, the latter with a huge grin giving a thumbs up to the camera.

Harry couldn't help but smile at the two, thinking that nothing would ever change them.

James Potter was the next in line, with a smile that was as big, if not bigger than Sirius's. His skin had natural tan that with his untamable black hair, made his brown eyes stand out from under his glasses.

To the right holding James hand was Lily, she had cream white skin, which stood out against her freckles, and long dark red hair. All in all she looked like a living goddess, but her most becoming feature wasn't her skin or hair, but her deep green eyes that seemed to glow with love.

Seeing them like this Harry couldn't help but to shed tears. He had seen pictures, of his parents before, but none of them had ever shown them looking so... alive.

As he tried to get control over himself, movement drew his eyes away from his parents to, two girls running and chasing back and forward in front of the group.

The smallest had to be at most four. She had long red hair that trailed behind her, as she ran/stumbled away from the older girl. Taking a closer look you could see that she was covered head to toes, in freckles just like Lily, but she had James dark brown eyes. Her face was aglow with laughter from the joy of playing tag.

'So this is my baby sister,' thought Harry, a wide grin on his face from watching the, tiny red head play. 'Then that means that the other girl is also my sis-' But he never finished the thought, as at that moment, the older girl caught the younger one, giving Harry his first good look at the eldest of the two.

She had short black hair that only reached her chin, its color looking even darker if possible against, her snow white skin that had a light

dusting of freckles across her small button nose. Her eyes the same green as her mothers, held in them a fierce love and protectiveness in them for the small girl, that was so great that it would make even the bravest Death Eater, think twice before messing with her. To Harry there was only one way to sum her up.

"Beautiful," he whispered, as his eyes searched her face hungrily.

It took a few seconds for Harry to realize what had slipped past his lips, shaking it off as nothing more than a reaction that any brother would have seeing his younger sister for the first time, moved on to the final person in the shot.

Standing a good distance away from the rest of the group was a lone figure leaning against a tree, which was only half way in the picture. From how they were standing all you could really tell was that they were young and that the person seemed to be very tense, as if fighting to control them self. They had long hair that hung to their shoulder's that was so red it seemed almost unnaturally so.

'It's the color of strawberries and blood,' thought Harry, feeling a chill run up his spin from the comparison.

As if feeling Harry's discomfort, the figure turned its head, pulling their hair behind their ear trying to keep it out of there face. In doing so Harry saw unknowingly for the first time, his current body.

His skin was as dark as James, but held none of the freckles that had graced the other two children's faces, his face held traces of roundness, from child hood, but showed signs that in the future, would turn angular. The more Harry looked at him the more of Lily he saw in him. His lips, nose, and eyes were all Lily. That's when Harry realized that this was the new him.

'That's what Kar meant by taking more after my mother,' thought Harry, as his unoccupied hand reached up tracing his face.

Wanting to see his face from a better view, he reached for his wand, only to find that it was gone.

"Damn it," cursed Harry, his panic rising at the thought of being wand less, until he remembered that he wasn't being chased by Death Eaters anymore, and the only wand he would have with him

at the moment would be his broken holly and phoenix one, which he kept in the moleskin pouch, that Hagrid had given him for his seventeenth birthday.

"I'm going to have to take a trip to Diagon Alley," he said, as he got up looking around the room. "It just feels wrong not having one."

The bedroom he was in was very large, it had a huge bed, a desk, a couple of bookcases, all of which were full, and finally a door that looked like it might lead to closet.

Hanging on the wall beside one of the bookcases was a Nimbus 2000. The only problem that Harry could see with it was that it was dusty. Thinking the old Harry must have left it dusty just to show who ever got it for him, that he never touched it. Harry was going to change, he was going to make sure that he put it to good use, at least until they started to sell the Firebolt again.

Setting the picture down he started heading for the door he hoped lead to a closet. Opening it he came face to face with a room that would make Parvati and Lavender die of jealousy.

It was packed full of clothing, for all occasions, fine dress robes, muggle suits, even things that wouldn't look out of place on Bill Weasley. 'He must have really liked to play dress up,' thought Harry, trying to take in the size of room. The closet had to be at least half the size of the bedroom.

"I wonder how much pride he had to swallow to ask someone to put a expanding charm on this place," Harry asked himself, laughing at what he was sure, had to have been a funny sight.

Seeing a mirror on the other side of the room, he moved on stopping here and there looking at clothes he was excited to wear. 'I'll finally get to wear something that hasn't been stretched across Dudley's fat ass,' he thought, with a satisfied look. Happy to have clothing that would fit him.

Finally reaching the mirror, he received his first good look at himself; he seemed to be older by at least a year, evident by the lack of roundness to his face. With only sleeping pants on he saw that he had a flat stomach, though not really having any real muscle to talk about, but his body had a shape that showed that all he would have

to do was continue working out like he, Ron, and Hermione had been toward the end of their adventure, and he would have a body most would kill for.

Looking at himself he wondered if he had grown up with a loving family in the first time line, would he have looked anything like this. Of course he wouldn't have the same red hair that he did now, which was currently pulled back in a loose knot on the crown of his head. The years of living in a dark cupboard and not being fed enough, had wreaked havoc on his body.

The only reason he had grown so tall in his last life, was for the fact that Madam Pomfrey had gotten the elf's at Hogwarts to feed him potions, to help fight malnutrition. Ron had been the one to tell him this, having only found this out himself, because he had walked in on her giving his mother the same potions asking for when Harry was around in the summer to make sure Harry received them.

Smiling at thoughts of Mrs. Weasley, Harry untied the ribbon that had been holding his hair up, as it fell he couldn't help but remember the burst of blood as the sword exited Voldemort's throat, for some reason this excited him.

With morbid thoughts running through his head, he stood in front of the mirror running a hand threw his hair, drinking in his appearance.

Before he had started attending Hogwarts, his favorite part of his appearance had always been his lightning shaped scar. When he had found out that it was a mark left by his family's murder, he began to resent not only it but anyone who heard his name and would look at it before meeting his eyes.

Seeing himself like this, he couldn't help but feel that getting the attention of others wouldn't be so bad. In fact maybe it would be a good idea to show the world, what all he could do. After all hadn't Kar said that he should do his best? Who was he to disagree with a god?

What Harry didn't know was that the god that he had just passed through his mind was watching and didn't like what he was hearing. "I guess I'm going to have to show up in that dream tonight."

Snapping out of his thoughts of grandeur, he figured it was time to get clothed and make his way to the family library. Hoping to find out how different the past was, to his own.

Slipping on a black shirt, and cargo shorts, he made his way out of his closet, and headed for the door. Just as he reached it, there was a banging on the other side.

"HEY ASS, OPEN UP!"

Now normally if a person was to hear someone banging on their door, while cussing them they wouldn't open the door. However if you were raised as Harry had been then you know that the longer you kept the other person waiting the madder they would get. So with this in mind he quickly opened the door.

This as it turns out, was a very bad idea.

On the other side was his black haired sister. As he caught sight of her two things popped in to his mind.

The first of which was how the picture hadn't done her justice. The snow white skin, dusting of freckles, and black hair, seemed to make her intense eyes, all the more expressive. It was as he realized what they were expressing was what made the second thing pop up in his mind.

'She's going to kill me.'

"You think you can get away with anything don't you," she asked, as she advanced on him.

"I-I don't know what you mean," replied Harry trying and failing to back away from the enraged girl.

"Don't play that incent crap with me. Everyone knows you're the one behind all the "accident's" that happens around here.'

"Really, I have no clue what you're talking about," said Harry, trying to push his honesty into each word. Forgetting that in a way it was him who had done everything.

"Oh really well then explain this then." In her hand was a china doll, with half its head missing. "What did you think that you would do, send me a message. 'If you ever rat me out to mom again something bad is going to happen to you'," she said, in a tone that was clearly supposed to sound like him.

"Well you know what I'm not scared of you, so if you're going to do something then do it."

It hit Harry at that moment that he most likely was the one who had broken it. Harry only thinking of one thing to do, did just that.

"I'm sorry," he said, sounding like a hurt puppy. "I know I haven't been the best big brother, but I intend to make it up to not only you but everyone else to. I want to be worthy of being a part of this family."

Staring at him with her mouth hanging open, she didn't know what to do. Never in all of her nine almost ten years had she ever heard the words "I'm sorry" leave his mouth. It was so shocking that she forgot about her anger at him. Too lost in her thoughts to continue being mad at him.

"Listen, I'll get you a new one, it's the least I can do to make up for it," spoke Harry, the care he had for the young girl before him, showing in each word.

His words knocking her out of her stupor, she felt happiness at his words. 'Maybe he means it,' she thought, but at that moment she looked at the doll in her hand, it was in the same hand that had been cut on his birthday. Even to this day, it still hurt on occasion.

Remembering this it brought her thoughts back to who had given her the cut, Harry Potter. The boy who had always been around when something was stolen, or when an animal went missing, and in the past few years the one who had been there when anyone was in an accident. He didn't mean his words, this was just another one of his set ups, and she wasn't going to fall for it.

Forcing the best smile she could she asked, "Really you mean it?"

Harry after years of dodging his uncles fists, bludgers, and the spells that always seemed to fly his way had a bit of a sixth sense when he

was around someone who wanted to cause him bodily harm. He had taken to calling it his spider sense after seeing an American cartoon one Saturday, where the hero had an ability to tell when danger was near.

As he was trying to come up with something to say that would calm her down, he heard the sound of something hitting the floor. Looking down he saw that the china doll had fallen from her hand. Bending to pick it up, he felt something hard connect with his face, and saw a burst of light behind his eyes.

Stumbling from the blow, Harry looked up to see her holding her hand, hopping in place with a chant of "ow ow ow ow".

Ignoring the pain he was feeling in his head, he rushed over to her.

"Are you alright, let me see it?"

"Don't touch me," she spat at him. "I know you don't care about me. All you want to do is see how bad it is don't you?"

Harry knowing that these words were meant not for him but for the old Harry, couldn't help but feel hurt at them.

"In the past that might have been true, but not anymore," he said staring into her eyes. "I swear that I've changed."

"I'm sure you have," each word spoken laced with sarcasm. "I don't know what your new game is but I'm not going to fall for it," saying that she turned and left the room, cradling her injured hand, not bothering to pick up the doll.

'Ok... If she's that pissed about a broken doll, I'm going to have a hard time connecting with her,' he thought as he walked over to pick up the toy.

S2ndC

After leaving his room, where he left the doll, he set out to find the library. As he searched for it he could help but think that this was how a home was supposed to look. Clean but not to the point of making one feel unwelcome. Nice furnishing, but didn't look like a museum. Every room had its own style, like someone, had changed

their mind in each room about how they wanted to decorate, but instead of looking tacky, it made it all the better.

Searching all the rooms on the second floor, besides those with name plaques, indicating it was someone's room. When he had come across his parent's room, it had been hard for him not to break the door down, just to go see them, but not knowing when they usually woke up, didn't want to take a chance of waking them and putting them in a bad mood. 'I've already pissed one person off this morning, don't want to do it again,' he thought feeling depressed.

Finding nothing besides Spare bedrooms, he headed up to the third floor, wondering how long it was going to take to find the library.

As he climbed the last step he received his answer.

The entire third floor was nothing but books.

"Hermione is going to love this place!"

AN: I'm back and we have alot to talk about.

1st is the poll results: OC(sis) 37, Astoria 35, Gabrielle 31, Lavender 15, Romilda 5. I said in the begining that the group would be anywhere from 4 to 6. It's going to be a group of 5, because the OC was in the lead the whole time, and Gabrielle and Astoria were going back and forward the entire time.

2nd is that the I've picked the power to be given. There where two that kept being picked so I'm going to combine the two.

3rd as for Gabrielle she will be the same age as Astoria. Thank God you picked that, I was didnt look forward to trying to write that kind of relationship.

Finally I have two questions.

What should Harrys wand be made of?

What should his animagus form be?

Once again THANK YOU for the reviews. Leave one this time and tell me what you think.

AN: New Poll Up. Also if you're wondering which OC he will be with it's the older sister.

'Well it seems that this time line isn't all that different, than my own,' thought Harry, while closing Modern Magical History.

When he first arrived the in the library, he had forgotten the entire reason he had been looking for it, getting lost in reading the titles of the different books.

There where entire bookcases dedicated to only one subject apiece, wheatear it be DADA, Charms, Transfiguration, whatever you could think of there were bookcases for it. There was even one full of books on Alchemy.

Seeing all this Harry couldn't help but make plans on which subjects he was going to tackle first. DADA had always been his forte, so he knew it would be one of the first he would look into, along with Arithmancy and Alchemy.

Ever since Hermione had told Harry that Arithmancy was the study of numbers, and that after learning enough, you could create your on spells, he had cursed himself for taking Divination, over such an interesting class.

"It must be brilliant making your own spells" Harry told her after hearing what the class consisted of, but she had quickly killed his thoughts of coming up with flashy moves, by telling him that to create new spells, he needed a permit from the Ministry of Magic, and that all created spell's had to be submitted and approved by them. Hearing this he thought that it wouldn't be worth making spells if they were only going to be taken away.

It wasn't until two years later that she had also given him the perfect loop hole to be able to create spells, and not have to give them to the Ministry. Where he was sure that people like Lucius Malfoy could pick though them for the best ones.

At the time she had been complaining about how unfair it was that pureblood families could do what others couldn't. When he asked 'what the man was doing to keep her down', she had snorted at his feeble attempt at a joke, and told him that, if someone from a family of 'Ancient' or 'Noble' status, then any spell they created, would be

put in their Family Book of Spells. This could only be seen by one with ties to the family. Luckily for Harry his family was both, and he fully intended to use the rule to his benefit.

Alchemy was also a branch of magic that Harry wanted to explore. He had joined Hermione when she went searching for more on it during first year. But going to the library turned out to be a waste of time, they had asked Madam Prince where they could find books on the subject, but were disappointed, when she had replied that books on Alchemy, were very rare and that the only person that she knew of who had any on the subject was Dumbledore, and that they had better not waste his time, trying to get books that they would never understand.

With thoughts about what all he planned to read before he went off to Hogwarts, he moved on to try and find out what all he could about this time.

As luck would have it he only had to go down a few bookcases, to find a section on history. Unluckily the section was packed full, on books for history on anything you wanted, and even some that you didn't.

"I better get started," he sighed, as he began his search.

What he found out was that the time line was almost exactly like his, there only being a few differences.

First was that Neville was the boy who lived. The Longbottoms had refused to go under the fidelius, and in doing so, they were found by Voldemort on the same Halloween that Harry's family had been. A big difference had been that Neville's parents had not been home like Harry's had. Augustice Longbottom had been watching little Neville, that night, and when Voldemort came, she was killed right away, but the rest went the same as it had with Harry.

"Neville's going to be the one to face him this time, and I'll be right there helping him along the way," stated Harry, vowing to help him anyway he needed it.

The second big change was one Harry already knew about. His parents had two other children in this time line.

The little red heads name was Ivy Potter, and she had just turned 4, a week ago on July 10th.

Thinking of how awful his old self was. "I'm willing to bet that I didn't get her anything ether."

His other sister's name was Iris; her birthday was only 29 days after his own. She was a year younger and would be attending Hogwarts next year.

"At least I have time to get her something," He said to himself. "Though anything I get her has a high chance of flying at my head."

With his stomach yelling at him he decided it was time to try and find the kitchen. Hopefully he would get to see more of his family, and maybe just maybe, they wouldn't try and take his head off his shoulders.

S2ndC

When he found the kitchen it appeared that no one else had came down to get breakfast yet. So deciding to whip something up for himself, he started looking for what they had to eat.

Making his way over to the pantry, lost in thought about ways to get on his family's good side, he didn't hear the noises that were coming from the inside, until he was just outside the door.

"Agh- Almost got it," came a small voice from inside the pantry.

Harry easing the door open, peaked inside to see who else was up.

Standing on her tiptoes was Ivy her hair messy and only a night gown on, reaching for a box of cereal.

"Do you need any help," he asked amusement in his voice, from seeing her struggling to reach the cereal.

What he hadn't been expecting was to scare her.

S2ndC

Ivy knew better than to try and get things from high up without someone else's help, but she was really hungry, and her mommy and daddy were sleeping, her big sister was mad about something and was saying the words that mommy said were bad, and there's no way she could ask her brother. He was way too scary, and Iris had told her to never be alone with him.

So Ivy decided to get herself something to eat. After all she was a big girl like Iris, she could feed herself. Going to the pantry, she was going to get her favorite cereal, but when she found it, she saw that it was too high up for her to reach.

Standing there trying to find a way to her breakfast, time past until, "Maybe if I get a chair, I can get it then," she said, proud of her idea, she set out to, to put plan under way.

Finally getting a chair in to the pantry she climbed on top, making sure to get her balance, she reached for them. Just as she was about to get them, she heard a voice from behind her.

Thinking that she was the only one up, she hadn't been expecting to hear anyone else, but when she did; she lost her balance and slipped off the chair.

Feeling the air rush past her as gravity pulled her, she curled up in a ball waiting for the impact. But before she could hit she felt a pair of strong arms grab her, stopping her fall.

Not moving still feeling sick from the almost fall she rested her head against whoever it was that saved her. 'Next time I'm going to ask for help. I don't want to die over cereal.'

Taking a few breaths the feeling in her belly started to go away, she looked up thinking it was her daddy or one of her uncle's who had caught her, ready to say thank you, but who she saw instead made her feel sicker than the fall had.

Seeing it was Harry, she tried to get out of his arms, as she stuttered out an apology. "H-Harry, I'm sor-sorry, about getting close to you," her stutter increasing when he didn't put her down. "I-I was hungry but no one was around, so I was going to make some cereal."

Harry seeing how frightened of him she was didn't put her down, afraid that she would run away before he could calm her down.

"Ivy you have nothing to be sorry about," he said in a calming voice. "I'm the one who should be sorry."

Harry was trying not to laugh at the look of pure shock on her face. "I should have let you know I was behind you. I almost got you hurt. Will you forgive me?"

Ivy was gaping like a fish, not only had her big brother said he was sorry, but he also said more than the word 'move' to her. On top of that he voice that had always sounded pretty to her seemed to sound even nicer than before.

"Hello lil Ivy," he asked, waving a hand back and forward in front of her face. "You still in there?"

Blushing like Weasley at being talked to affectionately by her older brother she responded, "I-Its fine, don't worry I shouldn't have been up there. Mommy and Daddy are going to be upset with me," as she said this she unconsciously buried her head in his chest.

Smiling at her cuteness, he walked out of the pantry with her still in his arms. "How about we keep this between you and me huh? That way nobody will get in trouble ok."

"Promise you won't tell mommy," She asked cutely, raising her head so that he could see her eyes, that wouldn't look out of place on a puppy at the moment.

"I promise," he told her, while he sat her down at the counter. "How about I make you some breakfast, and while I work you can tell me what you like to do for fun."

"I can't."

"Why not? I thought you were trying to get something to eat?"

"Iris said that I shouldn't take anything from you," she answered, not realizing that she had told on her sister. "She says that you would give me something to make me feel bad."

Hearing this Harry had to admit that he would have told her the something, if it had been him trying to protect her. "Well then how about you make it with me, that way you can see that it's ok to eat?"

Ivy seemed to take a minute to ponder over whether it was ok to help him, but in the end her stomach won out. "Ok!"

Thirty minutes later Harry and Ivy were sitting down to eat their breakfast, and Harry couldn't have been happier. At first she had been slow to talk to him, but by the time they had put their finished breakfast on the table, he could barely get a word in.

When they sat down she had stopped talking and he figured that she was just really hungry, and that after they finished she'd be back to her talkative self. That is until she asked her next question.

"Harry, why do you hate us," her voice so low that had he not been so focused on her he wouldn't have heard her.

Gritting his teeth at how anyone could hate their family let alone someone as cute and loving as lil Ivy. "I don't hate you, Ivy," he said his anger barley slipping into his voice, not that she noticed. "I know in the past I was mean, and acted like I didn't like anybody, but now I want to play with you, Iris, mommy, daddy, and uncles Moony, and Padfoot." He hoped that by putting it as simply as playing, she would understand better.

"So does that mean you'll play with me now," she asked, her eyes lighting up at the thought of having someone else to play with.

"Yes I'm going to play with you from now on," he said as the fire place flashed green.

Out came Sirius, closely followed by Remus, dusting them self's off, they looked up to see Harry, sitting with Ivy by themselves.

Harry had to fight himself not to run up and give them a hug, but he figured that if he did, they may react worse than Iris did when he had said sorry.

Looking at them closer he could see panic in their eyes from him being alone with Ivy.

"Hello Remus, Sirius, how are you two today?"

For the third time that day Harry had rendered people speechless, by saying everyday things. 'How hard is it going to be to get through to them,' wondered Harry?

"Um good morning Harry how are you today," asked a shocked Lupin. Harry had never greeted him or Sirius before, and when he had spoken to them it was always said in a way to refer to them as dogs.

Harry was going to respond, but was cut off by Sirius briskly walking over to Ivy, picking her up. "How are you this morning red, staying out of trouble," he asked, as he discreetly pulled out his wand and cast a charm over what little food was left on her plate, making sure that there was nothing wrong with it.

Harry seeing this didn't say anything about it, and responded to Remus. "I'm fine Remus, thank you for asking. Sirius how are you this morning?"

"I'm fine thank you," came his clipped replied. "It's rare to see you around the house, Harry, what brings you, round today?"

Harry couldn't help but to Chuckle at the fact that someone who didn't live here, was asking why he was in his own house. "I'll be going off to Hogwarts soon and I thought I better spend some time with my family before I leave. I'm hoping to spend some time with you two as well."

'What's he up to,' thought Sirius, as he placed Ivy back in front of her breakfast.

"I look forward to getting to know you better Harry, and there's no reason to call me Remus. You may call me Lupin or Moony, if you like."

Lupin didn't know what was going on but everything about Harry had changed. The wolf in Lupin had always told him that he should attack the youngest male Potter, that he was a threat to those he considered being his "pack", but now it was telling him not to cross him, that he was the alpha.

Harry had always had power rolling off him, that to be put simply reeked of darkness, but now his power was more than twice as strong as he had been just days ago. The thing that surprised him more than the change of attitude in his wolf or the power increase was that his power seemed to be gray.

One of the few benefits of being a werewolf was the ability to tell someone's alignment. Lily, James, and Sirius had always been strongly in the light, and when Peter's started to turn dark it had given Lupin the chance to inform the Order to it, resulting in them finding out that he had taken the dark mark.

So when he saw that Harry's was now a steel gray he was stumped. 'It's impossible to turn colors that fast, not to mention the sudden power boost. Spending time with him will give, us a chance to see what's going on with him.'

"Ok Moony it is then, "said Harry, happy to see that another person was going to give him a chance, though with the way Sirius was acting toward him, showed he was going to have as much trouble out of him as he would Iris.

"Hey red why don't you go get Prongs and Lily for us? Tell them that Uncle Moony and Padfoot need to see them," Sirius told her, trying to get her out of the room.

"Kay" She ran off to go wake her parents.

When he was sure that she was gone he turned on Harry. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing, just trying to spend time with everyone," answered Harry. He was trying to stay relaxed but after dealing with as much as he had, it was hard sitting in front of Sirius when he seemed ready to attack him.

"Why?"

"Because like I said before, I'll be leaving soon, and I want to get to know everyone.'

"But why? Why do you care now, when in the past you did care at all," he said in a voice that was boarding on accusation. "If you ask me, I think you're up to something."

Remus who had been quiet up to now, decided to speak up. "Harry you have to admit, that it's strange that after years of not wanting anything to do with us, out of the blue, you suddenly want to get to know us better," he said as he placed a calming hand on Sirius's shoulder.

"I can't... explain why I feel this way all of a sudden," spoke Harry trying to come up with a way to get them to see how he felt. "I just know that if I don't get to know them now, I may never get the chance to."

His words seemed to get through to Lupin who smiled and nodded his head in understanding. Sirius on the other wasn't buying it.

Shaking off Lupin's hand, Sirius walked up to him and grabbed Harry by the shirt lifting him out of his chair. "I don't know what's going on with you, but I don't believe in this sudden change of yours. You remind me too much of my cousin Bella," he spoke in a chilling voice. "I made the mistake of not stopping her before it was too late, but not this time. If you step out of line, I'll put you back in."

"Sirius, what are you doing to my son?"

All three of the kitchen's occupants turned to see an enraged Lily Potter standing in the doorway, the wand in her hand shooting off emerald sparks.

"I... I was just talking to him," he said, as he stumbled over his words, trying to figure out a way to explain the scene she walked in on.

"And what was it that you had to say that required you, to put your hands on him?"

"Lily I wasn-,"

"I don't care what you have to say for yourself Sirius. I won't have you in my home, if you feel like you can threaten my children," each word spoken shaking in rage, her wand still shooting sparks.

"Look at you, you still haven't let go of my son."

Realizing that he was still holding his godson by the shirt he let him go as if burned, backing away from him quickly.

"What did he do that required you to grab him like that? And you Lupin why are you standing there doing nothing, while this was going on," she asked, looking back and forward between the two men who were her brothers in all but blood.

When they didn't say anything she turned to Harry to try and find out what was going on. As much as it hurt her to look in his eyes that always screamed his hate for her, maybe she could get some answers out of him.

Harry couldn't help but be impressed, by the presences his mother commanded. The only way he could describe her was as a flame. A flame who could give life and take it.

When he looked into her eyes, a world of emotions flashed across them. But it was two particular emotions that hit him hardest. Love and Hurt.

He could tell that she wanted nothing more than to be a mother to him, but years of him being a monster had hurt her more than he would ever know. He would be damned before he let her go another minute, hurting because of him.

Slowly walking forward, Harry wrapped his mother in a loving hug, and spoke in a gentle voice, "Mom it's ok, it was just a misunderstanding. Sirius wasn't trying to hurt me." Hoping more than anything, that his words would sooth her.

Lily couldn't move, for the first time in years, her baby boy was letting her touch him. The last time she had held him, was when he was five and fell asleep on the couch. She had jumped at the chance to hold him. She had taken him to his room and held him for hours; just running her hands threw his beautiful hair. Even back then he had never liked anyone, and if you tried to touch him he would lash out. So what had happened to change him? What miracle had happened to give her this gift, to be able to hold him again?

She was brought out of her musing as he started to let go. Before he could pull away, she latched on to him bawling. She didn't know if she would get another chance like this again, so she was going to make sure she made it last.

"I love you so much," she wept into his shoulder, forgetting the scene she had walked in on completely.

Tears running down his face that were happy sad and angry all at once, he wrapped his arms back around her, pouring all his love into the hug.

"I love you to mom, and I promise to never let you forget it."

AN: SO? How was this chapter? As you can see (hopefully) there will be different reactions with different people. If you say that the reactions are unreal look at the like this.

Ivy is a small child, she can be swayed by the smallest of things. I don't really know how to put the relationship between them. He scares her one minute, but you have a clue to her liking him when she thinks about his voice.

Sirius is very protective of those he cares about, since he's never really had a he's going to give Harry a hard time.

Lupin has his wolf telling him that Harry's changed and it's never failed him before, as seen with Peter.

Now Lily I know it's weird that all it takes is a hug, but a mother and son bond is weird in of itself.

Also we haven't seen James' reaction yet. I hope this clears up any questions. Next chapter will have the final (I think) meeting with Kar.

Finally there's a poll on his animagus form on my profile, check it out and vote.

Tell me am I doing well writing? I've only been learning English recently. Is there anything I need to work on? I love you those who review comeback again soon.

"Well this has to be a first."

Hearing this Remus and Sirius turned to see their best friend since school, James Potter standing in the door way leading to the living room.

Raising his eyebrow and nodding at the mother and son who still hadn't let each other go, as if asking what was happening.

"I think we should give them a moment," said Remus as he steered Sirius toward the door James was standing in. "While we wait we can fill you in on what we know."

James looked back at his wife, wondering if it was safe to leave her with Harry.

Lupin seeing this placed a hand on his shoulder. "It'll be fine James," he said looking his best friend in the eye. "I don't know what happened but he's changed."

"He says that he's changed," Sirius said nodding his head at Harry. "I don't know if I believe him. However it doesn't matter either way, Lily is the best fighter here, wheatear it be muggle or wizard dueling, she can take care of herself."

James knowing everything he had said was true headed for the living room. "Alright, let's go, I want to hear what's gotten into him." It didn't go unmissed by ether of the men that James hadn't called Harry son.

As the men walked into the living room, Sirius tossed off a Muffliato, making sure they could talk without being overheard.

"So does anyone care to tell me why he's suddenly become a snuggle bunny," asked James, successfully keeping the worry out of his voice. "When only yesterday, Lils almost bumped into him, and he looked as if he was going to cut her?"

"Then I guess that means this new attitude hasn't been happening over the past couple days?"

"No why do you ask Moony?"

"Well you both know that with my... 'gift' I can read a person's aura to find out whether or not they can be trusted, amongst other things?"

"Yeah," came both men's reply.

"I never told you this James, but Harry had one of the darkest one's I've ever seen," whispered Lupin, even though none could hear the conversation. "And that's saying something, as I've seen Bellatrix and Voldemort's-" he was going to continue but James had interrupted him.

"Why didn't you say anything," demanded James, not able to keep his voice level this time. "If he's anything like them he could have gone off on my family. What would you have done if he had hurt one of the little ones, or Lily?"

He turned to leave; he was going to get that thing away from his wife, and out of his house. He had only gone two steps when Lupin stopped him.

"Listen to me James," Lupin pleaded, while trying to keep him from making a huge mistake. "I know I should have told you, but how was I supposed to tell you that your son was as dangerous, as those two? What would you have done? Would you have it in you to kill your own child? Besides I know that you watch him when he gets near Ivy and Iris."

Silence descended amidst them, all lost in their own thoughts, that is until it hit Sirius what Lupin had said.

"Moony, didn't you say had? Does that mean it's not dark anymore," asked Sirius, thinking about when Lupin had told them, about Peter's changing aura.

"Yes. That's what I was trying to say, before James tried to take off," replied Lupin, as he gave James an understanding look. "This morning I didn't really pay any attention to it at first. I was too worried about him being alone with Ivy, but after I had calmed down, I realized it was no longer black, but a steel gray."

Hearing this both Sirius and James, had confused looks. "I thought you said one time that people only come in light and dark," said

Sirius, as he tried to recall the conversation when they had been told about the ability that came with their friends curse.

"No I said most are light or dark, there are a few I've seen who are shades of gray as well," he explained to them. "The thing is, I've never seen anyone's change as fast as his has."

Thinking this may be a plot to get at James or Lily, Sirius asked, "Do you think it's really Harry? What if it's somebody who's Polyjuiced as him? You made a lot of enemies, during the war, hell we all made enemies."

"It's true that it would be a good way to get at not only James and Lily, but you and me as well," answered Remus before James could say anything. "However if it is polyjuice, then they have done a really good job a covering their sent. I don't smell anything on him that's not usually there."

"We all know there are other ways to take someone's identity, that are less like to be caught using than Polyjuice" spoke James, as he went over all the different ways to, look like someone else. "As for your smelling, they would know about it and find a way around it."

Remus and Sirius both nodded their agreement to his statement. They fell into a tense filled silence, all of them thinking of different ways to expose him if he was a fake.

"We could always just hold him down and force some Veritaserum in him," joked Sirius, his normal playfulness coming back.

What neither he nor Lupin had expected was for James to take him serious. "Alright, you go get a vile of it from the office, while I go distract him," said James as he turned to leave for the third time.

"Damn it James, use your head for a minute," said Lupin, surprising the other two, It took a lot to make him curse. "Your acting like you hope it's not Harry. I know it's a long shot but, what if it's really him. If you go about this wrong, you could push him back to where he was, or worse you could make him go darker than before."

James didn't know what to say to that. It was true that he didn't see Harry as a son anymore, years of nothing but hostility had made James see him as nothing more than an obligation. But was he

really trying to push him away? Lupin was right; if he wasn't careful he could destroy any chance of him and his family's chance of being complete.

"I think we should sit down and explain why we were worried to him. See if he will let us cast a couple of spells to see if he's really Harry or not," said Lupin, getting nods from them. "If he turns out to be Harry we can ask what brought about the sudden change in him."

"That's a good plan Moony," spoke Sirius, a smile lighting up his face. "We're lucky you're around to think for us. If you hadn't been here we would be dead by now."

James and Lupin cast him questioning looks.

Chuckling he answered their unasked question, "Did you see how Lily latched on to him, if we tried to get between them she would fry our ass's."

S2ndC

"I'm sorry," whispered Harry, knowing that his mother could hear him. "I know that I've been a bad person, and an even worse son."

As the words left his mouth, she pulled away from him. He thinking she was trying to get away, he let her go feeling the tears that had stopped start anew.

She saw how her pulling away hurt him, so she grabbed his hands giving him support through the simple contact.

"Shh! Baby it's alright, there's no reason to get upset," she said, even though her own tears had started again. "I'm not going anywhere, but I have to know if you are?"

"Wh-what do you mean," he asked, not understanding where she thought he was going.

"I mean are you going to turn back into... what you were before," Lily asked, not knowing how to get out what she was wanted to say.

"You mean am I going to become the monster I was before," he stated more than asked.

"Yes, I don't think I can handle it if you stopped hugging me again. I love your sisters and father very much, but the past couple of years of not getting to hold you has been killing me," The way she said it, left no doubt in his mind that she wasn't exaggerating.

"The me that was such a bad person to you, Ivy, Iris, and everyone else am gone, and won't ever be coming back. I can promise you that."

"What do you mean by that Harry? I like this new you but you sound as if someone died for you to become it. Tell me what changed you so much in one night," she begged.

"That's something I think we would all like to know."

Harry and Lily both looked up to see the last of the free Marauders standing watching them, Sirius and James both looking suspiciously at him, while Lupin looked hopeful.

'Do I tell them the truth? Would they even believe me, or just have me put in St. Mungo's, thinking I've gone mad?' Not knowing what to do, he tried stalling for time.

"I'll tell you but I want Iris to be here as well. She has just as much right to hear as all of you," he said hopping that in the time it would take to get her, he could come up with something to tell them.

"I think that would be fine, Lupin will you go get her and if you see Ivy give her one of the books that is spelled to read out loud," asked James.

Lupin was already heading off to go get Iris, before James had finished asking him too.

As he walked away James turned back to Harry. "Now this sudden change of yours has me worried. Most people have to try very hard to change, and that takes time but you seem to have done a complete 180 over night. Can you see why this would worry us?"

Harry seeing his point just nodded.

"Good then I hope you'll understand why I'm going to ask you what I am next," said James, his resolve making its way into his voice. "Would you let us cast the necessary spells on you, so we know you're not an imposter, or being controlled in some way?"

"James!" exclaimed a shocked Lily.

"Now Lily I know you want this to be Harry, but if you were thinking clearly you would know how suspicious his behavior is," James said calmly, as he pulled out his wand. "Plus if he really is Harry, then there will be no reason to worry."

Lily was shocked to say the least, how could James possibly think that she wouldn't know her own son. Sure Harry was acting like a completely different person, but the hug she shared with him was more than enough to show her that not only was he her son, but that he was sorry for all he had done in the past, and that in the future he would be a better man because of it. She was getting ready to tell him off, but was stopped by what she heard next.

"That's fine," said Harry, hoping that Kar did a good enough job that his father couldn't tell a difference. "Its fine mom, he's just trying to protect you and the others. Plus when he finds out that I'm really me, maybe he won't be so jumpy," finished Harry with a smile for his mother.

"Sirius do you mind helping me," asked James as he made his way over to Harry.

"Not at all."

S2ndC

As Lupin made his way upstairs, he was lost in thoughts about what this meant for his pack. If Harry had really changed it would mean only good things in the future, but if he was a fake then there was a good chance they'd never see him alive again.

His thoughts were interrupted when he realized he was outside Iris's door, as he was reaching up to knock he heard Ivy talking.

"-then he told me that it would be our secret, and that he would make breakfast for me. But I told him that you said I couldn't eat

anything he tried to give because it might make my belly feel bad. Then he said that we could make it together, so I would know it wasn't bad. He let me crack the eggs and everything; he told me I'm a really good cook. Isn't it great big brother isn't a Meany anymore," she said barely taking a breath during her speech.

"Ivy did he hurt you, or make eat or drink something you didn't want to," came Iris's rushed reply; you could hear the panic in her voice.

"No he didn't, he was really nice, and he sounded prettier too," said Ivy, as if the fact that he sounded nicer made him ok.

Lupin having heard enough knocked on her door. "It's me Lupin."

Opening the door Iris saw that her uncle looked worried about something. "Hey uncle Moony, how are you?"

"I'm fine thank you for asking," he said sounding a bit rushed. "Listen I need you to go down to the kitchen, we're all going to have a talk about your brother. Ivy I'm going to take you to get a book to listen to while we talk ok."

Iris knew that everyone else must have found her brother's behavior as off as she did. Maybe her father and uncles would put a stop to whatever plan it was that he had come up with this time.

"Ok, but don't worry about the book, I've got one she can use. Ivy look on my desk, the book we were listening to the other day is on it; listen to it until we come to get you ok."

"Alright.. Hey do you think Harry will listen with me if I ask him to," she asked, her eyes wide with hope.

Iris was about to tell her to not go near him, when she was cut off by Lupin. "I'm sure he will later, but right now he has to talk to everyone ok sweet heart. If you need anything come tell us ok, we'll be in the kitchen."

"Okay uncle moon," she replied, as she went after the story book.

"Come on, their waiting on us," he told Iris, as he turned to head back down stairs.

"So Ivy and I aren't the only ones he's tried to trick today," she said, as a scowl made its way on to her beautiful face. "I know he's up to something, but what it is I can't tell. What do you think he's up to?"

"I don't think you'll like hearing this, but I don't think he's up to anything," said Lupin, preparing for his ears to start hurting.

"WHAT," she yelled, not surprising him one bit. "How is it that he can twist everyone around his finger after what all he's done? Let me guess everyone down there is telling him its ok we forgive you," the last part coming out in a mocking tone.

"Actually it's split down the middle," he said, causing her to falter in her steps. "Lily and I believe him, while Harry's actions have James and Sirius thinking it might not be Harry at all, but we'll find out soon enough."

"What do you mean we'll find out soon?"

"Well Harry's going to tell us what's caused this sudden change, and as we speak, you're father and most likely Sirius are running test on him to see if he's under a spell, potion, or if he's really even Harry."

"Harry's letting them get close enough to run spells," she asked, her surprise on her face.

Chuckling at her reaction he replied, "If you think that's something you should have seen what happened before your father showed up," he finished, knowing that not telling would get a rise out of her.

"What happened that's bigger than him letting anyone near him is he running around giving hugs," she said, while chuckling at the thought of him touching someone.

"Yes actually, he hugged your mother when she walked in on Sirius, getting overly aggressive while trying to get answers out of him," Lupin said, watching her, anticipating her reaction, he wasn't left disappointed.

"H-he hugged mom." What little color in her face draining. "It's a good thing that dad and uncle Padfoot are checking him."

Lupin hearing this stopped laughing to ask her, "What do you mean?"

Looking him straight in the eye, he saw real fear in her eyes. "There is no way our Harry would let anyone hug him. EVER." While saying this she was wondering to herself, 'If he isn't Harry who in the hell did I hit this morning?'

At this statement, they walked the rest of the way to the kitchen in silence.

S2ndC

As Iris and Lupin walked into the kitchen, Sirius had just finished trying to find anything, but James didn't seem to be stopping.

"I couldn't find anything, there are no potions in his system, no controlling spell, and he isn't someone using Polyjuice. He's clean as far as I can tell," he said to those waiting for James to finish.

"Well that's good then right," asked Lily, she couldn't help but be a little giddy. "Now all we have to do is wait for James to finish, then we can find out what happened to give me my son back."

Hearing her words, Lupin and Sirius both hoped that whatever was going on with him was the real deal, if it wasn't there was no telling how bad it would be if she would take it.

"Mom," spoke Iris, knowing what she was about to say would hurt her mother, but knew that it had to be said. "You know how he is, for all we know this is just some twisted joke of his."

Lily tried to speak but was cut off before she could. "I know you really want this to be real, but I don't see the person who's done nothing but hurt not only you but everyone else, changing over night, it just doesn't happen. I'm telling you this not to hurt you but so you'll be ready if this is an act."

"I know you're only worrying about me Iris," she spoke, a soft smile on her face. "But as corny as it sounds a mother knows things when it comes to their children, and I know for a fact that whatever happened has changed him," she finished to the silence of the three

listening to her. 'I just hope that this change sticks, I can't help but feel he could, turn worse than he was.'

It was only a few seconds later that James, finished a very complex series of wand movements. Stepping back he nodded his head. "Alright you're not under any spells, or potions and you really are Harry Potter," he said, a bit of his shock making its way into his voice. "The only thing that I see that's out of place is your power level."

Knowing that the Harry of this world was very strong magically, and that Kar had added his original power to it as well, knew that his new power had to be suspicious to his father and the rest. "I don't know what to tell you, I admit I feel better physically than I did yesterday, but other than that and the dream, nothing out of the ordinary has happened to me."

"What do you mean dream," asked a very suspicious James.

"I had a dream last night that opened my eyes. It showed me what I was and what I would become," said Harry, putting the plan he had come up with while James and Sirius were testing him, into action. "I don't know how to explain it, it was the realist dream that I've ever had. It was almost like a vision," he said in a quiet voice, which caused everyone in the room to lean forward not wanting to miss a word.

"What happened in this dream," asked Lupin, thinking about all he knew about Divination. "And how was it different than a normal dream?"

"My normal dreams are blurry and out of focus, and I can always tell that their dreams. This however was so sharp and real, I can remember the taste, smells, and sensations as if they were memories of things I had just done," he finished, trying to put a haunted look on his face, which wasn't hard when he thought about what all had happened in his past life.

It must have worked because his mother came over to him and wrapped her arms around him. "What did you see honey? What could have shaken you so much?"

As she said this everyone moved closer, wanting to hear what he could have seen to put such a look on his face, even Iris who still thought he was full of it, moved forward.

"I-I saw myself alone," he said, getting strange looks from all around him. "I saw how my actions lead me to kill everyone, wizards and muggles alike. No one was safe from me, not even any of you," he said knowing that he had to take it a step farther, knowing what he was going to say next brought tears to his eyes. "I saw myself kill each of you, making you all watch as I killed each of you one by one."

There wasn't a face in the room that wasn't horror stricken at his words, but the next set of words out of his mouth made all of them sick to their stomach, especially Harry himself.

"I-I started with Ivy," his voice shaking with the tears he was shedding. "I hurt her, and I can still see what I did to her. After I had killed all of you I went on to become the worst dark lord to ever walk this world. I didn't kill to rule, I killed just to kill."

He had expected for Lily to pull away from him, disgusted with what he had said, but she never loosened her hold on him. She stood there holding him, and that made what he just done all the worse to him. He knew that if he didn't tell them something extreme that they wouldn't believe him, but as he stood there looking at the occupants in the room, all of which looked ready to empty their stomachs he wondered, 'Was it worth putting them through this just so I can be happy?'

For how long they all stood there, saying nothing nobody would ever know. After a time Harry knew he had to say something, or they would just stand there all day thinking about the horrors that he had put in their heads.

"That's why I'm different," said Harry, as he pulled away from his mother, so he could look at her as he spoke. "I never want to become what I was in that dream. I want to be with all of you. I want to smile and laugh with you. To spend time telling stupid jokes with dad, Moony and Sirius, hearing stories about the trouble they got into while at school. I want to spend time playing with Ivy, being the best big brother that she could ever ask for. But most of all I want to make up for what all I've put you two through, I did things just to hurt

you two, and I'll regret them until the day I die. I only hope to make things right," he said to Iris and Lily.

"I know that I don't deserve a second chance but, I promise if you give me one, you won't regret it."

The room was filled with silence, nobody knowing what to say. What they had heard disturbed and scared them, they all knew that everything he said he had done, could have really happened.

"I knew when you hugged me, that you were different than you had been," Lily spoke, bringing all eyes to herself. "I'm just sorry it took seeing what you did, to change you for the better. Though I'm happy that you want to be a part of the family now. I can't speak for the others but I forgive you, and I can't wait to get to know my baby boy," she finished, as she walked over to hug him again. 'I don't think I'll ever get enough of holding him.'

"I think that you mean every word that you've said," said Lupin, smiling at seeing how happy Lily was. "I'll be more than happy to help you anyway I can, to make sure you never go down that road."

He walked forward and held out his hand to shake, which Harry happily took knowing that Lupin had meant every word.

"I didn't trust you at first," said Sirius, seizing the moment to tell how he felt. "But after hearing about what you saw, I can see how that would change a person. I'm willing to give you a second chance; I can't wait to teach my godson how to be a marauder."

Harry couldn't help but smile at hearing this, it would be good getting to sit down and talk with his godfather again, like he used to before the Department of Mysteries.

He wasn't a hundred percent sure about whether or not the change would be permanent, but James decided to give him a chance. "I hope you meant what you said Harry," he said, while focusing solely on Harry. "What you saw may very well of been the future. It's not very well known but the Potters do have seer blood in them. So if I see any signs that you're going down that path... I'll stop you no matter the cost. Do you understand me?"

Hearing this everyone knew what James had meant, and even though they didn't want to think about it, they knew it would have to be done, if Harry ever went down that path.

"Yes sir," replied Harry who couldn't help but feel hurt at the cold tone his father was using. "I won't let you down."

Getting the response he wanted James turned and left the room not looking back. Just because he was giving him a chance didn't mean that he would see him as his son. The only reason he was getting a second chance at all was Lily. He knew how much Harry had always meant to her, and seeing her hold him with that smile only she had, it had made the decision for him. But he would stand by what he said; if he started to turn dark he would end him, even if it meant killing his own flesh and blood.

Harry watched his father leave; knowing that he still had a long way to go before he would have any kind of relationship with him. With this in mind he turned to the last person in the group, only to find her staring at him unblinkingly. She seemed to be having an internal battle, and if he was guessing right it was about him.

Iris finally making up her mind, started to talk to him for the first time since she had left his room earlier that morning. "I believe that you want to change," she said in a soft caring voice. "And I hope that you do, not only for yourself but because if you fail, it will most likely destroy our family."

"That's the last thing I want," he said trying to convey how much he wanted to be a part of them.

"I hope so," she said, everyone could tell that she didn't want to give him a second chance, but was doing so only because of everyone else.

"Mom I'm going to go get myself and Ivy ready, were supposed to be at the Greengrass's, at 12."

"Alright honey, do you want me to help get Ivy's things for the weekend," Lily asked, going into mother mode.

"No it's fine I can get everything, besides I can tell you want to spend some time with Harry," she said, amusement in her voice at

seeing her mother acting like a child with a new toy. "Bye uncle Moony, uncle Padfoot," and with that final goodbye she left the room.

What surprised Harry was that she and Ivy were going to the Greengrass's, in his timeline they had been a dark family, with ties to the Malfoy's, Nott's, and quite a few other Death Eater families. He was going to have to look into where certain families stood in this timeline.

As she left Sirius and Lupin said that they had to go to, that they had stopped by to get James and that they were going to be late for work.

"So I guess you only get me today," said Lily, getting shy worrying that he wouldn't want to spend time with her.

Harry could tell what was upsetting her and decided to put her fears to rest. "That's ok with me, we have a lot of time we need to make up for," he said, a big smile making its way on to his face.

Hearing this Lily started smiling as big as he was. They didn't realize how foolish they looked just standing there smiling at each other, but then again even if they had they wouldn't have cared, they were finally getting to spend time with a person they had been wanting to for years.

S2nC

Harry walked into his room and collapsed on his bed, he was extremely tired but equally happy.

He had spent the entire day talking to his mother. Learning about her and the others, while helping her around the house. He had learned that she was an unspeakable, after the war until she had become pregnant with Ivy. She had taken leave, and hadn't gone back yet, she didn't know if she ever would.

With a smile on his face he faded to sleep, looking forward to tomorrow, hoping to spend the day with her again.

S2ndC

"Well if it isn't god's gift to the world," came Kar's mocking tone.

Harry didn't know where he was or what was going on. He was awoken hanging upside down.

"Wazz a sapan," came his slurred response.

"Aw iz wittle Hairy not a morning person," asked Kar, in a baby voice, as an evil smile made its way on his face. "Let uncle Kar help wake him up." Snapping his fingers a pit of water appeared under Harry, a second later Harry was trying to stop himself from drowning.

"You son of a bitch," growled Harry, as he climbed out the water. "Why in the hell did you do that, its freezing you lunatic?"

"I don't see why it's not like your wet or anything."

"Not wet, did you not see the wat-," he stopped mid sentence as he realized that he was no longer wet. "Kar."

"Yeah?"

"You're an ass!"

"So I've been told," he said, as Harry realized that he was in the same form as last time. "But you know I would rather be an ass, than be vain git with daydreams of grandeur."

"What are you talking about Kar," asked Harry, not realizing that Kar was talking about him. "And why are you here, I thought you said this place was going to be nothing more than a table with a piece of paper?"

"Why I'm talking about you of course, and that's the very reason I'm here."

"Wait what? I'm not vain and I do not have delusions of granger," snapped Harry, thinking that those traits described Malfoy more than himself.

"OH! You don't you say, care to make a little bet on that?"

"Fine! What do you want to bet on?"

"Your gift of course, If I win I pick it, but if you win I'll give you as many as you want. How's that sound," asked Kar, his grin could only be described as shit eating.

'If I lose this something tells me I'm going to become the first male Veela, but if I win there's so much I could get... I have to take it. Besides I'm not any of those things, so it doesn't matter,' Harry thought, to himself forgetting that Kar could hear every word.

Harry holding out his hand idly wondered if this was what it was like to make a deal with the devil.

"No the 'devil' isn't as good looking as me," said Kar as he grabbed his hand, shaking it to seal the deal.

"So how do we do this," asked Harry?

"You don't have to do anything; I'm just going to show you a little movie."Snapping his fingers, a TV appeared before them.

Before Harry could ask anything, the TV started showing Harry standing in front of the mirror, playing all of his thoughts out loud for both of them to hear.

As it finished, Harry couldn't help but to curse himself. "I don't know why I was acting like that. I've never been that way before, it's from his personality isn't it," he asked, looking to Kar for an answer.

"Yes it is, though I do happen to agree with everything you thought."

"Why would you, I sounded like Malfoy," said Harry, disgust in his voice.

"Harry there's nothing wrong with being happy with the way you look and wanting to be powerful, just don't let that be all you focus on."

"But I sound like Mal-"

"Yes I know Malfoy," said Kar cutting him off. "You need to live a little, go enjoy life."Use that power of yours to change the world. Take all the knowledge you have and be at the top of your class's and make your parents proud. Use those good looks, have a couple

of pregnancy scares," Kar said the last part while waggling his eyebrows.

"All I'm trying to say is that you can have all you want just don't become power hungry. I know you wouldn't on purpose but remember there's some old Harry still in you."

"I think I understand what you're saying," replied Harry after taking a couple of minutes think about what Kar was saying. "I think it will help me if I focused on helping Neville. It's going to be hard getting him ready to fulfill the prophecy."

"Yeah um about that," said Kar sounding a bit nervous. "There are two problems about that last part."

Getting an omens' feeling Harry asked, "What's wrong with me helping Neville?"

"First off, the Neville of this world is nothing like you're own. He's more of a Malfoy in Neville clothing here."

"WHAT," yelled a shocked Harry? "You can't be serious, how did that happen?"

"Dumbledore may have made a lot of mistakes when it came to you, but having you grow up away from your fame was one of the smarter things he did," said Kar, shaking his head at the thought of Dumbledore. "With as much fame as he has had all his life, Neville has become a very bigheaded person. To put it best, he acts like the sun shines out of his chunky ass."

"Damn if he's as bad as you say, it's going to make it harder to get him ready to kill Voldemort," said Harry as he thought of ways to get him ready for what he would face.

"That's where part two of the problem comes in," knowing that Harry was going to kill him when he found out the next piece of info. "You see before you showed up the prophecy was about Neville, but now that you, a chosen one from your own world has shown up, I have no idea which one of you is now the chosen one."

3.. 2.. 1..

Harry launched himself at Kar, catching the god off guard; he had just enough time to bury his fist in the god's face, before he was floating over head.

"You little fucker," spat Harry, trying to get down so he could hit him again. "You knew this would happen didn't you. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Wow for having the body of a ten year old, you pack quiet the punch," said Kar, as he stood up, after being knocked down from the punch. "Now as for the reason I didn't tell you was because I knew it wouldn't make a difference, and don't say you wouldn't have gone back if you had known. As soon as you learned your family was alive you would have gone back as puppy just to be near them."

Harry knew what he said was true, but didn't feel like admitting it, so he just hung there waiting to be put down.

"Oh don't be such a baby. You beat him once you can do it again."

"I don't know if you know this or not, but when I beat him last time, I DIED," Harry screamed the last part.

"I know you died but, this time you'll be better prepared," said Kar, enjoying Harry's reactions. "After all you'll have my handpicked gift at your disposal.

"I really don't see how I can beat Voldemort, with a Veela charm. What is he in to guy's in this world?"

"T-that was a good one," Kar pushed out while laughing. "Oh man you really should act like this more often."

Harry just hung there saying nothing; he had meant it as a serious question.

"Besides who said I was going to make you a Veela?"

"If that's not what you're going to give me then what are you?"

"I've been asking myself the same thing, should I give you a physical ability, or a mental one. Both would be helpful to you in the long run but which one to choose was the problem. Until I thought of

something while showing you how vain you were today. Tell me young Harry what do you know of elves?"

"Like a house elf," asked Harry, imagining himself looking like Krencher. "Dude if you turn me into a bloody house elf, I'll find a way to kick your ass."

"No not elf, though I do think it would be funny to see you as a house elf," he said, thinking about Harry with huge batwing ears. "I mean elves, to be honest, their total opposite of house elf's. They were a lot like Veela, but their powers didn't stop at being beautiful. They were as fast as unicorns on foot had the senses of an apex predator, their stamina was like no other, and finally they could see something once and never forget it. They were the perfect beings, and they knew it. It's what leads them to their down fall," finished Kar sadly thinking how they had brought on their own destruction.

Harry had forgotten all about his anger and how it had caused him to be floating in the air. "What do you mean it lead to their down fall, and what does this have to do with me?"

"What I mean is that they knew they were above all the rest, so one day their people entered the woods, and were never heard from again. The one thing they didn't have they left behind, it was a chance at a future. Their numbers where very small, after awhile they started inbreeding, which like all magic creators isn't a problem at first but they kept on breeding with family again and again over the generations, until they died out."

"Alright I can see how that happened, it's the same thing happening with pure bloods in the wizarding world," said Harry, not realizing that the thought of inbreeding didn't bother him, like it used to. "But once again, what does this have to do with me?"

"I thought it would be obvious," said Kar, wondering how Harry could be so smart one second, and a complete dumbass the next. "I'm going to give you the chance to have their abilities."

"Really that would be awesome," spoke Harry excitedly, thinking about how much all those abilities would help out against voldemort. "I can't wait to try... Wait a second you said give me a 'chance' at them, what do you mean by that?"

"Well after seeing how bigheaded you got over being beautiful, there's no way I'm going to just hand all that power over to you. You're going to have to work for what you get."

"I guess that's fare," said Harry, hopping that this way he wouldn't end up act like he had this morning. "How do I work for them?"

"Well for the physical things you, must train your body, and for the mental you must train your mind. The better you get at each the more of your power you will unlock."

"I think it's a good thing that I lost that bet," said Harry realizing how much Kar was really giving him. "I never would have been able to come up with anything that good."

"I know, but don't worry not everyone can be as perfect as me."

"Yeah yeah, you told me last time how awesome you are," he said while rolling his eyes at the cockiness of the god. "By the way you sent me off before I could say something last time."

"Oh and what was that," asked Kar with a puzzled look.

"Thank you," he sincerely said. "I have a chance at happiness thanks to you."

"No need to thank me," replied Kar, as he waved off his thanks. "I did it because I want to watch all the waves you're going to cause."

Harry was about to tell him thank you again before Kar cut him off.

"Look at the time, you better be going. Oh and one more piece of advice before you go."

"What?"

"You might want to hold off on chasing your sisters skirt for awhile, I think you father would kill you if he caught you," said Kar with his biggest smile yet.

"Wh-what di-"sputtered out Harry as his world turned dark.

AN: So chapter 6 is done. I hope you guys will tell me if this chapter had a good flow or not. I can't tell to be honest, this was a very hard chapter for me.

Animagus poll/ As you know last chapter I put up a poll for what his animal form will be, but one pulled so far ahead there wasn't any reason to keep it open. So now the poll is= What element Phoenix should he be, and before you go there are two that are a bit on the weird side.

Now I'm hoping to get more readers/reviewers, so who should be the other person in the discription?

Like every other time, PLEASE REVIEW, and those that have in the past I love ya!

Waking up the next morning Harry didn't know if he wanted to kill Kar or thank him. He knew that the powers that he could unlock would help a lot if it did turn out he was the one in the prophecy, but at the same time he had accused Harry of being into his sister. Yeah he had to admit she was beautiful, but that didn't mean he wanted more than a brother, sister relationship with her. He thought Hermione, Ginny, and Tonks were all beautiful in his past life but saw them as nothing more than family, which had been the reason him and Ginny had broken up last life.

Shaking off his thoughts of strangling gods, Harry decided he wanted to see how much of a boost he already gotten from Kar's gift. Getting up he didn't realize that his eye sight, smell, or hearing hadn't increased, meaning that he most likely wouldn't have any physical or mental boost yet ether.

Walking over to one side of the room, he turned his back to the wall and got in a runners stance, counting down from three in his head he pushed off as hard as he could, only to stumble over his own feet after just a few paces.

"I guess those super powers aren't going to show up all of a sudden," he said, not knowing if his ego or side was more bruised from the fall.

As he was getting ready to stand up, he saw a hole the size of his hand in the wall under his desk, forgoing standing up; he crawled over to it, trying to see in. The inside turned out to be too dark to be able to see in, there was only one thing he could do.

Knowing that sticking his hand in there was very stupid, especially with who used to live in this room, he gathered his courage and plunged his hand in, only for nothing to happen.

"Wow that was anti climatic," he said, while sticking his hand in farther. Feeling all around inside he was unable find anything, as he started to pull his hand out he felt one of the floor boards was sticking up inside. Thinking about the lose floorboard at the Dursley's, he pried it the rest of the way up, wanting to see if there was anything there.

Sticking his hand in the now pried up floorboard, he felt something that was about the size of a bar of soap, and as cold as ice. Pulling it

out he found it to be a shrunken chest that was made of onyx, and covered in different colored runes.

Crawling back out from under his desk, he set the tiny chest in the middle of the floor, as he was pulling away; his finger grazed a red rune on the top left corner. The next thing he knew the chest had grew to be the size of a normal chest.

Now that he could get a better look at it he could see that it didn't have a clasp to lock the trunk, only a seam that ran around the top like it was sealed shut by magic. Figuring that since the old Harry didn't have a wand it would be unlocked he tried opening it. As his skin came into contact with the trunk he felt a sharp pain, jerking his hand back he saw that the trunk now had his blood on it, but instead of pouring down the side, it made its way up the side of the trunk until it reached a purple colored rune that slowly absorbed it. When the last of the blood was gone the trunk flashed the same purple as the rune, as the flash died away he heard the sound the trunk unlocking.

Hopping that the trunk wouldn't hurt him again, he push the lid open trying to find what the old Harry had gone to so much trouble to hide. The inside was done in arcomantula silk, but other than the lining there were only a few pieces of parchment.

Picking them up, there turned out to be four sheets, each with their own heading and a list of items below, there was Enchanted, Cursed, Potions, and Poisons.

"Why would he hide a list of enchanted ite-," he was cut off as the inside started to glow. As he watched three items appeared in the bottom of the trunk. Reaching in with the hand not holding the lists, he picked up a robe that seemed to be made of the same material as his old Invisibility cloak. When the robe had completely left the chest one of the items vanished off the list. Harry seeing this placed the robe back in, and watched as the word Invisibility Robe, showed back up.

Understanding what this meant, he read the list of enchanted items as it was by far the shortest of the four.

Invisibility Robe: Capable of being worn over other clothing without being seen. To activate enchantment pull hood up.

Occlumency Earrings: Earrings that cause anyone trying to enter the wearers mind excruciating pain. Two to a pair, only required to wear one to take effect.

Black Family Knife Set: Four knives passed down the Black line, each enchanted for a different uses. Red: Capable of cutting someone internally, bypassing the skin. Black: Capable of unlocking most locks. Green: Capable of absorbing and releasing any liquid. Blue: Capable of showing the holder magic around them. Stolen From: Black Family

Reading the last item on the list, he looked back inside and saw the robe, a small velvet bag, and a holding case the size of a school textbook. Figuring the knives were in the case, he pulled it out to check. Sure enough there were four knives, each a different color, but it was the black one that had Harry's eye. It was the same one that Sirius had given him in fifth year; it had been destroyed when he used it in the Department of Mysteries.

"It figures, I get him to give me a second chance, and the very next day I have to tell him I robbed him."

Thinking he could look through the remaining things later, he closed the trunk, making sure to keep the knife set out. He headed to put some clothes on to work out in. 'If I ever want to be able to use my gifts, I'm going to need to start working on them now.'

S2ndC

"That smell's brilliant," said Lily, as she walked into the kitchen. Half the house was filled with the smell of cooking.

"I had no idea you could cook."

"I didn't really give you the chance to know," replied Harry, not turning away from the pancake he was making. "Hopefully soon you'll know me as well as you do Iris and Ivy."

"I'm looking forward to that," she said, as she came up behind him, placing a kiss on his temple. "Now what can I do to help?"

"Um... you can start some eggs if you want."

"Alright, do I make them sunny side up or..."

They continued like this, picking up where they had left off the day before, slowly making up for all their lost time. Until like the day before the fireplace flashed green, and out stepped Lupin and Sirius.

"Hello," Sirius said in a sing song voice.

"Good morning, Lily, Harry," spoke Lupin. "How are you two this morning?"

"Fine/Ok, how about you," asked Harry and Lily at the same time.

Hearing this the two men smiled, you could already see how close the mother and son had become in one day.

"Mom can you watch these for a minute there's something I have to get?"

Getting her ok, Harry ran up to his room to get the Knife set, as he came back down he couldn't help but to worry about Sirius's reaction. Just before he entered the kitchen he stops to listen to what was being said.

"-ow was your day with Harry," asked Lupin.

"It was so amazing," came Lily's excited reply. "We talked all day; I can't believe how much we have in common." She continued to ramble on about what all they had talked about and done the day before.

"I'm happy to hear that," said Sirius, before she could start again after pausing to catch her breath. "Just be sure to be careful Lil, I don't want you getting hurt."

"Sirius he answered all our questions yesterday and sat through your tests without complaining once," she said, sounding a bit miffed. "He proved that he wants to change, and I'm not going to insult him by acting like he's going to go crazy any second. What happened to you saying you wanted to teach your godchild to be a marauder?"

Sensing an argument about to happen, he decided to make his entrance. All talking stopped in the kitchen at his arrival. Making his way over to Sirius he could tell that he recognized what he was holding.

Stopping in front of him, he held out the case. "I said I wanted a second chance," said Harry, his voice sounding braver than he felt. "It wouldn't be much of a new start if I kept this. I know it was wrong of me to steal it, and I know saying sorry won't fix what I've done. But I really hope that by returning these that it shows you how serious I am about starting over."

As he had spoke Lily and Lupin had naturally stopped what they were doing to listen, both were proud that Harry had returned whatever it was that he had taken. What none of them knew was that James was standing just out of sight listening in.

"I'm surprised," said a smirking Sirius. "I didn't think you would return them."

"Wait... you knew I took them?"

"No, but I figured it was you who had taken them, and after yesterday I thought that if you had stolen them, and really meant what you said, I would be getting them back soon," he said his smirk becoming a full blown smile. "Thank you for returning them to me. It shows that you're serious about this change."

Harry was getting ready to reply, but was cut off by a voice behind him. "I'm proud of you," said James, his board voice causing everyone to turn to the doorway he was standing in. "I wouldn't have thought you would return something you've taken. However doing the right thing, doesn't make up for the wrong that was committed," he said, his voice gaining an edge. "You're grounded until after your birthday, and you'll not be receiving any allowance for the rest of the summer."

"Yes sir," replied Harry, knowing that his punishment could have been much worse.

"Do you understand why I'm doing this?"

"Because it's wrong to steal," stated Harry, guessing his father was trying to make a point.

"Yes but that's not the only reason. Not only did you steal from Sirius, an old family friend, but from the Most Ancient and Noble House of Black. Doing so could have landed you in Azkaban for twenty years," said James, his piercing gaze on Harry. "Don't ever let me hear of you taking something that doesn't belong to you again. Do you understand me?"

"Yes sir."

The other occupant's watched all this thinking that James was being fair in his punishment, but that his words had a little too much of an edge to them. Lily seeing the tension tried to lighten the mood.

"Breakfast is ready. Who's hungry?"

As they sat down together eating, they tried to make small talk. This was harder than it normally would be, James cold voice still ringing in their heads.

"Lily this was very good," spoke James, after cleaning his plate, his voice sounding very different than it had when talking to Harry. "Did you do something different, than usually?"

Before she could say anything Sirius spoke up, "Oh but Prongs, Lily only made the eggs. Everything else was Harry."

Hearing this James looked to Lily to see if this was true, getting a nod from her, he turned to Harry. "This was very good Harry thank you," his voice a little softer than it had been during their first talk that morning. "You're a very talented cook; I didn't even know you could cook."

Looking back later on, Harry couldn't tell what made him say what he did next. "That's ok, there are a lot of things I can do that you don't know about," as soon as the words left his mouth Harry wanted to kick his own ass.

Everyone at the table stopped what they were doing, and slowly turned their heads to look at him. If it hadn't been for how his father was staring at him, it would have a very funny sight.

"What exactly do you mean," asked James, his voice setting everyone on edge. "What can you do that we don't know about?"

'I really hate myself,' thought Harry. He had been thinking about telling his family about his being a Parselmouth, in case he ever needed to use it in front of them. Now however he had run his mouth and something told him that telling them he could say the alphabet backwards wouldn't satisfy his father. But maybe if he told them now they would see it as part of him coming clean, well everyone except his father, Harry was starting to think he disliked Harry more than Iris did.

"I didn't know if it would be a good idea to tell you because of my past behavior," said Harry, everyone was able to hear the strain in his voice. "I might have said something about it yesterday, but after what I told you, I was afraid it might make things worse."

"What could be so bad that you would be afraid to tell us," asked a concerned Lupin? "Especially after everything you've already told us."

Looking around the table he could see concerned looks from not only Lupin but his mother and Sirius, it seemed that giving back his property had won him over. James on the other hand looked tense, like he was waiting for Harry to tell him that he had bodies in the back yard.

Taking a deep breath, while making sure not to look anyone in the eye he told them, "I can talk to snakes."

Harry waited for the gasp and chairs scraping as they tried to get away from him, but they never came.

"That must be amazing."

His head snapped up to see that it had been his father who had said this.

"You're not mad," asked a shocked Harry, when the school had found out back in second year, everyone including some of the professors had thought of him as some kind of dark lord in training.

"No. Why should we be," said James, as soon as the word left his mouth, Harry looked to the others to see intrigued looks on their faces.

"I just thought that with how I was, and me being a parselmouth, you would think I could only be dark."

"That's nonsense," said Lupin. "It's a genetic trait that only shows up in certain people. It just unfortunate that all the famous Parselmouth's have been on the darker side of things."

"What's it like being able to talk to them," asked Lily, fighting to keep her unspeakable side down. "It must be amazing being able to get to learn an animal's views on things."

"Would you mind showing us how it's done," asked Sirius. He knew finding someone who could talk to snakes was rare, but finding someone who could talk to snakes without them setting one on you was like finding all four of the founders objects in a junk store.

Nodding his head, Lily pulled out her wand and cast a silent *Serpensortia*, out of her wand came a stunning purple snake. Looking around as if wondering where it was, the adults in the room heard it hiss, while to Harry's ears it came out, "What is this place?"

Harry taking this as his sign to start he replied, "It is my home, I'm sorry that we have disturbed you. I was just showing my family that I am able to speak your kinds tongue."

Those around the table watched as the young boy conversed with the serpent, all of them with feelings of awe and jealousy. Harry and the snake talked back and forward until the snake hissed something that made Harry's cheeks twinge with just a hint of red.

"Um... you can send him back now," said Harry, sounding a little rushed to all that heard him.

Waving his wand Sirius asked, "What did it say that made you want us to get rid of it so fast?"

"All I'm going to say is that where he's from it was mating season."

All the adults just stared at him for a minute before they all broke out laughing. Seeing this Harry scowled at them. "It's not funny," he said, trying to be heard over all of their laughing. "You try being told off by a snake, for interrupting his 'FUN TIME'."

This caused everyone to laugh even harder.

"You're all assholes you know that," said Harry, barely able to stop laughing.

It took awhile for everyone to calm down but they eventually did, though Sirius still seemed to burst in to giggles every few seconds.

"That was amazing Harry, thank you for sharing it with us," said Lupin.

"I wish I could talk to snakes," jumped in Lily. "Just think about what all you could do with that ability."

"What do you mean," asked Harry. "Other than being told off by most of them I can't think of anything else to do with it."

"I'm sure there are all sorts of things you can do with it. Just off the top of my head I can think of two ways to use it. You can use it for spell casting, and if you could talk one into, you could get a snake to spy for you."

"I never would have thought of either of those," spoke Sirius, with a thoughtful look on his face. "I wonder... do you think his animagus form will be a snake?"

"That's a good question," said Lupin. "We could give him the potion before he goes off to school, and then next summer we could help him through the transformation."

"Are you sure that's such a good idea." asked Lily, she knew how hard it was to get through the transformation. "It's a very dangerous piece of magic, that most are never able to do."

"Don't worry Lily, he'll be fine," said Sirius trying to ease her worries. "I mean if Peter could do it at fifteen, then Harry can do it at twelve."

"We'll be there to help him along the way," added Lupin. "You'll help to right James?"

James agreed that Harry would be more than able to do it; his only worry was how dangerous his form would be. He knew that the only way your power level would affect your form, was if you were extremely powerful or had the potential to become so. He had felt Harry's power when he had run scans on him, this let him know that Harry would most likely become something extremely powerful.

"We can give him the potion, before he goes off to Hogwarts," replied James, ignoring Lupin's question. "Then we can decide at a later date if he's ready for the real deal."

Hearing this Harry was almost bouncing wanting to know what he would become. He really hoped he would become a bird of some sort. He had always wondered what it would be like to fly without a broom, to have nothing between him and the open sky. He was about to voice this, when there was a taping at the kitchen window.

Everyone looked up at the same time; sitting on the window sill was a Hogwarts owl a letter in its talons. Before anyone could say anything, Harry was dashing for the window, not knowing how much he looked like Hermione the time their OWL results had shown up. Flinging the window open so fast that he scared the owl, making it fall backwards off the window's ledge.

Ignoring the sound of snickers coming from behind him, he stood back to let the irritated bird in. Once it had landed on the table, he untied the letter not minding when the bird bit him for his earlier offence. Opening it he found it to be the same as the one he had received the first time, the only difference being the address.

Smiling he looked up to see all eyes on him. All the adults were smiling at him, even James though his was more subdued compared to the others.

"Well I guess this means I'm going to have to go to Diagon Alley, soon huh," he asked, a smirk making its way into his voice.

"Actually I needed to pick some stuff up today anyway," said Lily. "How about we go now?"

Before Harry could answer Lupin cut in, "If you don't mind I'd like to come along to, I wanted to pick up a new book they have on theories behind what causes lycanthropy."

"Why don't we just all go," suggested Sirius. "We can spend more time getting to know Harry. Plus I really want to see what his wand is made of."

"I can't," spoke James, sliding back into his aloof attitude towards Harry. "I have to write the report on the arrest we made yesterday."

"Why didn't you write it after we brought them in," asked a puzzled Sirius? "Me and Moony did it as soon as we got back to headquarters."

"You know me Padfoot, I can't stand paperwork," replied James. Getting up he gave Lily a kiss, and called a goodbye over his shoulder as he disappeared through the floo.

"Well then, I guess it's just the four of us," said Lily, as she waved her wand and the dishes became clean before putting themselves away. "Go get ready honey and well go get your school things."

Nodding Harry got up gave his mother a kiss on the cheek, and headed for his room hoping that he would be able to get Hedwig while they were there.

S2ndC

The fireplace in Gringotts flashed green as Harry fell out landing in front of Sirius, who happened to think Harry falling was the funniest thing he had ever seen.

"Wow nice moves you got there," taunted Sirius. "If he gets any smoother, he'll end up breaking something."

"What can I say Sirius," replied Harry, an evil grin making its way on his face. "I have about as much chance of landing on my feet after flooing, as you do of walking by a pretty girl without trying to hump her leg."

Lily walked out if the floo to the sight of Harry and Lupin leaning against each other while laughing at the shocked face of Sirius.

"What did Sirius do," asked Lily, who couldn't help but smile at seeing the three interacting.

"Bu-but it wasn't me," whined Sirius.

"Yeah I'm sure it wasn't," she said while rolling her eyes. "Let me guess he saw a pretty face, tried flirting and was shot down?"

Harry and Lupin, who had almost gotten over their fits of laughter, broke down again at hearing her words.

'S-something like that," Harry breathlessly said.

"When are you going to learn that not every woman on earth wants you," said Lily, with a disapproving shake of her head. "I'm going to go get some gold, try to not get anything pregnant while I'm gone, ok Sirius," and with that she walked away.

"You two are parse's you know that," pouted Sirius, turning his back on them.

When Lily returned the three had gained control of themselves and were waiting while talking about Quidditch.

"Are you ready to go?"

"Yes," they chorused together.

"Alright let's go."

"Hey mom," said Harry getting her attention. "Would you mind if we looked at owls? I want to be able to write while at Hogwarts, and I don't want to have to wait on your owl to show up before I can send anything."

"You could use one of the school owls," she said while thinking. "But having your own owl would make things easier. After we get your things, we'll stop and look at them."

Giving her a hug he replied, "Thanks mom, I really appreciate it."

S2ndC

The group walked out of Madam Malkin's, with only three stops left, Magical Menagerie, Quality Quidditch Supplies, and Ollivander's.

"Where to next," asked Lily?

"How about Quality Quidditch Supplies, its closest," replied Harry?

"Okay, that's fine with me, though I didn't think you liked to fly," she said, her expression full of curiosity. "Have you even used the broom we got you for Christmas?"

"I love flying, I was just being a butthead and refusing to use the broom you got me," said Harry, looking at the ground ashamed of his past self's behavior. "I plan on breaking it in as soon as I'm finished being grounded. That's why I want to go to QQS, so that I can get a servicing kit and work on it," as he finished he looked up to see others smiling at him.

"That should make James very happy," said Sirius, knowing that quidditch may be a way for Harry and James to connect with each other. "With Iris being afraid of high places, and Ivy being too young, he'll finally have someone to play against."

They walked the rest of the way in silence, each lost in their own thoughts. It didn't take long for them to come across their destination. As soon as they walked in Sirius spotted a pretty girl that was working behind the check out counter, and made his way toward her. Lily and Lupin knowing what was on his mind followed trying to stop him from getting kicked out of the shop for harassment.

Chuckling at his family Harry set off looking for a service kit like the one Hermione had gotten him one year Christmas. What surprised Harry was the fact that the shop was almost completely empty, making it easier to find what he wanted.

Seeing the display for broom up keep, he made his way over not paying the other person that was there any mind. Trying to figure out which brand of polish he wanted, he heard the person he hadn't paid any mind to yet sigh in frustration. Turning to see who it was, his eyes widened comically.

Standing next to him was a twelve year old Cho Chang. Even though the last time he had saw her, was when she went with him and Luna to the Ravenclaw common room, which had only been two days ago, it seemed like a life time.

Getting a hold of himself he cleared his throat and asked her, "Are you having trouble picking, which would be best for your broom?"

"Yes," she said, sounding lost. "I just got a new broom but I don't know which polis-," she never finished the sentence, because at that moment she looked at the person she was talking to, only for her dark skin to take on a reddish hew. Standing next to her had to be the prettiest boy she had ever seen. He stood a couple of inches taller than her, with intense green eyes, and the most amazing red hair that fell in waves down to his shoulders.

Seeing her reaction to his appearance he couldn't help but get a crooked little smile on his face. 'This is going to be fun,' he thought to himself.

"Um you were saying," he asked, leaning closer to her face, making her turn even redder.

"Um.. Uh... t-the polish," she struggled to get out.

"You're looking for a polish for your new broom right," he asked, enjoying watching her act like he had around her in his first life.

She only nodded her head in response, thinking it was safer than trying to talk to him.

"Well from what I've heard most team sponsored brands are awful," he said, while backing off a bit, hoping to hear her talk some. "But I know for a fact that the Holy Head brand is really good at standing up in bad weather. The only down side is that the polish needs reapplying more often."

Cursing herself for acting like Filch does for his cat, she tried putting together a reply, "I-I didn't know that. I think I'll try it," she said, as she started to calm down. "I haven't seen you at Hogwarts before," she stated, hoping she could learn something about him. "Where do you go to school at? I'm Cho Chang by the way."

Reaching out he took her by the hand and placed a soft kiss against the back of it. "Where are my manners, my name is Harry James Potter. It's a pleasure to meet you Cho." Harry didn't know a thing about greetings in the wizarding world, so he was hoping he hadn't messed up.

He needn't have worried though, he could have insulted her after kissing her hand and she wouldn't have been able to tell. Realizing he had gone overboard, he waited for her to collect herself before he continued.

"This will be my first year at Hogwarts. I'm quiet excited about it," he said, seeing she was functioning again. "Do you mind if I ask what house you're in? I want to know which one to aim for," he finished, not being able to help flirting with her. Today he had found something he liked as much as flying... making girls blush, it was no wonder Sirius spent all his free time messing around with women

Hearing his words she had to fight hard to keep from burying her face in her hands. "I'm in Ravenclaw, the house for those who treasures knowledge."

Harry was about to make a comment on Ravenclaw's and beauty, but was cut off by a soft Scottish voice, "Cho, who's your handsome friend here?" The two children turned to see an Asian woman who looked a great deal like an older version of Cho, the thing that scared them about her was that she had a knowing smile on her face.

Cho with a blush that never seemed to leave her face answered, "Mother this is Harry Potter. Harry this is my mother MayLin Chang."

Embarrassed at being caught flirting with her daughter Harry decide the best plan was to lay it on thick. "Mrs. Chang it's nice to meet you," he said as he kissing her hand. "I must say that I always believed beauty such as yours, to be like lightning, never to strike twice, but after meeting you and your daughter, I see I couldn't have been more wrong." 'I really hope she isn't going to go postal on me,' he thought, dreading her telling him off for being a pervert.

What he hadn't been expecting was for her to start giggling. "My aren't you quiet the Casanova," she replied, smiling at the charm the boy was showing.

Cho hearing what her mother was saying thought she was going to die of embarrassment. 'Oh god, please stop talking!' she thought, wishing she could send messages with her mind, telling her mother to not say anything to bad. "Um mom shouldn't we be going? We don't want to leave daddy alone for too long, you know he'll be tempted to buy the entire book store."

Sensing her daughters discomfort she decides it was time to stop talking. "Of course your right. I better go stop him from clearing out Flourish & Blotts, hurry and buy your polish," she said, giving Cho a wink that went unnoticed by Harry. "It was nice meeting you Harry, I hope to see you again some time," she said before leaning down and giving Harry a kiss on the cheek making him blush.

When she was sure her mom was out of hearing range, she turned back to Harry saying, "I'm sorry about my mom, she was trying to be funny."

"Its fine she did nothing wrong and you have nothing to apologize about," said Harry soothingly. "She seemed to be very kind."

"She is, she's just... a bit much at times," she replied, her blush finally disappearing. Harry noticing it's absence couldn't help but feel disappointed.

A minute passed, without ether saying anything, then she realizing that she had to go spoke in a bit of a rush, "I have to go before my mom comes back. It was really nice meeting you," she finished saying as she grabbed a Holy Head broom cleaning kit.

"Yeah, I really enjoyed our talk."

"Me to, well I'll see you around Harry," she said, as she hurried off. She had only taken a few steps before turning around her cheeks blushing as hard as they could with their color. "I really hope you get into Ravenclaw, but if you don't I'd still like to study with you sometime." and just like that she was gone.

Reaching out for the same kit as Cho, he couldn't keep the smile off his face. "That was pretty fun, I'm going to have to look her up on the train," he said, as he turned to go pay for the kit. However what he saw when he turned made his blood turn cold.

Standing a couple of displays away was Sirius, Lupin and Lily, all staring at him with different expressions.

Lily looked as if she couldn't believe her eyes, her baby boy had just flirted with a girl, but on top of that he was good at it. 'Oh god he's going to be worse than James and Sirius.'

Lupin was thinking of the future owls Lily and James would be receiving about girls hexing their son, on account of him having too much... 'FUN TIME'.

The third person was by far the worst; Sirius had a smile on his face that was big even for him. His eyes were aglow with happiness, as if he had just looked into the Mirror of Erised and had been given what he saw. "Going to have to look her up on the train huh," repeated Sirius, trying to keep the joy out of his voice, but was failing miserably. "And here I thought I was the one who couldn't see a pretty girl without trying to hump her leg."

At the word 'hump', Lily let out a little squeak.

"I was planning on taking you under my wing, teaching you how to talk to a woman was one of the things I was going to show you," said Sirius. "But not only can you talk to girls a year older than you, but you can charm their mothers as well. I can honestly say I have never been prouder of anyone in my life as I am of you at this moment."

"Padfoot you might want to stop," said Lupin in a quiet voice.

"Why's that Moony, today should be celebrated, the day a legend was born. The legend of Harry Potter the Casanova of Hogwarts."

"Because I think you broke Lily," replied Lupin.

S2ndC

"Lily you should have seen your face," Sirius struggled to say through his laughter.

It had taken all three men, to get Lily out of her trance like state. When she had come round, she had been on the verge of tears and had only said, "No humping." This had set Sirius off again.

"Watch it mutt," said Lily, in a low voice. "I'll wait until you're in your dog form, stupify you and take you to a vet to get fixed."

Needless to say Sirius didn't say another word until they arrived at the Magical Menagerie.

"Were here," said Sirius, sounding as if someone had told him there would be no Christmas this year. "Are you ready to pick out an owl?"

"Yeah," replied Harry. "And I know just what I'm looking for." With that he walked in to the shop. The adults gave each other questioning looks, before they headed in after him. They had only taken a few steps into the store, when they saw Harry at the check out with a beautiful snowy owl. Walking over to him they just caught what the person behind the counter was saying.

"I'm surprised she took to ya," said the shop worker. "She's been here for about a month now, but every time someone tries to buy her she throws a fit. It's kind of like she was waiting on you."

"She's an amazing creature," said Harry, as he scratched the owl under the beak.

"That she is," he replied.

Harry opened her cage, letting her out where she flew around the shop a couple of times, before she came to rest on his shoulder, giving him a loving nip on the ear.

Harry finished paying for everything and turned to see the others giving him weird looks.

"You guys know you don't have to look at me like that every time you see me right," he asked, with a smirk gracing his face.

"She's beautiful," Lily whispered, so as not to spook the owls around her, and a little out of awe at for her son. He seemed to really have a way with animals... and unfortunately females.

"You picked one awfully fast,' said Lupin."You sure she's the one you want?"

His words got him an offended hoot from the owl, as if to say there was no owl better than her.

"Yeah I'm sure, besides it's not like I have a choice."

"What do you mean you don't have a choice," asked a confused Sirius.

"What I mean is that there are just something's you can't fight. Their just meant to be," said Harry mysteriously. "Isn't that right girl."

None of the three understood what he meant but let it be. They could tell that the two were already close.

"Does she have a name yet," asked Lily, as she stroked the owl's feathers?

Harry answered her in one word, "Hedwig."

S2ndC

"So the last thing you need is a wand," Lupin half stated, half asked.

They were standing outside the shabby shop known as Ollivanders.

"Yup," said Harry popping the p.

"Would you like me to hold Hedwig, while you go get it," asked Lupin, while looking at the owl.

"No she can stretch her wings while were inside," as he said this Hedwig took flight.

Sirius stepped forward and opened the door. "Well let's get to getting." He really wanted to see Harry jump when the old man did his little appearing act.

What he didn't know was that Harry was waiting for Ollivander to try and sneak up on him. He wanted to show him that if he was to sneak up on the wrong person he could get hurt. So waiting for his

Mother and Lupin to enter first, he followed after waiting for his chance.

Once they were all in the shop, all eyes seemed to be on Harry, waiting for the old man to scare him, they didn't try and stop it, knowing it was a rite of passage to be messed with before getting there wand.

"Good afternoon," came the soft voice everyone had been waiting for. What they hadn't been expecting was for Harry to spin around faster than any would have thought possible and grabbed Ollivander by the throat.

"You know," said Harry, in a board tone as he let the older man go. "It's rude to sneak up on somebody, but more so it's dangers. You never know how someone will react."

Ollivander had to admit, that the young man's words had truth to them, and it didn't hurt that having him react like he did had made him almost shit himself. "I think in the future, I'll keep your words in mind," he spoke in a voice that didn't sound the least bit phased. "So how about we get you a wand Mr. Potter."

As Ollivander walked around the counter, everyone heard Sirius whisper to Lupin, "Ok that was pretty badass," followed by a snort from Remus.

"Now Mr. Potter which is your wand arm," asked Ollivander, as he brought out an arm full of wand boxes.

"I'm right handed," stated Harry.

"Alright then try this one it's..."

S2ndC

It had been over two hours and still he didn't have a wand. It seemed like a lot longer considering he knew which wand was his, but couldn't say anything without telling how he knew it was his.

"Well I'm sorry Mr. Potter but I don't have any more wands for you to try."

Hearing these words Harry about lost it. 'What about my wand, could someone else have gotten it,' he thought. "Are you sure you don't have anymore," asked Harry, not having to fake the worry in his voice.

"I'm quite sure; it's been a long time since this has happened."

"What do you do when you can't find a match for someone," asked Lupin, as he was starting to worry that they would have to leave the country to find a wand for Harry.

"Then I get to make a wand especially for them," he said, his pale eyes having a fire in them that none present had ever seen before. Reaching under the counter he pulled out a long, thin, piece of metal roughly shaped like a wand. "I need you to wave this like a regular wand."

Taking the metal wand Harry could feel it trying to pull his magic. Doing as he was told he gave it a wave, as he did it glowed the same green as his eyes. Harry expected it to fade but it never did.

"And that's it," spoke Ollivander, taking the wand away from Harry. "Now I take this and study what would be the best focus for your wand and make it. After it's done I'll send it to you."

"Wait, that's it," said an irritated Sirius. "We sat here for over two hours for nothing."

"No you sat here for two hours, so that we could find which wand would be Mr. Potter's partner," Ollivander replied, his voice taking on a tone that showed that he was upset with Sirius. "And we found out that his partner has not entered this world yet. Now if you will excuse me I have work to do."

As they left the shop Sirius could be heard telling Harry, "I wished I had gotten the chance to choke him."

AN: Hey I'm back with Chapter 7. This time I tried to add some humor to this one. I laughed a few times writing it, but I have a weird sense of humor, so tell me how I did with it. Also how do you like me having his family liking the fact he can talk to snakes.

Next chapter we will be seeing a small bit of Harry's darker side.

The poll is closed. It was a close run between Lightning and Shadow, but in the end Lightning won.

Now I have to tell you all sorry. Last chapter I asked who should be put in the discription with Harry. I guess I messed up and made it sound like another girl was going to be added to Harry's harem, I'm sorry but the girls in the harem have been voted on and will stay that way. Beside the fun thing about this story is that none of the girls you see alot of are in his Harem. Those of you who want to see Hermione and Fleur dont worry, they have nice pairing's in the future.

Like always I love those of you who review... hell if you read this I love you, but more so when you leave me your thoughts.

Oh and Harry has to get presants for Ivy and Iris, one's birthday is only a little after his own, and he feels bad about missing the other. So what should he get them? I have a good idea for both but lets see if you can think of something better.

AN: age poll on profile

Harry was awoken by his bedroom door being opened. Years of being hit if he hadn't gotten up fast enough had made Harry a light sleeper. Cracking an eye to see who had woken him, he saw a tiny little red head, trying to shut his door without making any noise. Smiling to himself he closed his eye, and laid in wait.

Ivy seeing that her brother hadn't woken up knew she had to be quiet if she wanted to get him. She like her father loved to play pranks, but only being four years old, couldn't do much more than scare people. Which was what she was attempting this morning.

Tip toeing, she made her way over to his bed. Seeing him not moving she assumed he was still asleep. Being as gentle as possible, she climbed on to his bed pausing every couple of seconds just to be careful. Once she was all the way on she crouched down getting ready to strike, when it happened.

Harry feeling her on his bed had guessed she was going to try and jump on him. So when he felt her get ready to jump, he turned the tables on her. Faster than she knew what was going on he grabbed her and started tickling her.

"You wouldn't try and scare your big brother would you?"

"N-no," she gasped.

"Because if you were I'd have to tickle you like this all day," he said, not really sure if she could hear him between her laughter and attempts to escape.

"P-please st-stop I was-sn't trying to scare you," she said as tears started to form in her eyes from the laughter.

Seeing this he let her go not wanting to make her sick. As she lay there panting he couldn't help but think of the past week and a half since she and Iris had come home.

She hadn't been home thirty minutes before she had tracked him down to ask if he would read with her. Having no problem with it he had accepted. Ever since she had been attached to his side, asking for him to read to her, teach her to cook, even trying to get him to

take her for a ride on his broom. Long story short, Harry had become her new play thing.

Harry only wished things were going as well with Iris. Where Ivy had latched on to him, Iris seemed to avoid him. At meal times he would try and make conversation, but would only receive the most basic answers she could give. He really didn't know what to do.

Seeing that Ivy was almost back to normal he asked her, "So if you weren't going to scare me then what were you up to then?"

"Um... I was sleep walking," she answered, with a mischievous smile.

"Yeah I'm sure you were," his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Really! Didn't you hear me snoring," she said her tiny features full of conviction.

"She is going to be so much trouble when she gets older," Harry mumbled to himself. "Sirius helped you come up with that as a way to get out of trouble didn't he?"

"Nope."

"Are you sure?" He wiggled his fingers at her like he was going to tickle her again, while waiting for her answer.

Seeing his fingers she panicked and blurted out the truth, "Yes he told me people would think it's cute."

"Wel-," started Harry, only to be cut off by an upset hoot. Following where the hoot had come from they saw that they had woken up Hedwig. Her amber eyes looking as if she was trying to set them on fire with her glare.

When Ivy saw that they had upset her she let out a gasp, as she ran over to the owl. "Oh Hedwig, I'm sorry did we wake you," she asked, while stroking the owl's feathers. "How about you come make breakfast with me and Harry?"

Hedwig had become something of a family mascot since Harry had brought her home. Ever since the first time Ivy and Iris had saw her they hadn't been able to look at her without touching her. Not that

Hedwig minded, she seemed to think that an owl as amazing as she was deserved all the attention she was receiving.

Hedwig being cranky after being woken turned her head when Ivy had asked her to join them in the kitchen. Harry seeing this knew how to get her to come around.

"Ivy leave Hedwig alone. She doesn't want to be bothered right now."

Hearing this Ivy turned away from the bird looking dejected, until she saw her brother wink at her.

"Beside if Hedwig stays here, that means we get her share of the bacon," he said in a stage whisper.

They knew his words had gotten to the bird when they heard the sound of wings beating, and saw her take off out the window.

"I need to get dressed, and then I'll be down to help make breakfast," he told the little girl. "I bet by the time you get down there Hedwig will already be there."

Nodding her head at his words, she dashed over and jumped on his bed. Giving him a big hug and a peck on the cheek, she left without a word, hoping that Hedwig wasn't too upset with her.

Shaking his head at the little girl's antics, he rolled out of bed and made his way to his closet.

S2ndC

Walking into the kitchen, he found he had been right about Hedwig being there. She was currently being given bacon by Ivy.

"See," he said pointing to Hedwig, "give her a little bacon and she's a happy camper."

"You're a good girl, aren't you," asked Ivy in a baby voice.

All the response she received from Hedwig was a hoot between bites, which somehow sounded like a yes.

"So are you helping this morning or are you watching," he asked as he started to pull out what he would need to cook.

"I want to play with Hedwig."

"Alright," he chuckled, knowing how much she enjoyed it when Hedwig would hoot answers to her questions.

The only sound in the kitchen after that was of Ivy's giggles and chatter, and the hooted responses of Hedwig. Not for the first time since getting his second chance, his chest filled almost too bursting levels with love. He knew that to protect her and the rest of his family wheatear they were as loving to him as Lily had been. Or if they were cold and distant like Iris, he would protect them.

Before his thoughts could go down the dark path of what he would do to anyone who messed with his, the sound of someone entering the kitchen reached his ears. Turning he found it to be iris.

"Morning Ivy, morning Wig," she yawned.

Harry watched as she gave Ivy a peck on the forehead, before sitting on the other side of Hedwig, giving her another piece of bacon. Seeing both of his sisters interacting with his owl, he couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

Seeing this Iris narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "What are you laughing about," she asked flatly.

"I just think it's funny you like my owl better than me." His amusement carrying over into his voice.

Before Iris could reply Hedwig gave Harry a reproachful hoot.

"Sorry Hedwig, you know I love you," said Harry, as he started to set the table.

"That should show you why I like her better than you." She told him while giggling at Hedwig.

Harry gave her a questioning look, partly to see what she meant, but also because that had been the most she had said to him since he had told her about the dream.

Answering his unasked question she told him, "She has a better personality than you. Its only natural I'd like her better."

"And how would you know that. Every time I've tried talking to you, you say as little as you can then leave the room. If your answers to me were to get anymore basic you'd be grunting at me," he said.

"That's not true," she replied not sounding as sure as she thought she should.

"Really? Well than tell me this, since the day you hit me what's been the longest conversation we've had?" After giving her a second to think about it he continued, "If you don't want to answer that then tell me the longest you've been in a room with me that didn't involve sitting down for a meal?"

He waited for her to reply but after a few minutes he figured that she was going to revert back into her old habits of keeping quiet around him. Deciding that pushing her wasn't going to help anything he let the subject drop.

It wasn't until after he had asked Ivy to go fetch their mother for breakfast that Iris spoke again.

"You can't really blame me for not wanting anything to do with you," she said softly. "You've done nothing to ever make me want to give you a chance. How do I know that you're not trying to trick us?"

As he laid the last of their meal on the table he walked over and sat beside her in the same seat that Hedwig was currently sitting on the back of. Slowly he took her hand in his, ignoring her flinch when his skin meet hers. "I honestly don't know why you should trust me." His emerald eyes meeting hers, trying to convey the truth of his words to her. "I've not given you any reason to trust me. But that won't stop me from trying to make up for my past wrongs. I've already started to mend the bridges I've burnt with the others, and I promise that I'll do the same with you."

Lily and Ivy walked into the kitchen to see Harry and Iris holding hands. Had she not seen their eyes she would have said that it was a romantic moment. But seeing the two sets of eyes that were exactly like her own, she realized that Iris seemed to be passing

judgment on Harry. Silently getting Ivy's attention she put a finger to her lips showing that she should be quiet. Together mother and daughter sat at the table and waited for the siblings to finish.

Both knew that they weren't alone in the room anymore, but neither let go or looked away. After some time Harry guessed Iris saw what she wanted, because she gave his hand a small squeeze before letting go and turning to their mother.

"Good morning you two," said Lily, knowing it was best not to ask what had just happened. "Your father had to go in early so he won't be joining us." Giving a wave of her wand his plate put itself away.

"How are you this morning mom," he asked as he started serving himself.

"I'm fine, thank you. How about yourself?"

"I actually have a question that's been bugging me all night," said Harry a look of annoyed on his face.

"What is it?"

"Well the other day you said something about casting spells in different languages." He was careful not bring up his ability to talk to snakes in front of Iris. He had asked the others to not say anything ether. He wanted to tell her after they had gotten to know each other better. "I was curious as to what you meant, so I went looking in the library and found that there are many languages to use to cast spells. In fact the only language that doesn't seem to have any spells is English. Why hasn't anyone tried making them in English and why doesn't Hogwarts teach us more than just Latin spells?"

Lily hearing her son's curiosity couldn't help but be happy. She had wondered the same things at one point, but not until well after she had graduated. "First there are in fact spells in English," she said smiling at the surprised look on his face and the interested one on Iris. "Think about it like this, if you're in a duel and your opponent calls out a spell in Latin, the chances of you knowing what the spell does are quiet low. That is unless you know of the spell yourself." Pausing to see if ether of her children had a question, seeing that neither did she continued. "Now if they call a spell in English, it will most likely give away what it is the spell does, giving you a better

chance at countering the spell. That's the main reason why people most of the time don't learn spells in their own language."

"But that shouldn't matter," replied Harry. "If they use silent casting it wouldn't matter what language the spells in."

"You've been in mine and your fathers, sixth year spell books haven't you?" She had a huge smile on her face at seeing his sheepish look at her question.

"I may have taken a glance or two at them," he said, looking at his plate. Truth was he had already studied the subject in his sixth year, but he couldn't tell her that.

"It's fine honey. I doubt you'd be able to do anything in them just yet, but I don't mind you looking at them," she told him, with a sweet smile on her face. "Now as you said silent casting would eliminate the problem of telecasting the spells you cast in English. However most people never master the ability. It requires the upmost focus of one's mind to cast without incantation."

"If it's so hard to do that most people can't do it, then why try and teach it at all," asked Iris? She was always happy to learn anything involving magic. Especially now that she was just a little over a year away from going to Hogwarts.

"Well to put it honestly people are lazy," said Lily bluntly.

"Wha... "

"What I mean is that if they don't at least force people to study it a bit, then they most likely never will. Take becoming an animagus for an example. Not only is becoming an animal a useful skill for protecting oneself, but as an animal you can gather information from enemies, and talk to other animals of the same species. My form is a tiger, so I can talk to all felines."

Hearing what he could do as an animagus, Harry could hardly wait to take the potion to find out what his form would be. Before he could think too much on the advantages of being an animagus Lily continued her speech.

"What I'm trying to say is that being an animagus is a skill that is very much worth learning. But because of how hard it is to become one and the facts that they don't train you to become one at school, most don't bother to learn it."

"I get it," stated Harry. "You're more likely to learn something if you're forced to study it than you are to go out and learn something that you have no experience with."

"Exactly," said Lily.

"So why not force students to learn different spell languages," asked Iris, not seeing why people wouldn't want to learn a wider range of spells.

"I'm not sure to be totally honest," she said giving them an apologetic look. "But if you really want to study different languages and their spells, there are bunches of books in the library that cover the subject."

"I can't wait to go to Hogwarts," Iris said, looking as if she was miles away. "I can't wait to cast spells."

"You don't have to wait that long," said Harry. He thought he saw a way to get on her good side. "Once you get your wand you can start casting at home."

"No you can't," said Iris quickly. Hearing him say that she could cast spells before Hogwarts had given her a glimmer of hope. She may not have ever gotten along with her brother, but she knew that if someone would know a way to use magic outside of school without getting in trouble, it would be him. "The trace would tell if you did, and then you'd get kicked out of school."

"The trace doesn't tell if a person uses magic. It tells when magic is used around a person. If you're raised in a wizard's home you can use magic all you want. The only people that can't use magic outside of school is first generation witches and wizards," he finished, to a look of pure elation on Iris's face.

"Harry you know you're not supposed to use magic outside of school," said Lily.

"Oh mom come on," whined Harry. He knew he had to get her permission if he was going to be able to use magic at home. "You cannot tell me if you could have used magic at home when you were younger, that you wouldn't have."

Looking as sheepish as he had earlier she replied, "Yeah I guess you're right. But you won't be able to use magic outside of the house. And as for you Iris you'll have to wait until next year before you even get a wand."

"I don't mind if she uses mine," said Harry hoping he could score points with his sister.

It seemed to work because the look on her face could only be described as gob smacked. "You'd let me use your wand," she asked in a small voice.

"Yeah why not? I trust you not to break it. All that I ask is that when you use it make sure me or someone else is around," he told her with a smile on his face. It seemed that his plan might work.

"I... uh... thank you," she said shyly.

"No problem," chuckled Harry, "Now all we have to do is wait for it to show up." His wand had yet to arrive, and he was getting very impatient waiting on it.

"Can I use it," asked Ivy who had been strangely quiet up to now.

"Sorry Ivy, but you're not old enough yet," he said but continued quickly when he saw her shoulder's drop at being told no. "But when I'm finish being grounded we can go flying on my broom together."

Ivy went from being sad at not being able to use a wand, to happy about being able to go flying with Harry, all the way back to sad at hearing her mother's next words.

"NO!" Said Lily quickly. "I'm sorry Ivy but I won't even let you ride with your father and he's the best flyer I know."

"Why can't she ride with dad?"

"Because he is the reason Iris is afraid of heights," growled Lily. "He took her up to soon and now she doesn't even like hovering on a broom."

"That's too bad," said Harry, not liking how sad Ivy looked. He sat there trying to think of a way to cheer her up when he thought of something she might like. "I haven't gotten you a birthday gift yet have I Ivy?"

"No mommy said you were too busy to get me one," she said sadly.

Lily and Iris both saw how much Ivy's words affected him. His eyes seemed to glow for a second, before he regained control of himself.

"Well I'm not busy now and I think I know the perfect gift for you," he told her.

"Really what is it," said Ivy eagerly.

"I'll tell you but I doubt you know what it is," he said with a smile. "It's a muggle toy called a trampoline."

"Harry I don't know if that would be such a good idea. It could be as dangerous as a broom," said Lily. She didn't like having to keep shooting down their plans, but she had to make sure Ivy didn't get hurt.

"Why not," he asked, knowing exactly why she would be worried about getting one. "All you would have to do is add a few charms to it and there wouldn't be anything harmful that could happen."

"What about cost, would you have enough for one?"

"You've been giving me an allowance for years. Besides for books and clothes I haven't spent a Knut," he said, while thinking about the expandable trunk full of money that was in his mokeskin pouch.

In his last life Hermione, Ron, and himself had to break into gringotts, to steal a Horicrux from the Lestrage vault. Hermione had come up with the idea of taking as much as they could, thinking that it would hinder Voldemorts war effort. They had taken five trunks with expansion charms on the insides with them. In the small amount of time they had spent inside they had cleared out almost the entire

vault. When he died he only had one of the trunks on him, and it just so happened to be in his pouch.

"I don't know Harry, even if you do have the money it's still a lot to spend."

"Look at it like this; I haven't gotten anyone anything ever. This will be like one big gift for all the birthdays I've missed. I plan on getting you something big as well Iris. That's not including the doll I broke of yours."

"You broke one to," blurted Ivy, before putting a hand over her mouth as she realized what she said.

"What do you mean he broke one to? I've only have one that's broken, and Harry admitted to breaking it," said Iris.

'Oh shit! It wasn't me who broke her doll. What do I do,' thought a panicking Harry.

"Well I was playing with your dolls and I dropped one and its head broke," she said, her eyes filled with fear. "I didn't mean to. It was an accident."

"Its fine Ivy, but if something like that happens again tell me ok." Getting a nod from Ivy she turned to look at Harry. "Now... Why did you take the blame for breaking my doll if you didn't do it?"

"Well," he said, as he rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "I kind of figured that Ivy might have had something to do with it. So I figured it wouldn't hurt to take the blame for it. Besides it seemed like you were looking for any excuse to yell at me, so I gave you one."

Shame washed over Iris at that moment. She had flipped out on him when he was covering for Ivy, and to make matters worse she had punched him. "Still you should have told me."

"I told you I was sorry and you hit me. What would you have done if I had said it wasn't me," chuckled Harry. It seemed he had somehow slipped by on this one.

"Wait," said Lily, her eyes going wide at what she heard. "You punched him? When did all this happen?"

"It's no problem mom, besides we all know I've done things in the past that deserved being hit for. As for when it happened, it was the same day as the talk about the dream."

"Harry I'm really sor-"she started only to be cut off.

"There's nothing for you to be sorry about," he stated firmly. "If I hadn't of been as bad of a person as I was in the past, you wouldn't have reacted that way."

"Are you sure? I hit you pretty hard," she asked. She was feeling worse about her behavior every second she spent with him. In just the small amount of time she had been around him this morning was showing her how much he had changed.

"Honestly I'm fine," he said as he got up and put his empty plate in the sink. "I'm going to go change, then head out for a run." With those words he left the room and the three females by themselves.

"He really is changing isn't he," Iris asked, her eyes not leaving the door he had gone out.

"Yes he is, and I'm happy that you're starting to see that."

S2ndC

It was after dinner and everyone was sitting in the living room doing their own thing. Harry had just finished reading a book to Ivy, when his father spoke to him.

"So I was talking to your mother, the way she tells it your asking questions that people who want to go into spell creation ask," stated James, as he looked over his glasses at his son. "Is that something you think you would be interested in?"

"I haven't really thought about it," replied Harry. "I do think it would be cool to create my own spells."

"It's a very hard thing to do," said Remus, who had overheard their conversation. "I have a dear friend who makes a living doing just that."

"Yeah I've guessed as much," said Harry. "I'm sure by the time I have to pick my classes in third year; I'll have changed my mind a couple of times on what I want to do."

Sirius was about to add his two cents, when an owl flew through the open window landing in front of Harry. It had a letter and a long thin box attached to its leg.

Harry knowing this must be his wand, he quickly relieved the owl of its load. Finishing its job it took off into the night, leaving the room in complete silence.

Forgoing the letter, Harry untied the string around the box. Slowly lifting the lid, every eye in the room landed on an ash white wand with runes running up it in a spiral pattern. As he picked it up no one expected the reaction he would get. Unlike when he had picked up the holly and phoenix wand he didn't feel warmth, but a powerful spark, that seemed to burst to life in him. Giving it a flick, blue, purple, and glowing white sparks flew halfway across the room, which left everyone with a tingling sensations.

"It's amazing," gasped Harry. He had always had a strong connection to his old wand, but this was something all together different.

"What's it made of," asked Sirius, he had always liked finding out what peoples wands were made of.

Not taking his eyes off his wand, Harry handed the letter to the person closest to him, who happened to be his mother. His attention only left his wand when he heard his mother gasp. Looking up she had her eyes fixed on the wand.

"It says that the parts for your wand are very rare and very powerful," whispered Lily, causing everyone to want to know what it was made of even more than before. "The wood is from a very old elder tree, which stands in the very center of the forbidden forest. As for the core, he says that your magic reacted strongly to two cores."

"Wait," said Sirius eagerly. "I've never heard of anyone having more than one core. How's it possible that his does."

"I don't know... but the cores are just as shocking as how many he has."

"Well stop dragging it out women! You're killing me here," cried Sirius, earning chuckles from around the room.

"The first is the tears of a basilisk."

Hearing this there was only silence. It was Iris who finally broke it. "What's a Basilisk?"

"It's called the king of serpents," answered Remus, who like the other adults were thinking about Harry's ability to talk to snakes. "They can grow to be 70feet long, can kill you if you look them in the eyes, and its venom has no known cure."

"Wow that must be a powerful core," said an impressed Iris. "What's the other one?"

"The letter says that it's a purple feather that gives off as much power as a phoenix feather, but that the energy is somehow different." At her words the already quiet room seemed to become more so.

"He didn't say what it was," asked James, voicing everyone's thoughts.

"No. Other than the description he gave, he said that it had been passed down his family line for generations." This statement left everyone one wondering how powerful the wand was, and by extension how strong Harry would be.

"Well pup it seems you've got one badass wand there," said Sirius breaking everyone out of their trances.

"Which spell are you going to cast first," asked an excited Iris. After the mornings events she had warmed up to Harry a great deal, even going as far as to sit and listen to him read to Ivy.

"I don't know may-" he was saying before James interrupted him.

"I agree with what your mother said that you told Iris this morning about using magic outside of school," said James, with a look that told he didn't want to say what he was about to. "However you're still grounded for the next couple of days. That means no magic, I'm sorry."

"Come on Prongs, cut him some slack. He went from being a stranger who caused trouble, to a good kid who gets up every morning to make breakfast for all of us," reasoned Sirius. "Besides your punishing him for being honest, how messed up is that?"

James was about to replied that he wasn't punishing him for doing the right thing but the wrong, when Harry cut in.

"Why don't we make a bet," he questioned James?

Raising an eyebrow he asked, "And what kind of bet is that?"

"If I can do any first year spell that you give me, on the first try I'm ungrounded," said Harry, knowing he could do any first year spell easily.

"Oh and how do you know that you could do any first year spells? As far as I know this is the first time you've had a wand in your hands."

"It is, but I've studied really hard. There's not a first year spell that I can't do."

"The last time I saw someone that confident was on the train in first year," sniggered Sirius. "The kid had a mop of messy black hair and wire thin glasses. He was a bit of a git if I recall correctly."

Everyone in the room chuckled at his words; they seemed to help James make up his mind.

"Alright, but since you're so confident you'll do one spell for me, Lily, Sirius, and Remus," said James, who was getting a bit excited to see if he could do what he said.

"Deal! Now whose going first," asked Harry, a cocky smile making its way on his lips.

"I will," yelled Sirius. "I want you to see you use a body-bind."

The words had barely left his lips before Harry's wand had flashed up to point in his face, followed by a whisper of "Petrificus Totalus,". The room became silent until the sound of Sirius's still form hitting the floor caused everyone to laugh.

"Did you really think asking to see a spell like that would end well," asked Harry.

Everyone in the room spent a few good minutes laughing at Sirius' expense. Ivy saw this as a good time to mess with him, tickling him like Harry had that morning.

"I think I'll call out my spell now," said Remus, who had finally stopped laughing. "I want you to end the spell on Padfoot."

With a muttered "Finite," Sirius was set free.

"I'm going to get you for that brat," threatened Sirius, though his face showed he was playing.

"You're doing very well," complemented James, taking his turn to try and stump Harry. "But now we see how you are at Transfiguration. I want you to turn a match into a needle." As he said this he conjured a match.

Pointing his wand at the match he said the incantation, easily turning it.

"You're doing great," giggled Lily, at seeing how well he was doing. "Now for your final test. I want you to use a levitation charm."

Hearing what his final spell was he couldn't help but smile at the thought of Ron taking down a troll with it. Pointing his wand at Ivy he said Wingardium Leviosa, at the same time he swished and flicked his wand.

Seeing what he was doing the adult's started panicking, worried he might hurt her on accident until they saw her slowly lift off the ground and in to Harry's arms, all the while giggling.

"So anything else," asked Harry, while he listened to Ivy ask him to make her fly again.

Lily rushed over to him engulfing him in a hug before anyone could answer. "That was amazing. It took me more than a few times to get that spell down. But you get it on the first try," she said happily, as she ran her fingers through his hair.

"I have to agree with her," said James, pride clearly in his voice. "I've always been good at transfiguration but that spell took me an entire class to learn."

Hearing all the praise that Harry was receiving, Iris couldn't help but feel proud of her brother but also jealous of him. Not over the fact that he was so good at magic but that she would have to wait a year before she could start her training. Before she could think on it too long, she was brought out of her thoughts by someone shaking her gently. Looking up she found it to be Harry trying to get her attention.

"Here you go," he said, as he held out his wand to her handle first.

"What are you doing," she asked, hoping she wasn't misunderstanding.

"I told you this morning that I'd let you use it," he replied.

"Thank you," was her blurted response, as she crushed him in a hug, before taking the wand gently as if afraid she might break it.

With shaking hands, she whispered the only spell she knew she could do.

"Lumos"

As the spell took effect she looked at Harry. The light catching his eyes and hair, made it seem he was glowing with power. As she took in the sight she could think of only one way to describe him. 'Beautiful'

AN: I know it isn't as long as the last couple of chapters, but life for me has been so messed up as of late, I figured I better put this up before anything else happens to me.

I know we didn't see any dark Harry like I said, but next chapter he's going to go dark on someone who wronged him in the past life.

Also the most amount of time I'll take between chapters is a week and a half, which will most likely happen when Harry ends back up at Hogwarts.

Next chapter (most likely) : Animagus-Birthday party-grandparents-mean Harry

Reviewers I loves you.(this story went from 85 reviews to 125)
Please leave a review. NExt Chapter Will Be Longer.

Here it is.

Lily walked down the stairs after having just put Ivy in bed. The little girl had worn herself out getting Harry to float her from person to person. By the time that she realized it was past Ivy's bed time, it was quiet late. Seeing this she sent Iris and Harry off to bed as well.

As she was entering the living room she was thinking what all the adults were, Harry shouldn't be that good at magic.

After the elation everyone had experienced at seeing him do so well, they started thinking how rare it was for a person to get a spell on the first try. Let alone a boy who hadn't even been to Hogwarts if he had been studying, to be able to do what he did was nothing short of amazing.

"Good your back," James said, receiving a look that told him she knew where their conversation was going, and not liking it. "The fact you're looking at me like tells me you think it's weird for him to be that advanced as well."

Giving him an exasperated sigh she answered him, "Your right, it is weird that he's that good."

"Do you think we should check him again," questioned Sirius. "I mean just to make sure nothings up."

James was about to answer when Remus cut over him. "Your all acting like he did something wrong."

"Moony did you not see what he did," came Sirius's rushed reply. "He did something that not even Lily could do at his age. His sudden skill at using magic is nothing short of amazing."

"But that's just it," Remus shot back before Sirius could continue. "We don't know if this is sudden. We haven't had the chance to see if this would be normal for him." Hearing him say this, the others couldn't fault his logic. "Besides I'm sure you all remember all the accidental magic he caused when he was younger. He was still having bursts of magic when he started to pull away from us."

"Remus makes a good point," supplied Lily. She was trying to see the situation from a neutral point of view. But with it being Harry they

were talking about, it was making it harder to not take sides. "We don't know his talent level. You've all said that his power is off the charts for someone his age, and I agree. I saw a bit of his power myself today."

"What do you mean," asked James quickly. "Did he try something?"

"Calm down James. You know that if he tried something I would have told you," she answered him. It was getting annoying him always jumping to the worse when it came to Harry. "What I was trying to say was that this morning it came up about how he hasn't given a present to Ivy for her birthday before. She looked so sad about not getting anything from him, and you all know how much he cares about her, seeing her feeling upset over his actions really affected him. Power was rolling off him, and his eyes started glowing. He was able to calm down almost right away, but I don't think him or Iris, ether one knew the power he was giving off."

"Think of it like this," said Remus jumping in. Seeing that Lily was on his side was calming him down some. "He was having bought's of accidental magic at just a couple of months old, he's got huge power, his wand is made up of parts that scream power house, and he says that he studies a lot. Is it really that big of a surprise that he's talented?"

"If you put it like that, it's not really that big of a surprise," admitted Sirius. "And James when he told us about his dream you said that your family had seer blood right?"

Getting a nod from James he continued, "Well if it was a possible future, then he would have to not only have power but the skill to do what he saw," said a thoughtful Sirius. "We should be happy right now. If he had all the skill to become a dark lord, then why can't he use his power for good?"

"Boy he really has all of you wrapped around his finger huh," asked James. "I mean just a few seconds ago you all thought something was going on with him. Now you're all acting like he's the next Merlin."

"James I was right there with you about not trusting him in the beginning," said Sirius, as he laid a calming hand on James shoulder. "But I gave the boy a chance, and I really do think he's

changed. You should be proud right now, not only is your son showing signs of becoming a great wizard, but more importantly of becoming a good man."

James just stood there with a defiant look in his eyes. It seemed to the others that he wasn't going to change his mind. That was until his shoulders slumped, and he sank down on to the love seat. Placing his head in his hands he said, "I know your right, you're all right. He really has changed. I've see it myself but I've been stubborn to admit it," confessed James. Raising his head he looked at the others. "Even Iris is giving him another chance, which is something I never saw happening. I just don't want to get close to him and then it all be some kind of trick." He finished with a pleading look at the others, hoping they would understand where he was coming from.

"Oh honey," said Lily, giving him one of her comforting hugs. "We were all worried about that a first. But we've spent time with him and know he's trying his best. Just give him a chance James, I promise you won't regret it."

"I hope your right."

S2ndC

Harry awoke the morning after he received his wand, to find everyone in the house was still asleep, including Ivy who he had become used to trying to surprise him in some way to wake him.

Putting some clothes on he grabbed the book on spells based in the Spanish dialect that he had taken from the Potter library. Figuring that since he was the only one up he could use magic to make breakfast as he read. He would have done just that if it had not been for the fact that when he entered the kitchen, he found out he wasn't the first awake like he had first thought.

"Good morning," greeted James, as he laid his copy of the Daily Profit down in front of him. "I see your still looking into spell languages. Have you found any that you prefer over Latin?"

"Good morning to you as well. And no I haven't found any I like better than Latin," replied a surprised Harry. "However I only just

started looking at various types a few days ago, so I don't have much perspective."

"I stated looking into that same subject about the same time as your mother. If there's anything you'd like to know you can always ask me."

"Actually I do have one question," stated Harry, getting a nod to continue he did just that. "Why is it that it's so hard to find spell books that are in different languages? I mean I could see why we wouldn't bother learning different language spells if they were the same spells only said a different way. But there are spells that far exceed the abilities of those in Latin, and we refuse to learn them. Why would we hinder our selves like that?"

"Let me answer your question with another," said James, who was impressed at Harry's way of seeing things. "What do you think of Britainwizarding society in general?"

"I think it's a joke," answered Harry flatly. "It's ruled by bigoted pure bloods, who want nothing to change, so that they stay in power."

"And there's your answer, those who rule think that any type of change means they're going to lose their power. So they do all that's in their power to keep change from happening."

"That's stupid," sighed Harry.

"That it is, but the fact that you at such a young age can see that, means you'll be able to change the future for the better."

The last statement from his father, gave him pause. The words 'change the future for the better', had reminded Harry that this world would be entering a war in the next couple of years. Harry hated to admit it but he had totally forgotten all about Voldemort and the prophecy. He was going to have to sit down and think about what changes to the future he was going to make.

'Though it's a possibility that nothing will be the same here as my world,' thought Harry.

"Are you okay," asked James, surprising Harry by how concerned he looked.

"Yeah I'm fine. I just got lost in my thoughts," chuckled Harry.

"You get that from your mother. I can't tell you how many times I've been talking to her, only to find out that she's not heard a word I've spoken," told James. The smile on his face full of love just thinking about his wife.

"So do you have work this morning or are you up this early for another reason?"

"I have to be in the office in a little bit," answered James. "So I decided to get up early and make breakfast, plus I get to spend some time with you. I know I've been working a lot lately and we haven't really had the chance to spend any one on one time together. I plan on changing that, so that before you go off to Hogwarts I can get to know you better."

Hearing this Harry couldn't help but feel excited. It seemed his dad was finally coming around. "That's great!"

"So are you happy that your birthday is only two days away," questioned James, he was happy how their talk was going so far, but it was still awkward trying to figure out what to talk about.

"To be honest I kind of forgot it was coming up," said an embarrassed Harry.

"How does a kid forget their own birthday," asked an amused James.

"Well with everything that's been happening, and getting to really know everyone, it just slipped my mind."

"Is there anyone you want to invite," he asked, a crooked smile on his face. "Maybe the girl that Sirius told me about. You know the one from broom shop?"

"I'm going to kill Sirius, that big mouthed-" Harry mumbled, before his father spoke.

"What's that, I can't hear you," asked James, had heard every word and couldn't wait to see what Harry would do to get Sirius back.

"Nothing just talking about killing dogs," he replied easily. "But no there's no one I want to invite. Just a dinner with everyone is fine with me."

"Really? We do that every night."

"Yeah, I really enjoy spending time with all of you. Plus it won't be long until I go off to Hogwarts, after that I won't get to see all of you till Christmas."

"Alright if that's what you want," said a surprised James. Even Iris, who was a very mature girl, always wanted a hundred different things on her birthday. "Oh I almost forgot to tell you, your grandparents are getting back from their vacation the tomorrow. So they will most likely be here for your dinner. I think they're going to be pleased with your new attitude."

"That's great, I just hope they don't think I'm up to something and act all suspicious," said Harry. It wasn't until the words left his mouth that he realized that his father may take his words as a jab at him. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded," rushed Harry, hoping he wouldn't get upset.

"It's fine. I know you didn't mean anything by it," replied James, waving it off. "Now that breakfast is ready why don't we call everyone down to eat?"

It was at that moment that Harry saw that the table was set and the food was floating over to them. He was about to comment on this when he heard a call of 'Expecto Patronum'. Whipping around he saw a stag that was glowing a bluish white, run out of the room. He had seen that same stag many times before, but seeing it come from his father somehow made him sad.

"Beautiful spell isn't it," said James, taking the expression on Harry's face as awe.

"Yes it is," Harry replied without thought. "It's a Patronus Charm right?"

"Yes it is, how did you know?"

Thinking fast about how to reply he answered, "I was reading a book on magical creators. It covered Dementor's; it said the only way to fight against them was very strong flames, and the Patronus charm. It went on to describe the spell, and to say it could also be used to send messages."

"Your mom's right," stated James, wearing an impressed look. "You do read a lot; I didn't know that much about that charm until I started to learn it when training to become an Auror."

"Can you tell me if your Patronus will be the same as your animagus form," Harry asked, he really wanted to know if he'd be a stag as well.

"While mine is the same that doesn't always hold true for others. Take your mother for an example, she's a tiger animagus, but her Patronus is a doe."

Harry hearing this realized that he already knew about his mom's animal form and Patronus. He was fixing to reply when a red headed bullet hit him.

"Harry!" Yelled Ivy as she tackled him in a hug. "I wanna fly again."

"Hello to you to daughter of mine," said an amused James.

"Oh hi daddy," she said as if it was an afterthought, before turning back to her brother. "Can I fly now?"

"It looks like you've been replaced daddy," said a sleepy looking iris. She was just a few steps in front of her mother. "Morning Ivy, Harry."

Getting up with Ivy in his arms, Harry gave Lily a quick hug and kiss before greeting her and his sister.

"Morning everyone," said Lily who looked much more awake than her daughter. "What are we talking about?"

"We were talking about you, and how one's animagus form doesn't affect their Patronus shape," answered James, as he kissed her good morning.

Lily finding out what they were talking about, eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. "Oh I love that charm. What do you want to know about it," she eagerly asked.

"To be honest honey I think the only thing about the spell that he doesn't know is how to cast it."

"That's better than James and Sirius. They didn't even know about the spell until seventh year," said Lily. "I remember telling them about it, but to be honest I wasn't even finished talking about it before they had stopped listening."

"It's because daddy and Uncle Padfoot have the attention span of a goldfish," giggled Iris.

"Hey," pouted James. "My attention span is at least twice as... um what was I talking about again?"

James joke gave everyone a laugh. As they were settling down Remus and Sirius came through the floo.

"Oh good breakfast is ready, I'm starved," called Sirius as he grabbed a plate and started serving himself. The Potters had yet to get any for themselves.

"Really Sirius, you shouldn't run into someone else's house and eat their food," reprimanded Remus. "You haven't even said hello yet."

"Its fine Moony," soothed James, as Remus took a seat beside Harry who still had Ivy in his arms. "Besides we all know it's a lost cause to try and house break him."

"Ha ha very funny," grumbled Sirius. "I had a long night, and I'm starving." As he finished talking he took a bite of eggs, only to spit them out. "Ok I don't mean to sound rude Harry, but this morning's breakfast taste like James cooked it."

"That'd make sense," said Harry chuckling at the look on Sirius and James face. "Because he's the one who cooked this morning."

At his words everyone stopped putting food on their plates. Harry saw everyone giving the food weary looks.

"Is his cooking that bad?"

"My cooking is not bad," huffed James who was offended by the looks his family was giving his cooking.

"Ok if it's not that bad then you eat it," challenged Iris, as she tried to hand him her plate.

"Look at the time Sirius, Remus, we better go now or we'll be late for work," said James quickly, as he stood up to give Lily a kiss goodbye.

"If I were you I'd just go get something from the Leaky Cauldron," whispered Remus, getting up he followed Sirius and James through the floo.

"So... I'm guessing I'm not to let dad cook anymore," asked an amused Harry.

Iris and Lily answered at the same time, "NO!"

"Alright then," said Harry fighting to control his laughter. "I guess I'll make breakfast."

"Actually you don't have to make any for me and Ivy," said Lily, stopping his progress to the stove. "We're going to the Greengrass's in a few minutes. I have to talk to Arana about a few things, and she offered to make us breakfast."

"Oh all right," replied Harry. "Are you going as well Iris?"

"No."

"Why not, I thought you were friends with one of the Greengrass daughters?"

"I'm friends with both Daphne and Astoria, but they're both in France spending time with their cousins," answered Iris, who looked put out.

"Well then how about you hang out with me today," asked Harry. "I was going to go get Ivy's gift but I'll need mom to put feather charm on it if I want to get it home. However we could go get something to eat at the Leaky, and after that spend the day roaming the alley."

"That sounds fantastic. Can I go mum," asked Iris. She had been to Diagon Alley tons of times, but always with an adult.

"Yeah that's ok. As long as you stay in the Alley," Lily told them. "And be careful, I don't see anything happening, but better safe than sorry."

"Thank you thank you thank you," chanted Iris. Jumping out of her chair she gave her mother a hug, before dashing out of the room calling over her shoulder, "I'm going to go get ready."

"Be sure and watch her okay. I know you're used to going out by yourself, but she's never been out like this before," Lily told him, you could hear the trust in her voice.

"I promise to keep a good eye on her," vowed Harry. "It means a lot to me that you trust me enough to let her go."

"Of course I trust you. I know how much you care for the girls," Lily told him as she picked up Ivy and gave him a kiss on the forehead. "Besides this will give you a chance to spend some time getting to know her better."

A flash of green and a call of 'Greengrass manor' later, and he was left alone. Not wanting to see how Iris would react to being kept waiting. He rushed up stairs to throw something on. He was halfway there when something told him that he should take the three items he had taken out of his hidden chest with him today.

S2ndC

Iris was standing by the fire place in the dusty and run down pub. Harry had told her to go through first and that he would follow after. As she stood waiting she wondered to herself why a place as famous as the Leaky Cauldron was in such bad shape. It was a well known fact that besides Gringotts and the Ministry of Magic, the Leaky Cauldron was the most visited place in Britain. Before she could ponder over the state of the pub for too long, a flash of green fire announced her brother's arrival.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said Harry in way of a greeting. "Let's find a table, and order something."

Nodding her head she led him through the moderately crowded room, to an empty corner booth. Sitting down, a peaceful silence fell between the two, as they people watched. They sat this way until the owner of the pub, Tom a man who reminded both Potter children of a toothless walnut, had come and taken their order. As he left them Harry finally broke the silence.

"Since I started hanging out around the library, I've seen you in there quite a bit," observed Harry. "Is there anything in particular that you enjoy reading about?"

"I really enjoy reading about potions and transfiguration," Iris eagerly replied. "I found a copy of 'Sharkfang's Potions Making Guide' there the other day. Sharkfang was a famous goblin potion maker before the last goblin war. He was such a good potions brewer that wizards would go to him and beg to be trained by him, and that was back when the relations between Goblins and humans were as bad as they are now between us and vampires," recited Iris, reminding Harry of Hermione.

"It's a good thing you like potions so much. If I was you I'd keep studying them as hard as you can," Harry advised her.

"Why?"

"Because from what I hear the potions master at Hogwarts is very strict. More so than that, he really hates anyone with the name Potter."

"Okay, once again why," asked a confused Iris.

Harry stared at her wondering if he should tell her about Snape. Eventually he decided that if Snape was going to be as hard on her, as he was on Harry the first time around she had the right to know.

"He and the Marauders had a very big feud going on all during school," answered Harry. "To make matters worse he and mom were best friends until their fifth year. That year dad and Sirius pulled a very harsh prank on him. When mom tried to help him, he snapped at her and said something that should never be said to anyone. After that mom stopped hanging out with him, this devastated him. Not only because she was his best friend but

because he was in love with her," Harry said the last line softly. He felt sorry for Snape; it would have to be hell to have pushed a person you cared so much for away. "Then in seventh year mom started dating dad. I'm sure you can figure out why he's going to be harder on us than those around us."

"That's really sad," stated iris. "I feel bad for him, why did dad and the others prank him?"

"You know how dad feels about the dark arts; well Snape came to Hogwarts knowing more about them than most 7th years do. Dad didn't like that so he responded the only way he knew how... pranking," he said frankly. "But don't think that Snape was innocent in all this. He hexed dad and the others as much as they did him."

"I guess I can see why dad acted like he did," Iris said uncertainly.

"I think the biggest reason they hated each other though is because they were jealous of each other," sighed Harry. "Dad was a Quidditch star, had money, and was popular. While Snape was the complete opposite, but he was close to mom. That made dad feel threatened."

"Why would dad feel threatened," asked a confused Iris.

"From what I hear dad fell in love with mom the first time he saw her," said Harry knowingly. "He saw Snape as his biggest competition. That's what drove dad to act the way he did."

"So dad liked mom from the beginning," she asked more to herself than Harry. "That's a bit young to fall in love isn't it?"

"Maybe for some, but every person is different. Since we're talking about mom and dad lets use them as an example," he told her. "Dad fell for mom when he was eleven, I'm sure if mom had gone for it, he would have courted her all throughout school. However Lily wasn't ready for dating until her seventh year, and dad had been trying to get her to go out with him for years."

"If you take the Snape guy out of the picture, mom and dad's story would seem really sweet," Iris said thoughtfully.

Harry was about to agree when Tom showed up with their food. As Tom left Harry reach into his pocket, taking out an inky black ribbon to tie his hair back with, so it wouldn't get in the way as he ate. Just as he finished tying his Hair back Iris saw his ear.

"I didn't know you had your ear priced," she said, pointing to the small black hoop in the arch of his ear.

"Yeah I put it in this morning," said Harry, turning so she could see it better.

"Are those runes on it," she questioned, as she lend over the table getting a closer look.

"Yes there are, they keep people from invading your mind."

"What do you mean invade your mind," she asked as she sat down.

The rest of their meal was spent talking about the mind arts. By the time they had finished Harry had promised to give her the other earring. Making sure that when she did show up to Hogwarts no one could look in to her mind.

"So are you ready to go," Harry asked her.

"Yeah let's go."

Together they made their way past the bar, giving Tom their thanks, and headed out in to the courtyard. Taking out his wand Harry tapped the correct bricks. A few seconds later the archway was opened to the hustle and bustle of Diagon Alley.

"So is their anywhere you want to go first," he asked as they walked down the cobbled street.

"I'd like to go to Flourish & Blotts or the Junk Shop."

"The Junk Shop," asked a bewildered Harry. "I thought they only sold defective items. Why would you want to go there?"

"It's true that most of the shop is useless," admitted Iris. "But sometimes rare and obscure books show up there. Astoria and I, always stop their when I come with her and her family."

"And Astoria is one of your friends that are in France right?"

"Yeah, they don't get many chances to visit their cousins Fleur and Gabrielle. So when they get a chance they take it," she said as they passed the Second Hand Robe Shop.

When Harry heard that the Greengrass's were related to Fleur he ran into witch with an arm full of broomsticks. Helping her pick up the mess he had caused he apologized and they were on their way again.

"So their related to the Delacour family," he asked trying to sound as if he was just making conversation.

"How did you know their last name," she asked, ignoring his question.

'I really need to watch what I say,' thought Harry, knowing that if he wasn't careful he was going to say something he shouldn't know about. "Well Monsieur and Apolline, are very powerful people in the French government. With them both being so well known, it's only natural that their daughter's names are well known to. I didn't know for sure that they were the same Fleur and Gabrielle, but one family having two daughters by that name, I took a guess."

"Oh, um... sorry for getting so offensive," she said sheepishly. "I thought that you might have been looking in my diary or something like that."

"It's alright, you just hurt my feeling, it's no big deal," he said mournfully. "Look at the bright side at least you didn't hit me this time."

Without breaking stride she punched him in the shoulder. "Thanks for reminding me. If I don't hit you, you may get out of line," she said matter of fact tone.

"Violent women," Harry muttered just loud enough for her to hear.

"What was that," Iris asked.

"Nothing," he said quickly.

"That's what I thought," she replied smugly. "Look there's Flourish & Blotts."

Harry hadn't noticed how close they were to the shop. He had been too engrossed in his conversation with Iris. The shop was at least twice as big as the Leaky Cauldron. The inside was a maze of bookshelves that reached the ceiling. The shop was divided in to a number of areas, each devoted solely to one subject. Iris made her way to the back, where books on potions were kept. When Harry had caught up to her she was sitting in one of the few chairs in the shop, pouring over a copy of *Potion Monthly*.

He was about to make a cheeky comment about getting ink on her nose, when one of the doors on the back wall opened. Harry looking over was expecting someone to walk out, but the door closed without anyone leaving the room.

Harry thinking this was strange stood there watching the door until the sound of something hitting the floor drew his attention. There in the middle of the shop was a lone book that was too far away from any bookshelves to have fallen off one. Getting ready to pick it up, he stopped when he saw a hand appear out of nowhere and grab the book. No sooner than the book was in the hands grasp, did they both disappear.

Realization hit him at that moment. Someone under an invisibility cloak had opened the door, and dropped the book. 'If someone's under one of those I bet they didn't pay for that book... or books.' He was about to go and inform someone about what he had saw, when the smell of burning socks hit his nose. It brought back memories of Mad Eye Moody, Dementors, and the Locket of Slytherin.

Forgetting about telling someone who worked at the store that they were being robbed. He ran through the shop and out the front door, hoping to see a sign of the piece of trash he was looking for. It was Harry's lucky day, there was a breeze blowing through the alley. It happened to be enough to blow up the bottom of the cloak, showing him a pair of dirty shoes going into the side alley between Flourish and Blotts, and Sugarplum's Sweet Shop.

As Harry made his way over to the side alley he pulled up the hood on his robe turning himself invisible, and pulled out the third and final

item he had taken out of his chest. Entering the alleyway he saw an unshaven man of average height, with long ginger colored hair. The man was Mundungus Fletcher, and all Harry could see when he looked at him was all of the man's past sins.

Abandoning him for stolen cauldrons. Stealing from a dead man. Getting a good man killed. As all this passed through his mind, he felt hatred stronger than he had when Voldemort was messing with his emotions.

Slowly he stalked up on the unsuspecting man, not knowing what he planned to do to him. When he was just a few feet away he heard Mundungus muttering to himself.

"-this should be enough to take to the Royce family."

As he said this he pulled a small tattered briefcase out of the pocket of his stained coat. Once he had returned it to its original size, he opened it to show that the inside had obviously been expanded. By now Harry was standing beside him, holding his breath to both not be heard and to keep from smelling the man. What he saw inside interested him greatly. There where expensive looking jewelry, old books, even a pair of gloves that looked to be covered in blood.

Harry's attention was drawn away from the contents of the case, by Mundungus who was wheezing a laugh. The look of joy on the man's face caused Harry's anger to spike.

Harry didn't know what caused him to do it, but before he could stop himself he had lashed out with his fist. Mundungus, who didn't know that anyone else was there, didn't see Harry strike. As his fist connected the other man let out a gasp of pain, as the momentum of the hit knocked him off his feet, dropping the case and his wand at the same time.

Harry seeing the man's wand rolling on the ground, stopped to pick it up as he made his way to the prone man. Reaching Mundungus, he knelt down beside the groaning man, taking his hand Harry cut him with the cursed dagger; it was the final item he had taken from the chest.

The sting of the blade seemed to bring him back around. Slowly he lifted himself off the ground. "What 'it me," Mundungus asked, as he

worked his jaw. "Bloody 'ell, I 'hink my jaw is bro-," his words died off as he realized something was wrong.

Had the situation been different, and Harry happened to be feeling particularly sadistic, he may have laughed at the sight of Mundungus blinking so hard.

"I can't see," panicked Mundungus. He tried feeling in his coat for his wand, only to realize it was gone. Harry watched as the grown man crawled on the ground feeling for his wand, not knowing Harry had it.

"Are you missing something Dung," Harry asked in a smooth voice.

"Who's there," he cried, trying to see who had spoken, in spite of the fact he couldn't see anything.

"I'm someone who knows you've been up to no good."

"Wha' have you done to me. Why can't I see anything," he asked, sounding hysterical.

"Oh don't worry about that. If our little talk goes well I may give it back to you," responded Harry, figuring out what to do to him.

He knew that Mundungus could be useful in the future, for everything from info to rare items he may come to need. If he was to put a deep rooted fear of himself in to the thief now, then when the time came that he need him, the man would be to scared betray him.

"What do ya want?"

"A lot of things to be honest, but even with the... 'skills' that you posses, you wouldn't be able to give them to me," said Harry, who was feeling a lot like a cat playing with a mouse. "I just want to show you how easy it is for me to get to you. So that in the future when I call you, you'll know to come to me."

"Why ya wan' me? I'm jus' a thief," questioned Mundungus, who had figured out that if he did what this person wanted he'd be able to see again.

"That's exactly why I want you. You see things as a small time thief that good boys and girls don't. Also, if I need something of a questionable nature I can make you get it for me."

As Mundungus listened to Harry, he realized that he was listening to a very young person. This scared him more than it would have if his attacker had been an adult. If a kid could follow him and not be seen with his trace on, what would he be able to do when he came of age? This was enough to tell him that if this person asked him something he was sure as hell going to do it.

"Alrigh' I do as ya ask. Just give me sigh' back," he pleaded.

"All right, I'll give it back. But I'm warning you Dung, if you betray me or don't come when I call. I'll hunt you down, and I promise you if I have to come looking for you, were both going to be unhappy." Harry knew he was being dramatic, but after hearing so many speeches from Voldemort, and his Death Eaters, he knew dramatic worked.

As Harry leaned down to cut Mundungus with the dagger again, which would restore his sight; he saw something that gave him pause. Getting up he walked over to inspect the item.

What had caught Harry's eye was an ordinary looking wand; the only feature that stood out was the metal handle. He had seen one before in one of Hermione's books, during their fourth year at Hogwarts. She had checked it out after he had told her that Viktor's wand had been made by the wand maker Gregorovitch.

Gregorovitch had created a type of wand used solely for learning spells. For one to be used you had to get someone to cast a spell you wanted to learn using one of the training wands. Once the spell had been casted, the wand would memorize the movements and incantation. Then the person that wanted to learn the spell could then be taught the spell by the wand.

They had been very popular in Bulgaria, but were outlawed because Gregorovitch had refused to tell his Ministry how to make them. They had wanted to whore out his creation, but he refused to budge, even when they had threatened him with throwing him in their version of Azkaban. The Ministry seeing that he wasn't going to give in, decide that if they couldn't make anything off of the training

wands, then no one would. They outlawed the creation of them. Wand makers all over the world had tried to make their own versions, but all had failed.

"These are very rare Dung... who did you steal this from," He asked absent mindedly, he found the object to be fascinating.

"I can't bloody well see what your talkin bout, can I," he said in an aggravated tone.

"I haven't given your sight back yet. Do you really think it's a good time to start being a smart ass," Harry questioned, seeing that his words had the desired effect on Dung, he continued, "What I'm talking about is the training wand."

"I aint stole that, I aint."

"Do you really expect me to believe that?"

"Hones', I bought it off this ol' hag," chuckled Dung. "She didn' know what she 'ad. So I told 'er I'd take it off 'er 'ands."

"Well then I think I'll be taking this," he said as he placed it inside his invisible pocket.

"Oi you can't 'ave that it's mine," cried Dung.

"Aw is the thief upset that he's getting robbed," mocked Harry. "All I can tell you is that Karma's funny that way. Believe me I know."

"Your a mean kid, you know that," stated a defeated looking Dung.

"Thank you," Harry replied as he made his way back over to Dung. "Now give me your hand."

Mundungus was hesitant at first, but figured that if this person wanted to hurt him anymore than he already had, could have done so easily. Holding his hand out he let out a gasp as he felt how strong the person's grip was.

"Now remember if I call you, you better come running," warned Harry. "Also let's keep this meeting quiet alright."

"Fine I won't tell a soul," agreed Dung, he was really wanting his sight back. "Wait! How will I know if you want me?"

"Don't worry; I'll be in touch when I need you." With that final sentence, Harry cut the same hand that he had the first time. By the time Harry had exited the alley Mundungus's eye sight was returning. 'What have I got myself in to?'

When Harry arrived back where he had left Iris at, she was still sitting in the same chair, reading the same magazine. Deciding to have a bit of fun with her, he walked up right beside her. She didn't seem to notice him, for a second he wondered if he still had his hood up. Checking to see if he did he found that he had indeed put it down, that the reason she didn't see him was on account of her being absorbed in her reading.

Kneeling down beside her he took a deep breath.

"IRIS!"

She reacted like any person would. She threw the magazine into the air, and swung at the offending noise. This happened to be Harry's head.

"Damn women, is hitting the only way you know to express yourself," winced Harry.

His little yelling prank had not only scared Iris, but most of the customers in the shop. All of which were sending him death glares. Though none of which were more threatening than Iris's.

Holding her chest trying to calm her rapidly beating heart she advanced on him.

"Why in the bloody hell did you do that," she snapped.

Looking like a beat puppy he answered, "I was lonely, and you wouldn't even look at me. So I did what Ivy does when she wants attention," he said, his persona changing the whole time he was talking from a reprimanded puppy, to a look that wouldn't be out of place on Sirius's face after doing something he thought funny.

"If you haven't noticed your just a bit bigger than sh-," she was berating him until a voice interrupted her.

"Excuse me but I'm going to have to ask you to leave," said a pretty girl of about sixteen. They could tell she worked for the shop from the uniform she was wearing.

Harry seeing how upset being kicked out was making Iris, decided to try something. Walking up to the girl he gently took her hand, and placed a light kiss on the back of her hand. "Please forgive me for causing such a disturbance," The girl was shocked to see the young boy be so bold as to kiss her hand. "It wasn't my sister's fault, but my own. You see when we first came in; I couldn't help but notice how pretty you are. The entire time I've been here I've been trying to work up the courage to come talk to you. When I realized that I wasn't brave enough to do so, I caused a scene hoping that you'd come to me," as he finished, he saw that the girl had become as red as a tomato, and that Iris looked like she had been hit over the head.

She seemed to have forgotten that she was kicking them out. The obviously younger boy had turned her brain to mush. "W-why would you yell to get my at...," she trailed off as Harry gave her an innocent smile.

"Like I said, I think you're really pretty," he said innocently. "And I really wanted to talk to you, but when I look at you I get really nerves."

When he said this she gasped, he could see that the girl thought he was just a young boy acting out trying to get her attention. "Aw you're so cute," she squealed, as she crushed him to her in a tight embrace. Harry didn't have to fake a blush, as she had pulled his face right into her well sized chest. "Trouble maker one second, and then the next your being such a little gentlemen." As she cooed this, Harry couldn't help but feel insulted, he was only a few years younger than her. But he knew if he wanted to keep from getting kicked out he'd have to go along with it.

"Can we please stay? I promise I won't cause any more trouble," he said sincerely. "It's not fare for my sister to be punished because of me."

"Of course you can," she said as she finally let him go. "But if you pull something like that again I'll have to make you leave. Understand," she asked in what was supposed to be stern voice.

Getting a nod from Harry, she gave him one last hug and went back to the checkout counter.

Turning back to Iris, he saw that she seemed to be broken.

"Um Iris, are you ok," he asked uncertainly, his voice shaking her out of her stupor.

"How did you do that," she asked incredulously.

"I don't know I just kind winged it."

Seeming to be lost in thought she nodded her head to his answer. Harry was wondering why she was so shocked by his display, when she suddenly started smiling.

"You know what," she asked in a voice that caused a sense of dread to appear in Harry's stomach. "I can't wait to tell the others about this."

AN: I'm sorry if the chapter isn't up to snuff. I wrote half of it with food poisoning, the other half while my girlfriend cut me off(I dont know which is worse).

I know I said Harry would be dark, and he is compaired to his canon self. Dont worry though his enemies will face far worse than Dung did. And just FYI Harry will have a bit of a thing for blades. He wont be running around with a sword on his back, but he will have a knife on him at all times.

Now for the poll Gabi and Tori will be heading to hoggy at the same time as Iris.

Lets see whats next... Oh yeah I'd like to say sorry for not having any birthday party- grandparents- animagus. On the bright side the next chapter will. Also it wont be many more chapters till were off to Hogwarts.

Like always I love those who review(125 to 180). till next time.

AN:Big Poll on profile. See bottom for details!

"Harry! Watch this!"

"I'm watching, go ahead," he called back to the smiling little girl from inside the family green house.

Making sure that he was indeed watching her through the open window, Ivy took a deep breath and started bouncing. Higher and higher she bounced, until she was getting as high up as she was tall. As she was bouncing up she threw her leg out in front of her, putting her in an L shape. Coming down she bounced on the trampoline with her butt, before quickly flying up again, where she snapped her legs back under her landing on her feet again.

A look of great accomplishment on her face. Turning she yelled to Harry," Did you see me do it?"

She had shown Harry, the same move at least ten times since he had brought the trampoline home the day before. This didn't matter to Harry though, the fact she was enjoying it so much made him extremely happy. Making it so that he didn't have to fake any emotion in his voice when he answered.

"Yeah I did, that was amazing. Maybe you should teach Sirius how to do that," he called back, making Ivy, and Iris who was also on the trampoline laugh.

Sirius had insisted on being the first one on once it had been setup. He was in such a rush to try it out, that he hadn't given Lily a chance to put charms on it to make it safe. He had been on for less than two minutes before he started acting like... well himself. He was attempting to see how high he could go, and was doing a good job. That is until he came down a little crookedly, and shot off the trampoline and over everyone's head. He had been fine afterwards, but the fall had done nothing to help with his fear of heights.

Seeing that Ivy was finished with him for the moment, as she had gone back to trying to out bounce Iris, Harry continued to explore the potter family green house.

He had seen it a few times since he had come here, but had never gone inside until his mother had asked him to get her some

Hellebore for the potion she was making. He had known the green house was big, but just how big surprised him. It had to be larger than one of the Hogwarts green house's by at least half. Inside there were so many different plants that he only knew a fraction of the ones inside, and those were ones he had used in potions and herbology.

Once he had found the plant his mother needed he headed back to the house. Grabbing the broom he had come on, he shot into the air; getting the same feeling of freedom that being on a broom always gave him. He circled above his sisters a few times, causing Ivy to try and jump up and grab him. He flew just out of her reach for bit enjoying her laughter, before he realized that his mother would be wanting the plant.

Waving goodbye to his sisters, he laid flat to the broomstick pushing it as hard and fast as he could. Enjoying himself he started to do continuous barrel rolls to the house. Reaching his destination faster than he would have liked, he let go of the broom with his legs falling off while upside down, before quickly righting his self landing on his feet.

As soon as he opened the back door the sound of a single person clapping reached his ears. Having stopped when he first heard the clapping, he continued into the kitchen to see his father clapping, and his mother standing at the window with her head in her hands.

"Now that was some flying," said James, making Harry smile and Lily sigh. "Who taught you to handle a broom like that?"

"Myself," Harry answered honestly, something that he didn't get to do often. "Ever since my first time on a broom, I've been at home in the air. It's like I was born to fly."

"I'll say, it took me years to be able to fly like that," said James eagerly. "We have to fly together sometime."

"I'd love to, do you have any free time right now," he asked as he made his way over to his mother. As he reached her, he pulled her into a warm embrace. "I'm guessing she saw my little stunt?"

"Yes to both," he chuckled. "We were in the middle of a snog -"

"JAMES!" she shrieked at him.

"Sorry honey, we were seeing who could hold their breath longest," as he said this he dodged a spell sent at him by Lily. "When she caught sight of you out of the corner of her eye, needless to say she was um... surprised, that's a good word for it, surprised," he finished to Harry's laughter, and Lily imitating a tomato.

"Oi, it isn't funny," he said in mock rage. "She bout near bit my tongue off."

"James stop being dramatic," Lily said, having gained some composure.

"I don't know how I can, I only have half a tongue," he said faking hysteria. "People are going to start calling me Nearly Tongue less James."

Rolling her eyes at the man-child that she was married to she turned to Harry, but not before both Potter males saw her lips twitching. "Thank you for getting this for me," she told Harry, as she took it from him. "Hellebore has many uses, but between you, your father, and Sirius, I think I need to use it to make a Wit-Sharpener potion."

"HEY!"

Ignoring James she continued, "What were you thinking flying like that. You could have hurt yourself," Lily asked, the fear she had felt evident in her voice.

"Mom it wasn't as bad as it looked," Harry replied, finally understanding what others had said about disappointing someone being worse than making them mad. "I've done tons of moves that are worse than that on a broom."

Seeing his mother pale he realized that he should have phrased that differently. "All I'm trying to say is that you have no reason to worry about me on a broom. I'm better in the air than on ground."

"Come on Lily, he's fine," James said trying to calm her. "You saw how smooth his flying was, and that graceful landing. He's a natural when it comes to flying. I mean, he is my son after all," he finished sounding as cocky as Snape had always said he was.

"Fine!" As she said it, she threw her hands up, knowing that he was going to be as reckless as his father when it came to flying. "Just try and be careful, I don't want to see either of you get hurt. It'd be James's luck to break something on your birthday."

"Don't worry, I'll be sure and not let him break anything," chuckled Harry, as he gave her another hug. "We all know how awful of a flyer he is. He's going to need all the help he can get." He said the last part as he was pulling away from Lily, sending James a smug look with the shot at his flying ability.

"Oh, is that a challenge brat," he sneered playfully. "I guess I'm going to have to teach you a thing or two about flying."

"Have fun you two, but James," Lily said, her voice slipping from amused to deadly, in a way only a mother's could. "If you try to teach him anything dangerous, I'll do you like I did Sirius, when he tried to teach him things he shouldn't have."

Her words had an instant effect on both James and Harry. James because he knew she would follow through with her threat. They affected Harry because he had received firsthand knowledge as to why the Marauders feared his mother so much.

FLASHBACK!

"But mommy I wanna jump," pouted Ivy, crossing her arms showing how cute and mad she could be at the same time.

Before Lily could respond Harry decided to calm her. "Ivy we can jump after we eat, and mom makes it safe to play on."

"But I don't want to wait," she whined. It was rare for Ivy to act out, but today seemed to be one of those days.

"You don't want to end up like uncle Padfoot do you," he said as he pointed to his right, where Sirius was currently sitting. "You could get hurt on it, and if that happened then we couldn't keep it. You don't want that do you?"

Harry didn't know if the thought of flying off the trampoline, or losing it was what made her calm down, but after hearing his words she calmed a great deal.

Sirius had taken Ivy's gift for its maiden voyage, only to end up landing on his face. Said person was drinking pain relief potion at the moment.

"Are you alright uncle pad," questioned Iris, who was sitting on Harry's left across from Remus. "You landed at a weird angle, it looked really painful."

"Oh I'm alright, I've taken worse falls out of bed," he said as he drained the last of the pain relief potion. "But I agree with Lily, we should defiantly put some charms on it."

"If you had listened to us before you got on it, you wouldn't have had to learn that the hard way," chided Remus. "One of these days you're going to get severely hurt, because you didn't listen."

"Yes mother," was Sirius' sarcastic reply.

Remus knowing a lost cause rolled his eyes at his brother in all but blood and turned to Lily. "I didn't get to say it yet, but thank you for the potion last night. It worked perfectly; I had full control in my mandatory turn last night."

"You know it's no problem Remus," she told him sincerely. "You don't have to tell me thank you every time. I know you would do the same for any of us if the situation was reversed."

Harry hadn't known it was a full moon the night before. He had wanted to learn how to make the Wolfsbane potion for Remus last life. But he had known that it had been nothing but a pipe dream with who his potions teacher had been. Now that he thought about it maybe he could get his mom to help him with potions.

"Padfoot where were you last night," asked Iris snapping Harry out of his thoughts. "It's rare for you to not have a least one meal a day with us."

"I spent the evening showing a nice young lady around town," he replied cautiously, throwing glances at Lily to make sure he didn't say anything to gain her wrath.

"Lady huh," asked an incredulous James.

James' words were answered by snorts from Lily, Remus, and Harry.

"What? Just because I spend the evening with a woman, means she's not a lady," asked an affronted Sirius.

"No. It's that you have the ability to talk people into doing what you want," Lily replied in an exasperated tone. "That includes women and getting them to disregard their better judgment."

Sirius was about to claim his innocents, when the sound of Iris giggling cut him off.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were talking about Harry," Iris said as she threw Harry a look that told him this was payback for what he had done to her the day before.

"What do you mean," asked James, who had saw a look of dread creep up on Harry's face at her words.

"Well yesterday Harry and I spent the day in Diagon Alley. While we were at Flourish and Blotts, he sneaked up on me-,"

"Sneaked up," Harry asked, his eyebrows rose in disbelief. "I was next to you the entire time."

"As I was saying he sneaked up on me, and yelled, scaring me so badly that I threw the magazine I was reading," she continued like he hadn't been interrupted.

"I'm surprised they let you stay if you made that much noise," remarked Remus.

"Remus is right, I remember getting me and your mother banded after one of my louder attempts to get her attention," supplied James who was smiling crookedly at something that only he could see at the moment. "However I'm guessing that this is where Harry acts like Sirius, and smooth talks his way out of getting punished?"

Looking a bit miffed at being interrupted again she continued, "I was going to punish him for scaring me so badly," as she said this, everyone could hear Harry mutter about punches being more than enough punishment. "When this really pretty girl, who looked about sixteen or seventeen came up to us and told us we had to leave. I was so mad that I was getting kicked out because him," Iris said throwing Harry a playful glare. "When all of a sudden he walks up to her a kisses her hand. The look on her face was priceless, and then he starts telling her that he was sorry. That the reason he made all that noise was because he wasn't brave enough to walk up to her and ask her for her name, and that he hoped that by making all that ruckus that she would come to him."

"Surly she didn't fall for that," asked an amused Remus, who had to speak up to be heard over James and Sirius' giggles.

"Oh, she fell for it all right. When she first came over she was acting like we were yelling at a funeral," replied Iris. She was really enjoying how Harry looked with a blush. "But by the time he was finished talking to her, she was hanging all over him. Giving him hugs, pulling him into her chest. You should have seen him; he was redder than he is now."

All around the table, every eye turned to see Harry turning as red as his hair.

"I thought you weren't going to tell anybody about this," hissed Harry.

"I didn't say anything last night because I wanted Uncle Moony and Padfoot here for the first telling," she replied innocently. "I mean look at them, their enjoying the story as much as dad is."

"We may be enjoying this but it looks like Lily isn't," James said, sobering up at the sight of his wife getting up and leaving the table. "I better go talk to her-,"

"No I will," Harry said cutting his father off. Standing up he started to make his way over to her, but hearing Iris gave him pause.

"I wasn't trying to upset her," she said looking crestfallen. "I was just trying to embarrass Harry."

"I don't think it was you who upset her," Harry told her, patting her on the shoulder. "I think she's afraid I'm going to pick up some of Sirius's bad habits. Don't worry I'll talk to her."

Getting a grateful nod from Iris he made his way over to Lily, who was busying herself with lunch. Reaching her he gently took the plate of food out of her hands.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," she replied, not meeting his eyes.

"Come on mom, talk to me," he pleaded.

"Really there's nothing wrong. I just had to get lunch off the stove."

"So you're not upset about how I got Iris and myself out of trouble?"

She opened her mouth to reply, but was unable to say anything.

"Listen if you're hesitant to say something, because you're afraid I'll flip out then don't be," he told her gently. "I'm never going to act like I did before. Especially not because you call me out on something," seeing his words were getting to her he continued. "So is there anything you want to say?"

"I know that you're young and you're not thinking anything about it, but I want you to be careful about how you treat girls," rushed Lily, she was afraid her words would make him turn away from her. "Your father and Sirius both had... reputations about how they treated women, it's one of the reasons I didn't start dating him before seventh year," as she said this she was looking over Harry's shoulder at James. "I just don't want to see you make the same mistakes they did."

"You don't have to worry about me hurting women like that," he told her. "I have more respect for women than to treat them like playthings."

Lily pulling away from him raised an eyebrow at his choice of words. "Do you know what I was talking about when I said they had a reputation?"

"I know I asked if you had anything to say," You could clearly hear the dread in his voice, "but I really didn't mean for our conversation to go down that road."

"Are you sure you don't want that 'talk' now," giggled Lily. "With how pretty you are, and the way you affect girls it might be safer to get it over with now."

"Oh do you hear that? I think dad's calling," said Harry who was obviously lying. "We can talk more about this later." With those parting words he took off for the table, the sound of Lily laughing following him.

As he sat back down in his spot between Iris, and Remus everyone gave him questioning looks.

"She's fine now," he stated simply.

"I know we could hear her laughter over here," James informed him. James knew that if he was to say it out loud it would sound wrong, but he was starting to like his son more and more. Now that he wasn't so on edge he could see how much everyone enjoyed having him being a part of the family. It didn't go unnoticed by James how whenever any of the Potter females were upset or angry, Harry would step in to calm them down or cheer them up. Seeing this James couldn't help but feel that Sirius's words about his son becoming a good man were the truth. "Thank you," he mouthed to his son, who nodded that he understood why he was thanking him.

"So before Lily gets back, what's this about another girl," Sirius asked with a lecherous smile. "What's that dark haired cutie from the broom shop going to say?"

"I was only trying to get us out of trouble, nothing more," as he said this he remembered that Sirius had run his mouth to James about Cho. "By the way I know that you told dad about Cho, the girl from the broom shop. You know I have to get you back for that."

"Oh no! Whatever will I do," Sirius mocked, pretending to shake in fear. "What are you going to do to me? Go running to mommy?"

"You know what? I think that's a great idea," chuckled Harry. "Just remember that you brought this on yourself."

Everyone at the table felt a chill go down their backs at his words. Everyone that is except for Ivy who was too young to feel the tension in the air.

Harry seeing Lily coming back to the table, decide now was as good a time as any to get Sirius.

"Really you're going to teach me a new charm," he yelled in fake enthusiasm. Had the others not known that he was faking, they would have thought he was showing real excitement. "Did you hear mom? Sirius is going to show me a new charm. He says I'll need once I get to Hogwarts."

"Really, what charm is that," she asked looking at Sirius, but before he could tell her that he didn't know what he was talking about, Harry answered for him.

"I think it was called a Contraception charm," he answered with a smile full of false innocents.

James and Remus were too shocked, and a little bit impressed by Harry's revenge to say anything. But even if they could have, they knew that to interfere with someone's prank, was to make yourself a target. After seeing how Harry was planning to get Sirius they knew that they didn't want to get in his crosshairs.

Iris who knew exactly what a Contraception charm was, thought it would be best to play dumb. Putting a questioning look on her face, she looked to all the adults as if questioning what the charm did. But in reality she was enjoying watching the reactions of the adults.

Ivy, who was too young to understand what was going on, knew that her Uncle Padfoot was in trouble. For the first time since the trampoline had been set up she forgot about her present.

Slowly Sirius stood up from the table, waving his hands in front of him in an apologizing way. He knew that if he said that Harry was lying it would only piss Lily off more. "Now Lily calm down," he said gently, as if afraid that if he spoke too loudly she would snap.

Lily getting over her shock laid the dish she was holding down, and reached into her jeans for her wand.

Sirius seeing how calm she was acting knew that if he was to stick around he'd be on the receiving end of her wand. Turning in place he ran for the door, rushing past the floo in his panic to get away. Flinging the door open, he had shifted to Snuffles before he had made it past the threshold. Knowing that apparating was his best chance at escape, he made a beeline for the nearest apparation point.

Back in the house those sitting at the table watched as Lily slowly walked out the same door that Sirius had just left out of. She had only just disappeared through the door when everyone jumped at the sound of a dog yelping.

"Harry, is mommy going to kill Padfoot," Ivy asked her brother, as she made her way around the table to him.

"No she's not going to kill him," he answered, picking her up. "She's just teaching him a lesson."

Knowing that her Harry would never lie to her, she asked her next question, "Can we go jump now?"

FLASHBACK END

Remembering what she had done to Sirius made Harry feel bad about his revenge prank. He knew that Sirius was going to get him back; it was only a matter of time.

"I promise no dangerous stuff," vowed James. He knew she was serious about her threat. He still couldn't get the vision of Snuffles hanging in the air by his back paw. A pile of his fur under him from where Lily had casted a balding hex on him.

"Don't worry mom, we'll just throw a ball around." he said appeasing her. "Besides it won't be long until everyone starts showing up."

"You sound worried, is anything wrong," James asked worried by Harry's tone.

"I'm just wondering how grandmother and father are going to react to me," answered Harry, who couldn't seem to stop fidgeting when he thought of meeting his grandparents.

Sirius had told Harry a lot about his grandparents in his past life. They had been extremely good people, who had fought for equal rights of all creators, always gave piles of gold to charities and good causes, they had even taken Sirius in when he had run away from home. Charlus and Dorea Potter had been killed in a Death Eater raid, nine to one had been the numbers they had faced. But even with numbers on their side the Death Eaters didn't stand a chance, knowing they couldn't take them they used Fyendfire to finish them off. At the time Harry had thought it would have been amazing to have the chance to meet the two, but now that it was about to happen he couldn't calm down.

"Oh is that it. I've already talked to mom and dad this morning," said James dismissing Harry's worries. "I told them basically everything that happened. Mom is like Lily was and wants to squeeze you to death, and dad's always been laid back, so that when I told him about your change he said he was happy to hear it."

Harry didn't share the same confidence that his father did about them being okay with him, but knew that all he could do was wait and see what would happen.

"If you say so. Now how about I show you how to fly a broom," Harry called cockily over his shoulder. He was already out the door, on his broom before he heard his father yelling something about teaching brats a lesson.

S2ndC

Harry had spent the rest of the day flying with his dad. They had only come in when Lily had told them it would only be an hour before Charlus and Dorea showed up.

Now the Potters, Remus, and Sirius were in the living room waiting for them to show up. Despite what Harry thought about only being able to wait, he couldn't help but be nervous. Although he had won the others over, he wouldn't feel like a part of the family unless they all accepted him.

"James tells me that you and he went flying today," stated Remus. "How was it?" He walked over sitting between Harry and Iris.

"It wa-," Harry started only to be cut off.

"He was brilliant," blurted Iris. She was bouncing in her place beside Remus, thinking about how he looked diving for the quaffle. "You should have seen him uncle Moony, he was giving dad a run for his money."

"I wasn't that good," denied Harry. "Besides we couldn't really go all out, mom threatened dad with the same fate as Sirius if he tried to teach me anything to hard," he paused as the other two winced at the memory, "not that it mattered. If dad had been going all out, there would be no way I could keep up with him."

"That's not what your father's saying," countered Remus. "He did say that Lily was watching you two, but when you were sure Lily wasn't watching you were both trying to stump the other with tricks."

"Yeah but that wasn't serious, we were just playing around."

"You know being humble is a good quality to have," Remus told him. His tone reminded Harry of his teaching voice. "Just make sure you don't take it too far and down play your own achievements and abilities."

Harry nodded his understanding to Remus, but was thinking to himself, "that easy for him to say, my egos hard enough to control the way it is."

After Remus's words, the three sat in silence, each lost in their thoughts. Harry had left his thoughts on his flying abilities. Now he was busy trying to figure out what moves he should make and how they would affect the future. He could sit back and let Neville deal with all that was coming, and step in when needed. But for all he knew nothing would be the same. Would the stone be kept at Hogwarts? Could Riddles diary open the chamber?

'Wait, today's when the vault at Gringotts is supposed to be broken into.'

Before Harry could think anymore on the stone, he saw Remus twitch and look at the doorway, which connected the room to the kitchen. Following his line of sight, he glanced up in time to see Charlus and Dorea enter the room.

Instantly everyone in the room rushed to them. Seeing them all laughing, and joking together, made Harry feel like an outsider. He knew that after all the old Harry had done, it was a miracle that his family would have anything to do with him at all. That the level of closeness he had achieved with his family over the short amount of time he had been here, showed how much he meant to them. Nonetheless he still longed to have the same familiarity with them that he knew he could only achieve over time.

As the group calmed, Dorea caught sight of her grandson for the first time in over three months. He looked to have grown a bit, and was leaner than she remembered. However it wasn't how much he had grown in her time away that had her attention, but the way he was holding himself. Gone was his rigid stance that screamed of his barely contained anger and hate. It was now replaced with one that spoke of uncertainty, and nervousness. His beautiful face that had always held a look of loathing and disgust was now replaced with a look of deep longing.

Taking all this in she couldn't help but feel a deep sadness, but more so she felt joy. No child should ever have to feel like an outsider to their own family, and Dorea could tell that was exactly how he was feeling at the moment. It was these same emotions that were the cause of her joy. They showed her that what James had told her and Charlus about him changing was true.

Seeing that the others were listening to Charlus talk about their trip, she made her way over to her wayward grandson, hoping to get to spend some time alone with him. As she made her way to him, it was easy to see that he was struggling with how he should greet her.

"Happy birthday Harry," she congratulated, as she enveloped him in a loving hug. "How does it feel to be eleven?" She asked as she pulled away holding him at arms length.

"Good. It feels great knowing I'm going to Hogwarts soon," Harry answered shakily. He was finding it awkward trying to talk to someone who he was supposed to have known all his life, when in reality this was his first time meeting her. "How was your trip?"

"It was fine, but that's not important right now," she led him by the hand to the love seat, where she sat them down, never letting go of

his hand. "I'm happy to see your father was right about your change," Hearing her say this he gave her a questioning look. "You're wondering how I know that you've changed," she asked, getting a nod she continued. "Well as you know I was born a part of the Black family. Growing up I learned that not all people can be trusted, that includes family. So I learned to read people from an early age. As soon as I saw you, I knew you had changed."

As he listened to his grandmother's explanation, one thing became clear to him. That the person he was going to have to be the most careful around wasn't his father, but his grandmother. If she could tell that he was changed just by how he held himself, then if he wasn't careful she would know something more than a change of heart was going on.

"I can see that bringing up your change bothers you, so why don't we talk about something else," she said giving him a knowing smile. "From what your father tells me, you're very talented in spell casting. Is there a branch of magic your most excited in learning?"

"I just want to start learning," he answered. "But the one thing I really can't wait to learn to do is make my own spells. It's just too bad that I have to wait three years before I can even begin to start learning the basics."

"Ahh! Spell creation. The branch of magic for those who want to leave their mark on the world," she proclaimed. "Though let's be honest," she said lowering her voice, "we both know you won't wait until third year to start learning that subject. You're most likely already reading up on it aren't you," she accused with a mischievous smile, which only increased in size at the guilty look on his face.

"Your right, I have been looking in to it, but that only means I'll be better prepared when I take the class," he defended. He had to say he really liked his grandmother, but her ability to read people worried him.

"Oh don't take what I said the wrong way," she chuckled, patting the hand of his that she still held. "I absolutely love the fact that you're so interested in magic. I wish I could say you inherited it from me, but your father didn't, so it's more likely you got the learning bug from your mother."

"You know it's rude to talk about your son like that." While Dorea and Harry had been talking, James had made his way over, and was now standing over them looking amused.

"You know I love you, but we both know you were never very studious. How you managed to be so high up in your year I'll never know."

"I think there were two reasons behind that," Harry mocked whispered to her.

"Oh and what's that," she asked playing along. She was really enjoying this new side to her grandson.

"Having Remus as a friend," he paused after saying this, looking around as if to see if anyone was listening before he continued. "And a cretin red head he may have had a crush on."

"The sad thing is, he's right," sighed James, causing Dorea and Harry to laugh.

Their laughter drawled the attention of the others. Charlus seeing how his wife was acting around Harry was more than enough proof of his change. After years of marriage he knew that his wife could read people easier than most could read a book.

With Ivy in his arms he led the rest of the family over to where Harry and the other two were. "It seems like you're all having fun," he said getting their attention, "care if we join you?"

"As if you have to ask dad," James replied, as he conjured chairs for those who didn't have one.

"It's better to ask a pointless question and know for sure, than to assume something and be wrong," reasoned Charlus taking a seat for himself, before turning to his grandson. "Hello Harry," he greeted holding out his hand. "How has your birthday been so far?"

Letting go of his grandmother's hand, he took his grandfather's offered one, giving him a firm hand shake. "It's been great, thank you for asking."

"I'm happy to hear that." Harry could tell by his tone that he actually meant it to, unlike most people who say that to be polite. "Is there anything in particular that you're hoping to get?"

"Not really, I'm just happy to be able to spend time with everyone," he answered playing with his hands nervously.

"That's a good attitude to have," Charlus nodded his approval. "I hope you like Dorea and my gift to you," he said, handing a small box to Harry that fit in the palm of his hand.

"You really didn't have to get me anything," Harry told them sincerely. "I haven't really done anything to deserve getting a present."

"Nonsense, it's your birthday, of course you deserve a present," smiled Charlus, he was likening the boys modesty. "Besides from what I hear you deserve them now more than ever."

"He's right son, with the way you've been helping out lately, and the way you treat everyone makes us want to give you gifts," James said this to the nodes of those in the room.

"Alright," he replied softly.

Gently unwrapping his grandparent's gift he found it to be a ring box. Giving them a questioning look, he opens the box to see a silver ring, with a blue swirl design on it. Taking it out of the place holder, the blue design turned to the same color green as his eyes. He didn't know the meaning or purpose behind the ring, but one thing was for sure, he absolutely loved it. "It's beautiful, thank you. Thank you both," beamed Harry. Getting up he gave them both a hug, showing his thanks.

"It's no problem dear," said a cheerful Dorea. "It's one of two rings that have been passed down the Potter line for generations. Your father has the other one." She gestured to James, who held up his hand, showing a ring much like Harry's own. The only difference between the two was the color design; James was the same brown of his eyes.

"They are used to protect the heir and head of the Potter family," informed Charlus. "They tell when a poison or potion is in your food or drink. They also make it impossible for anyone to take your

appearance, by any means, whether it be Polyjuice or human transfiguration."

"As you know our family is one of the four main families in Britain, along with the Bones, Blacks, and Longbottoms," James told him. It didn't go unnoticed by anyone the sound of disgust in his voice as he said Longbottom. "All four have been in an unofficial war," he said this part with air quotes, "since before the time of the founders. It's only been a little over a hundred years, that the Bones family and our own have buried the hatchet. When Sirius became head of the Black family, he did the same."

"However, even with three of the four families head families moving on, the Longbottoms see themselves as being above the other three," added Sirius, picking up where James had left off. "They take any chance they can to make the other families look bad. They have even gone as far as to attack the others, when they have been showed up," as he said this he scowled at a far away memory. "And with the way the new heir acts, he'll be worse than those of the past. With how talented you are, you can bet that 'The Boy Who Lived'," his voice dripped with sarcasm, "will have you in his sights."

"That's where the ring will help, it will make sure he can't take your appearance and do something that would reflect badly on you or the family," said Charlus pointing to the ring.

"I only have one question," stated Harry. He already knew that becoming friends with Neville was going to be hard, but now he knew there would be no way to change his former friend's ways. "Do you plan on giving the other to Iris?"

He could tell his question surprised all those in attendance. If the Longbottoms were as bad as he was being told, then he wouldn't put it past them to try and get at Iris as well as himself.

"You have to know if he's going to be aiming for me, then he won't have a problem going for her," he explained. "If for some reason you don't plan to, then I'll give her mine. I'm more than able to protect myself, and after he sees that it's useless to try and get me, he'll be aiming for Iris or anyone I'm close to."

Before anyone could reply Iris had gotten up from her seat, and made her way over to Harry, where she wrapped him in a hug. "I

can take care of myself," she told him firmly. "But it feels really good to know that you're worried about me." Moving closer to his grandmother he gave Iris room to squeeze in beside him.

"I hadn't thought of that to be honest," answered James. He was feeling bad that he hadn't considered the possibility of them aiming for Iris. "You don't have to worry thought the only reason the rings are worn are to help protect us when we are too young to protect ourselves. I don't need one anymore."

"That's enough about that bit of nastiness," announced Dorea. "Go ahead and put it on, then you can move on to your other presents." As she said this Lily held up her wand, and silently summoned three gifts from upstairs.

Taking the ring that had helped revile so much information to him, he slid it on to his thumb, where it resized itself to fit him.

"Alright then it's my turn," said an enthusiastic Sirius, as he floated his gift to Harry. "I think you might have seen them before and wanted them."

Opening the gift, Harry was shocked to see the knife set that he had returned to Sirius, the day after his arrival. Harry couldn't deny he wanted them, ever since he had come here, sharp things had fascinated him.

"I know you liked them, and they would have only gained dust at my house, so..." he trailed off.

"These are amazing, thank you Sirius!" He was so excited that he didn't see the look of concern on the other adults faces.

"I mean no offence to you Harry," Remus said softly, giving Harry an apologetic look. "But is it wise to give an eleven year old a knife set for his birthday," he questioned, turning his attention to Sirius.

"Why not? He's proven he's responsible enough to have them."

Before anyone could say anything else, James spoke up, "its fine Moony, he's right, I completely trust Harry not to do anything he shouldn't with them."

Lily looked as if the thought of her baby having knives scared her to death. The only reason she didn't say anything, was because she knew Harry would be careful with them.

"Thanks for trusting me enough to keep them," he said softly running a finger down each blade.

"So who's next," Lily asked the room.

"Me, I want to, please," begged Ivy. As she pleaded to go next, she had started bouncing, almost making Charlus drop her.

"I can't wait to see what you got me," chuckled Harry, he loved seeing her get so excited.

"Um it's from both of us," said an uncertain Iris. She hadn't planned on getting him anything at first, but in the past two days she had started to grow close to Harry. She didn't know if he would like her idea, and it was making her increasingly nervous. "I hope you like it," she told him, as she handed it to him.

He was fixing to open their gift, when he saw that Ivy was so excited about her gift being opened, that she was about to fall off Charlus's knee. "Hey Ivy do you think you can help me open this?"

Ivy hearing her brother's words, slid off her grandpa's knee, before dashing over to him and throwing herself into his lap, giving him as big a hug as her little arms would allow. Chuckling at the cuteness she was showing, he righted her in his lap, and handed her the present, which she proceeded to tear into. As the wrapping paper flew above their heads, Harry caught his first sight of his gift. It was a photo album with writing on the cover that said, 'Potter Family Memory's'.

With shaking hands Harry slowly opened the cover. The first picture was of him reading to Ivy under one of the trees in the back yard. He remembered the day well, Ivy had begged him all morning to sneak out and take her flying.

As Harry flipped through the pages, the room had gone completely silent, everyone present watching the emotions that played across his face with each photo. The adults all knew that Harry was enjoying the gift, Ivy herself was enjoying looking at the pictures with

him and had forgotten that it was Harry's gift, Iris on the other hand was watching Harry and couldn't tell if he liked it or not. It finally became too much for her and blurted, "Do you like it?"

Iris's voice reminded Harry that he wasn't alone, and that everyone was most likely wondering what he thought of the gift. Slowly he wrapped one arm around the tiny little girl on his lap, and the other around Iris pulling them both in for a tender hug.

"I love it, thank you both so much. It's the best gift I've ever received." As he said this he gave each girl a kiss on the cheek, causing Ivy to giggle and Iris to blush. "I didn't know my picture had even been taken, but here I am in most of them."

"It's a beautiful gift," said a choked up Lily. She had no idea what the girls had gotten for him, but seeing how much it had affected him she had no doubt that he meant what he had said about it being the best gift he had ever been given.

"How about we save your mother and fathers gift for last," suggested Remus, making his way across the room to hand Harry a book. "Sorry about not wrapping it. It just arrived before I came over today."

Looking at the marking on the front, Harry couldn't tell what language it was. Opening it he was surprised to find the inside blank, flipping all the way through showed it all to be as empty as the first page.

"Thanks Moony, I never thought to keep a journal, but now that I think about it's a great idea," Harry told him sincerely.

"That's a great idea but I would hope that you wouldn't use that book," chuckled Remus, seeing all the looks he was getting he went on to tell them the books purpose. "That book allows you to copy other books to it. Say you're in the library and you need a certain book to do an essay, but the library is closing and you can't take the book with you. All you have to do is tap this book," he pointed to the one in Harry's hands, "with your wand once, then tap the book you want copied once, and it does the rest. But just to let you know it can only copy one book at a time."

"Wow this is really going to come in handy," Harry said excitedly, if he used this correctly he could copy most of Hogwarts library by the time he graduated.

"Something tells me he's going to come home for Christmas with a lot of written copies of Hogwarts books," mumbled Dorea loud enough for everyone to hear.

"I guess that leaves our present," announced James. He picked up their gift which everyone in the room knew was a potion vile and handed it to Harry. Unwrapping it he was greeted by the sight of a yellow colored potion.

"What does it do," asked a curious Harry.

"It's the animagus potion," James told him in a dramatic voice. "I say it's about time we found out what your animal is."

"Really, oh man I can't wait to see what I become," bellowed Harry. His excitement was rubbing off on everyone; it seemed they were all as interested in his transformation as he was.

"Is there anything in particular I need to do before taking it?"

"Just stand away from everyone when you take it," Lily informed him.

"Then let's go outside, that way I won't break anything." Getting up he headed outside with Ivy on his hip.

The others not wanting to miss what form he would take hurried after him.

Once outside they found Ivy standing by the back door and Harry off a ways from the house.

"All you have to do now is drink the potion," called James.

"Alright here goes," Harry yelled as he drained the potion.

Everyone became completely still waiting for the potion to take effect. Before anyone knew what had hit them there was a blinding flash, and the air filled with the smell of ozone. As the spots in their vision

cleared, they were greeted by the sight of a large, majestic bird that was a glowing white.

So shocked were they by the appearance of his animagus form, which they all knew looked remarkable like Fawkes, that it took them a minute to realize that the air which smelled like a fresh rain, was full of power that was causing them all to feel tingling sensation.

'Are you all okay,' Harry asked his family forgetting that he was in animal form, but to the shock of the others, when he trilled they understood him perfectly.

"What is he," asked a stunned Iris, she had never seen such a beautiful creator before.

"I-I don't know," said the equally stunned Charlus. "If I had to take a guess- Dorea get back here you don't know if it's safe," the last part of his sentence coming out as barely more than snarl.

"Oh Charlus, calm down," she rebuffed. "He wouldn't hurt any of us."

As he was fixing to respond, Harry let out a heart breaking trill, 'I would never hurt her grandfather.' The sound of the hurt in his call was enough for the other ladies to follow Dorea over to Harry; she herself had only just reached him and had started to stroke the feathers on his head, earning herself trills of pleasure from him.

"Do you think he's some type of Phoenix," questioned Remus who like the other men was standing back watching the Potter women fawn over Harry.

"It's what he looks like, but I didn't know that there were other elements of Phoenix besides fire," answered Charlus.

"What element is he," puzzled Sirius, drawing disbelieving looks from the other men. "What," he snapped, the looks the others were giving him ticking him off.

"You really are thick sometimes, you know that Padfoot," chuckled Remus.

"Look at the clues Sirius," hinted Charlus. "He appeared in a great flash of light, since the transformation there's been a strong smell of

a fresh rain or if you prefer ozone, you can feel static in the air, and finally take a look at his color. What does it remind you of?"

"To be honest, it kind of reminds me of the glow from a Patronus, only he's white instead of blue."

"His element is lightning," sighed James. He had known his son's animal would be strong, but this worried him for a totally different reason than it had at first. "We can't let this get out. Lily told me that there were some real nut jobs who worked in the DOM. If they hear about this they will want him."

"You right and we'll have to tell Harry that, but for now let's let the boy enjoy his day," Charlus told them with a hint of a command in his voice.

As they started their way over to the group of females crowding the trilling animagus Remus had a thought that he shared with the others.

"You know that this means he really has changed," he told them never breaking his stride. "The Phoenix is a creator of the light. If his form is one, I see no reason at all to doubt his sincerity about his change."

AN:Hello! So first up is the poll. I have been bugged to death about adding Hermione. One of the things I love about my story is the rare pairings, but I do like Hermione. So I'm willing to add her, BUT she has to win the poll by a land slide to make it. If she only wins by a couple of votes then she's not being added.

Now you may have noticed how protective Lily is of Harry, I just want to say she WILL lighten up later on, but right now she's only getting to mother him for the first time in years, of course she's going to be a little over baring.

Now people what did you think of this chapter? I know I've been a bit emo with how I've felt about my past chapters, but this one seemed to sit well with me. I really enjoyed writing the part with Lily and James. Next chapter will be a time skip to the day before the train to hoggy warts, those of you who can recall it know that it's the same day as Iris's b-day. We'll get to see Tonks, Greengrass family, maybe the Bones. HE may make it to the train staion but he has

things to do once he gets there, and if we'll get to see him get on I don't know. I still have to figure out which house to put him in. Soooo Leave a review and I will Love you. Till next time!

AN: Poll results: yes add her = 141 No adding her = 145, Sorry my fellow Hermione fans. New Poll up.

"Hedwig, stop clicking at me," Harry moaned sleepily, covering his head with a pillow. "It's too early to get up."

"Hooo," jumping off of her perch, she glided over to Harry's bed, landing on the pillow covering his head.

"No hooting ether," he groaned trying to burrow further into his bed.

Seeing that her master was going to be difficult this morning, she decided to take a more physical approach to waking him. Hoping from the pillow on to his back, she grasped one of the few strands of his blood red hair that wasn't covered by his pillow or blanket and gave it a yank.

"Damn it," hissed Harry, jumping up trying to keep from losing his hair, making Hedwig take flight to keep from being crushed. Rubbing his head he glared at his familiar with watery eyes. "What happened to you ignoring me?" She had started being angry at him at his birthday party, or to be more specific after he had changed back from his animagus form.

When he had first seen her while in his avian form, he had been excited to get to have a conversation with her. They had always understood each other, but there was just something about getting to actually talk with her that seemed so appealing. So when she showed up he had been thrilled to see her, and had started to trill a greeting to her, but something about the way she was staring at him sent warning bells off in his head. What happened next had made Harry the butt of the jokes of not only Sirius, but most of the family.

It appeared that Hedwig had found him attractive, and had started to hit on him. She had greeted him in what Harry could only describe as a seductive hoot. From that point until the time the potion wore off, those around Harry and Hedwig were gifted with the sight of Hedwig showing off for Harry.

When the potion's effects had died off and Harry was turned back, he realized that he had lost his chance to tell her that he wasn't a real bird. He would have before he had turned, but the shock of his familiar, from not only this life, but the past one as well hitting on him

had rendered him speechless. Failing to tell her had turned out to be a big mistake, when she found out she had given him a good flogging, before flying off. When she showed up the next day she had refused to even acknowledge him, going so far as to not taking bacon that he offered her.

Seeing that she wasn't going to respond to him, he rolled out of bed, and started digging in his nightstand. Finding what he was looking for, he made his way over to her, where he held out one of the owl treats that he knew that she loved. Hedwig knowing that this was his peace offering took it, making sure to lightly nip his fingers first. Happy to see her acknowledging his existence, he stroked her feathers while apologizing, "I am sorry Hedwig, and I didn't mean to trick you like that."

Finishing her treat, she gave him an affection nip, before flying back out the window. Smiling at his familiar behavior, he casted a quick tempus, only to see that it was 9:12. Meaning he only had forty-eight minutes to get ready, and down stairs for Iris's party.

Making his way to the bathroom he summoned his toiletries, catching them as he reached the threshold to his bathroom. Going inside he sat his things on the sink counter, before stripping and hoping in his shower, cutting the water on he felt the last of his drowsiness being washed away by the slowly warming water.

As he started to clean himself, his thoughts turned to the past month. In the short amount of time that had passed since his birthday, Harry had become even closer to his family. Before he couldn't tell you if he spent more time with Lily or Ivy, now however it was a tossup between them and Iris.

Iris would track him down for random things such as what his thoughts were about certain potions, seeing if he would teach her new spells, even asking him to teach her how to fly. He was more than happy about getting to spend time with her, but he had to be careful when doing so. Even after all the time he had spent with her, he still saw her as more of a beautiful young girl than his sister. He wouldn't realize he was doing it, but at times he would just watch her, he didn't know why he was so fascinated by her but he couldn't seem to take his eyes off her. The fact that every time she would catch him staring she would blush beet red didn't help him stop watching her. He was just happy no one besides Iris herself had

caught him staring, which would have brought up some awkward questions.

Ivy on the other hand didn't need to track him down; she would wake him in the morning and spend the entire day with him. The only time he was out of her sight was when she was sleeping or he was in his bathroom. She was now spending so much time with him, that he now waited until she went to bed to do his work outs and self study, not that he minded her following him around. After how he was raised by the Dursleys, having someone love him as much as Ivy did made him happier than anyone could guess. He loved getting to teach her how to cook, reading to her, and even sneaking her out with him to take her on flights with him, as he taught Iris how to fly.

Lily had become a mix of a loving mother who loved teaching him charms and potions, and slipping back into her unspeakable persona. Between his talent for magic, ability to speak to snakes, and his future animagus form she couldn't help but want to study him. Not that he minded he had learned a lot from her in the past month. While studying his ability to speak parseltongue, they had found that he could say a different language spells in snake tongue. Not only did it give his spells more power, but also could be used in the same way silent casting could be, by keeping others from knowing what he was casting. Though if he did cast using that ability, it would be his second year all over again. All the time he had spent with her had showed Harry, that without a doubt, his mother was as brilliant as he was always told, and so much more.

James had been slow to come around at first, but since the time that they had gone out flying together he had become what Harry had always wanted in a father. James being as important as he was in the Auror corps, was a very busy man, but no matter what he always made time for his family. When he had a great deal of time off, he had taken to teaching Harry a more aggressive style seeker play. One where he would do more than fly around looking for the snitch. He had also started teaching him transfiguration that was advanced for his age. Harry already knew all of it, but any time spent with his father was fine with him.

Sirius, as Harry thought he would, had pranked him back for getting him in trouble with Lily. Harry had woken one morning, to find himself covered in feathers. He had tried to remove them, but nothing would work. Coming down to breakfast that morning he

gave his family quite the laugh, and had mad Hedwig even madder. Seeing Sirius's smug smile had insured Harry striking back. They had continued to prank each other back and forward, until Lily had been hit by one of Sirius's attempts to get Harry. Seeing the look on her face had stopped the both of them from even thinking of trying to pull a prank anytime soon.

Harry liked to think that he knew Remus pretty well from his last go at life, but this Remus was different in more ways than Harry had thought at first. Not only was he better dressed in this life, but the fact that he was a werewolf didn't seem to rule him. The only thing he let his sickness effect was his love life, and he still seemed to think that to try and be with someone would put them at a risk. Harry knew that Tonks would be coming to Iris's party, and he fully intended to play match maker. It was the least he could do for the man who had done so much for him, not only in his last life, but in this one as well.

Charlus and Dorea only came around about twice a week. Making the amount of one on one time very rare, but when they did Harry would enjoy what time he got. Dorea had even started showing him how to read people, so that he could tell when he was being lied to.

Realizing he had been in the shower for a while, he turned the water off, and got out of the shower. Forgoing his towel, he made his way to the sleeping pants he had taken off and thrown on the floor, taking his wand out the pocket, he cast a drying spell on himself. As he did so, he caught sight of his self in the mirror.

Over the past month his appearance hadn't changed all that much. He hadn't really gotten any taller. His hair that had reached to his shoulder now came down a little past them. His work outs were making him a bit thinner, but there wasn't any real muscle growth to speak of.

Shaking himself out of his thoughts, he made his way out of the bathroom, through his bedroom and in to his closet. All the while thinking about the abilities that Kar had given him.

He had been doing his workouts and self study for over a month now, with barley any results showing. Kar had told him that to gain his speed, apex senses, stamina, and photographic memory he would have to work for them, and that's what he had been doing. His

workouts were harder than most of Oliver Woods's quidditch practices, and he had been studying like Hermione before an end of year exam. Going at this pace was what was making him so tired that he didn't get up as easy as he used to. After full days of playing and spending time with his family, and nights of workouts and study, he just didn't have the ability to get up as easy as he once had.

Putting on jeans, a pair of trainers, and a black button up shirt with the sleeves rolled up, he checked his self out in the mirror. Happy with how he was looking he headed out of his closet.

Since his dream with Kar, he had been careful to not stare at himself for too long. He agreed that it was fine to like his appearance, but to stare at his self like he had was too close to being like Malfoy.

'Lord knows that what I plan on doing tomorrow is something a Malfoy would do,' he thought disdainfully, as he entered his room, feeling like he was forgetting something.

Knowing that he needed to hurry up and get down stairs, he looked around his room trying to see what he was forgetting, not seeing anything he shrugged it off, and made his way down stairs.

His foot hadn't left the bottom step before his favorite giggling red headed missile, had launched herself at him, wrapping her tiny arms around his middle.

"Harry, look how pretty I am," Ivy yelled, as she pulled away from him, doing a little spin to show him her apple green dress.

Picking her up as she finished her spin, he hugged the little girl as he made his way to the kitchen. "Your way to pretty to be walking around, someone might try to take you away from me," his words earned him a gasp from Ivy. "I know, it's terrible, that's why I'm never going to put you down."

Lily, James and Iris were sitting at the kitchen table, talking with the Tonks family who had showed up early to help prepare for Iris's party. Having finished setting everything up they had all sat down for a cup of tea, when the sound of Ivy cheering drawled their attention to the brother and sister who had just entered the room.

"Good morning everyone," Harry called, taking the seat in between Iris and Tonks, before he turned to his sister, "and a happy birthday to you," he congratulated her, giving her a one armed hug. "I'm surprised no one woke me up. I could have helped set things up."

"Its fine honey, we took care of everything. Besides we know you haven't been sleeping much as of late," Lily told him, giving him a look that told him that she thought he needed more sleep.

"Oh... I didn't know anybody knew I was up," he said, looking put out at not being as sneaky as he thought he was.

"What have you been doing," Iris asked him, as she poured him a glass of orange juice.

"I've spent a lot of time in the library and working out," noticing all the questioning looks he continued, "I spend most of my days hanging out with everyone, but there are things I wanted to learn before going off to Hogwarts, so I study at night. That way I get some family time, and get to study as well."

"And the working out," Tonks asked, moving her eyebrows suggestively, "Trying to bulk up for the ladies at Hogwarts?"

"No," he snorted, "I'm getting ready for quidditch. I intend to join the team of which ever house I end up in." Everyone could hear from his tone that there was no doubt in his mind; he was going to make one of the teams.

"That's going to be very hard to do," Ted informed him. "I think it's been over a hundred years since a first year made a house team. What position do you play?"

"Seeker."

"You're in luck then," replied Tonks. "Hufflepuff, Gryffindor, and Ravenclaw all need new seekers this year. So you have a chance with them if you're any good. As for Slytherin this is their seekers last year."

"What house do you think you'll be in," asked Andromeda, speaking for the first time since he had entered the room.

"To be honest, I don't know which house I might end up in." He knew that since getting his new body that his personality had changed. What he had done to Mundungus and what he planned on doing the next day was proof of that.

"I think you'll be a Ravenclaw," said Iris giving her opinion on the matter. "You're really smart, like to read, and good at magic. All marks of being a Ravenclaw."

"So you've tried your hand at magic then," asked a surprised Andromeda. "Most people don't know that you can do magic outside of school if you live in a magic household."

"Yeah it took me a while but I found out that you could. I also found that muggle born's can use magic at home before they come to school without getting in trouble." This of course was a lie. Sirius had been the one to tell him, in his last life that he could use magic at Grimmauld Place and any other magic household. As for the muggle born's using magic before school started, was a fact he had learned when Hermione had told him that she had used magic at home before coming to Hogwarts.

"I wish I had known that when I first learned about magic," said a put out looking Ted. Lily nodded her agreement to his statement.

"Why don't you show us some magic then," suggested Tonks.

"Oka-" started Harry before being cut off by the fire place flaming green.

Out of the flames stepped a beautiful woman with a young girl that was the spitting image of the women. Both had blonde hair, cream colored skin, and icy blue eyes, but where the woman's looked to be filled with kindness and mirth, the young girls seemed to be cold and distant. Harry like many other boys that had gone to Hogwarts at the same time as him, had watched her from afar for most of their time there, her name was Daphne Greengrass, the ice queen of Slytherin.

"Arana, Daphne, you both made it. How are you both doing," Lily asked as she made her way to them from her spot at the table.

"Were fine, thank you for asking," replied Arana, giving her long time friend a hug in greeting. "It was so kind of you to invite us to Iris's

party. Don't you agree Daphne, honey," she asked the last part as her lips started to twitch in amusement.

"Yes, I'm thrilled to be here," was Daphne's emotionless reply. Hearing her words, in the tone she had used, had caused Arana's twitch to turn into a full blown smile, for Tonks and Harry thought it had been too much and both were leaning against each other, shaking in silent laughter.

As Iris and Daphne started talking to each other, Arana turned to Lily. "I know that may have sounded like sarcasm, but she really is excited to be here."

"Its fine, I know she received your looks, but has Marcus's personality," said Lily, watching her daughter and her friend. "Speaking of Marcus, where is he and Astoria at?"

"They should be here any mo-"

Before she could even finish the sentence, the fire place flamed green again. This time out stepped a man that was easily 6'6, he had dark skin that looked as if he spent a lot of time out side, long black hair that was pulled back into a ponytail, and surprisingly eyes that were the same shade of icy blue as his wife's.

The man was so intimidating that Harry didn't realize that he was holding the hand of his other daughter until Iris had thrown he arms around the girl. When Iris pulled away Harry received his first good look at Astoria in this time line. She had bronze colored skin, black hair that cascaded down to her mid back in fine curls, both of which set off her icy blue eyes that seemed to be the trademark of the Greengrass family.

"Happy birthday, Iris," Astoria half yelled, half squealed, showing everyone one that unlike her sister, her personality was nothing like her fathers.

Soon the room was a blur of greetings and introductions. Harry had stood back with Ivy still in his arms, waiting to meet the Greengrass family for the first time ever. In his past life the Greengrass family had been a dark, so it had come as a surprise to Harry to find out that his family was so close to them. Deciding it would be best to look into their past he had found that they had been neutral until

they were attacked by Death Eaters for not joining Voldemort. In the attack only Marcus's brother had been unable to get away, and had been hit by a killing curse, from that point on they had supported the light side in the war.

His thoughts would have continued to stay on the past of the Greengrass's had it not been for Ivy. At the moment she was playfully scowling at someone, following her line of sight he saw Iris leading the expressionless Daphne and excitable Astoria over by their hands.

"Harry, I'd like you to meet Daphne and Astoria," as each girls name was spoken Iris, would hold up their hand.

"It's a nice to meet you both," he told them, sending each a charming smile, that caused Astoria to blush a pretty shade of red, but had no effect at all on Daphne. "I'm happy to have the chance to finally meet Iris's best friends."

"I'd like to say the same thing, but up until a month ago, Iris had only ever referred to you as the tosser." If these words had left Daphne's mouth it wouldn't have come as a shock, but hearing them come from her cheerful sister Astoria, left Harry for lack of a better word gob smacked. "Thought if I had only ever heard her talk about you like she has in the past month, I'd say you were some kind of prince charming," pausing, a thoughtful look crossed her face, "it's almost like she has a cru-"

"OKAY, that's enough of that," said a panicking Iris using her hands to keep her friend from saying anything else. "Remember, I told you that you should put a filter on your thoughts before you express them."

"Sorry about that, I tend to say things without thinking about how they will affect people," apologized Astoria, her smile never leaving her face.

"It's alright," chuckled Harry. "I think it's cute." His words had caused Astoria to blush again, but it wasn't her reaction that caught his attention, but Daphne's.

"I hope you're not trying to take advantage of my sister," Daphne said flatly, her features never changing from the emotionless mask she was wearing, but her voice had taken on a distinct edge.

"I'm... not," he replied unsurely. The girl's emotionless attitude had amused him at first, but now that she was focused on him, he would have to admit she unnerved him.

"Good," was her clipped reply?

"Wow, is it me, or is it suddenly really awkward around here," chuckled Astoria.

Sighing, Iris buried her face in her hands. She had wanted her best friends to get along with her brother, but so far things didn't seem to be going that well. She was fixing to try and run damage control when the sound of her brother's laughter caught her attention.

"I really like your friends Iris. One who speaks what's on her mind, the other," he paused here, trying to think of what to say, "well the other kind of scares me," unnoticed by Harry and the two girls, his words caused Daphne's lips to twitch. "As much as I'd like to keep you three to myself, I think it's best that you go talk to the young ladies that just showed up."

Iris, Astoria, and Daphne turned to see two of their other friends had arrived. Harry recognized the girls as well; they were Susan Bones, and Hannah Abbot. Both had been in the DA during their fifth year. Seeing them waving so energetically at his sister and the other two, he wondered if he would have known them as well in his last life, as Iris seemed to know if his parents hadn't been killed by Voldemort his first time living.

"Harry, can we go jump," asked a board looking Ivy, grabbing his attention.

He couldn't help but chuckle at her mood swings. It hadn't been that long ago that she was excited about being carried around, now she seemed to be on the verge of death from being in one spot for too long. "Yeah we can go jump."

Tapping Iris on the shoulder to get her attention, he told her where he was taking Ivy. As he stated for the trampoline, he thought he

caught a look of disappointment on her face, but by the time he had looked back she was heading for Susan and Hannah, making it impossible to tell.

Figuring that he must have imagined it, he headed for the trampoline, along the way he stopped at one of the few tables that had refreshments. Grabbing a bottle of Butter Beer to share with Ivy, he continued on his way when Tonks caught up with them falling into step beside him.

"Wotcher, Harry."

Hearing her greeting brought a smile to Harry's face, after seeing her corpse in the Great Hall he had thought at the time that he wouldn't ever get chance to hear those words from her again. "Wotcher, Nym."

"Don't call me Nym, Nymph, or Nymphadora," she growled, her hair turning red.

"Oh my bad, is that right only reserved for Moony," he asked cheekily, stepping just out of her reach, in case she turned violent like Iris had a tendency to do.

"What do you mean," she said slowing to a stop while Harry continued on.

"Nothing," he said faking innocence.

"It didn't sound like nothing." He could clearly hear the nervousness in her voice.

He didn't respond to her until she had caught back up to him as he placed Ivy on the trampoline. "I've just noticed that you don't get as mad at Remus for using your name as you do at everyone else," he didn't know if this was true or not in this world. Today was his first time seeing her since coming here, so he was using examples of how she had reacted to him in the past life.

"Th-that's not true," stuttered Tonks.

"Also, is it just me or do you seem to watch him anytime he's in a room?"

Tonks by now had decided that she wasn't going to respond to him, so instead she focused on watching Ivy bounce.

Harry could tell what she was trying to do so he changed his plan up a bit. "Of course it could be that you're scared of him because of his sickness," as he said this the sadness he felt for his uncle slipped into his voice.

"Wha-what, I would never be afraid of him," gasped Tonks turning on him. "He's a good man that's been dealt a bad lot in life. And even though he's suffered a great deal because of something he has no control over once a month, he doesn't let it get to him or affect his life." Harry could see how deep her feelings went for his uncle, they showed that the hard part of his plan would be getting Remus to give in. "He sees people for who they are and not for who their family is, or some ability they were born with. I've never met another person who's as kind, caring, strong, handsome and so many other things that would take me all day to list," having finished her rant, her shoulders slumped as if saying what she had drained her.

"I know all that, I was just trying to figure out if my hunch was right," he couldn't help the smirk that was on his face. "It was!"

"Oh, and what was this so called hunch about," asked an annoyed Tonks, him insinuating that she was scared of Remus had ticked her off.

"That you want to play little red 'ridding' hood with him," it was the first time he had seen her turn pink from head to her toe. "Oh my bad, I'm guessing Remus likes pink better than red. It's good to see that you'll do what you have to, to get your man."

The only thing that saved him from being hexed was having seen Tonks flip out on Charlie Weasley at Bill and Fleur's wedding. She flicked her wrist making her holster drop her wand in to her hand. By this time Harry had crouched down, running under the trampoline hoping that he was fast enough to escape Tonks' wrath.

He was only able to keep ahead of her because of his continuous training, and the fact that she couldn't stand in one spot without falling over something. Heading in the direction of the house he saw

that all of the party had moved outside, and had stopped to watch the angry Metamorphmagus chase after him.

As he dodged the spells Tonks was sending after him, he drew closer to the party goers, he knew that if he stopped it would be bad for his health.

"Can someone go watch Ivy, I'm a little busy at the moment," yelled Harry, as he bound past everyone and into the house.

Harry ran through the kitchen, into the living room, jumping over the couch and stumbled to the front door. As he was opening the door, the sound of someone falling in the kitchen reached his ears, thinking fast he pulled his hood up and left the door open.

When Tonks entered the living room she saw that the door had been left open, assuming that he had left it open as he ran away, she sprinted for the open doorway, with every intention of catching and hexing the little pervert. But before she could make it around the same chair that Harry had jumped over she was hit from behind by a body bind.

Pulling his hood down, he picked Tonks up who had somehow frozen standing up, caring her to the couch he set her down. Flicking his wand the front door shut, before he turned it on her.

"Now I'm going to let you go, but you can't chase me, or hex me, or harm me in any way. Okay," he told her, he stood there waiting for her to answer him, until he realized what he had done and that she couldn't answer him. Giving her an apologetic smile he said the counter to the spell and stepped back.

Once Tonks was free, she didn't seem to agree with Harry about the not hurting him, for as soon as the bind was released she dived at him, sighing Harry simply stepped to the side, making her crash into the floor.

"Okay calm down, it was only a joke," he told her slowly, as if he was talking to a two year old. "You know acting like this just proves me right."

Realizing that he was too slippery for her to catch, Tonks started feeling in her pockets for her wand, not finding it she started looking under the furniture.

"Are you looking for this," he asked in an exasperated tone, holding up her wand between his index finger and thumb. Seeing him holding it she tensed to jump for it, but Harry pointing his wand between her eyes stopping her. "Listen I want to talk to you, so if you don't calm down I'll force you too."

"Fine, talk, but as soon as I get my wand your getting it," crossing her arms, she sank into the loveseat waiting.

"I wanted to talk to you about the only part of your speech about Remus, that you got wrong," hearing his words her posture turned from one of anger to curious. "You said he didn't let his sickness bother him, but it does."

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you think it's weird that a man like Remus is still single," he asked her jumping straight to the point. "He's successful, smart, powerful, and as you say it 'handsome'," at the word handsome her eyes turned pink from being reminded of saying it out loud to someone. "So don't you think it's a bit strange for someone as put together as him to not have a family, or a significant other? Hell have you ever heard of him having a girlfriend in any of the time you've known him?"

"Well... no. I just kind of figured he was quiet about his private life," Harry didn't say anything to this, as she seemed to be lost in thought. "Do you really think that's why he hasn't gotten married?"

"Yeah, I do. I've even heard Sirius say the same thing," what she didn't know was that it was in his past life that he had heard Sirius say this. "That's why I brought up how you act around him. You obviously like him, and we both know he won't make a move, so I thought I'd talk to you about making a move on him."

"Whoa, hold on a minute, I admit I like him... I mean I really like him, I have for a long time, but there's no way he'd ever consider me as..." she let the sentence drop. Harry could see that she really believed that he wouldn't want her.

"Why do you think that," he asked as he took a seat beside her.

"Our age difference for one," she replied.

"That's bull shit and you know it," his accusation drawing a raised eyebrow from her. "We both know that it's not uncommon for those with magic to date and marry people who have a twenty year age difference, we live for so long that it doesn't matter."

"Okay, you have a point there, but what about Remus," she asked as if Harry would understand what she meant.

"What about him," replied Harry?

"He's never found a woman that he's liked enough to date-"

"That we know of," said Harry cutting her off. It didn't go unnoticed by him the irritated look that crossed her face at the mention of him possibly dating someone else.

"Alright he's never liked a girl enough to bring her here for dinner. That would be like his version of taking a girl home to meet his parents," Harry had to nod to that, it was common knowledge to many people that Remus saw the Potter family as his own. "So if he's never been in to a girl like that, why would that change now and why for me?"

Harry couldn't help but sigh at how naive she was being. "The reason he hasn't brought a girl home before is most likely due to the fact that he hasn't let a girl get close enough to him for a relationship start," he paused to let his words sink in with her, "as for why you would be different, well I'm sure you had a ton of guy's chasing after you."

He had expected her to agree with him, but instead she seemed to almost sink into herself. He had seen that look before from one other person, at the time she hadn't known he was watching her. When he had asked around about what was bothering her, Ginny had told him about the bullying that she had suffered. As a result he had used his map to find the entrance to the Ravenclaw tower, when it finally opened he had stormed in and flipped out on the entire house. He had ended up getting a month's worth of detention with Umbridge for

it, but it had sent a clear message to all to not mess with Luna Lovegood, it had also showed everyone just how scary Harry Potter could be.

"I know that look, something tells me your time at Hogwarts wasn't the best," he half told half asked her.

She opened and closed her mouth a few times, trying to say something, but just didn't know how. Harry had never been good at helping others through emotional problems, he could barely handle his own most of the time, so he didn't know what caused him to do it, but seeing her as upset as she was he reached out to hold her hand. Much to his surprise, his actions seemed to help her, she slowly returned the pressure of his grip, not letting go of his hand she started to talk again.

"It's kind of funny, but my life at Hogwarts is kind of what started me likening Remus," she had laughed as she said this, but it came out sounding hollow. "When I first showed up there it was great, I had friends, I was a good student, and everyone seemed to like me. But when it got out that my hair wasn't colored by potions, but was due to me being a Metamorphmagus, things started to change. When people started asking me if I was one, I told them that of course I was, at the time I thought that the people around me liked it, but slowly they started to pull away from me," the longer she spoke the tighter her grip on his hand got. He couldn't help but get the feeling that she wasn't talking to him anymore that she was on auto pilot. "By Christmas, of my first year, I didn't have any friends at all, I think I would have been fine if being alone was all that I had to deal with, but then older guys started taking notice of me. Most wouldn't do anything but stare, some would say these awful things to me, but wouldn't go any farther than that."

Harry had to fight to keep from being sick, her last sentence had caused him to taste bile. He was hoping she wasn't about to tell him what he thought she was, but if she did he knew he'd be strong for her, and listen to every word she had to say. Somewhere in the back of his mind, where the darkest parts of his self, and the old Harry mixed into one, he was planning how he was going to make someone suffer before he killed them. After the Fletcher incident Harry had felt a little bad for what he had done, this time however if someone had done what he thought they had, he was sure he wouldn't feel bad, but take joy in what he would do to them.

"Then one day, I had asked Professor Sprout, if I could help in the green houses to pass the time before I had Potions, she of course had told me it was fine, but I lost track of time, and was late for class. I grabbed my stuff and took off running, hoping that it would be one of the days that Snape was late for his own class. I'm almost there, when I take a turn in the dungeons, and run straight into the 7th year Prefect for Slytherin. He starts yelling at me that I should watch where I'm going, I tell him that I'm sorry, but he doesn't listen he just tells me to come with him that he's going to take me to Snape. Not thinking anything of it I follow him," by now Tonks is shaking her head back forward, and her breathing is becoming ragged. "I thought he was going to take me to Snape, so I wasn't paying attention to where he was leading me. When I finally notice that we're heading away from the Potions classroom, it's too late. The next thing I know he whips around grabs me by the hair and throws me into an empty classroom. I ended up hitting my head when he threw me, so I was dazed, the entire world was spinning around, the only thing that was clear at that moment was his words. They were so awful, he was laughing as he was telling me what he was going to do to me. He picks me up by the front of my robes, and pulls my body close to his, his disgusting breath blowing in my face. I still get sick to this day thinking about it," she stops talking at this point, her face that had a look of fright on it only seconds ago, now shows her disgust of the memory of her attackers breath.

Harry could tell how much this was bothering her, and starts blaming his self for bringing up her school life. "Tonks... Tonks look at me," not getting a response from her, he uses his free hand to take her by the chin and steer her gaze to his. "I'm sorry I brought this up, you don't have to talk about, all right." Harry had expected a lot of different reactions to his words, but when she started laughing he thought she had snapped.

"That's sweet Harry, but do you really think I would be telling you this story if the worst had happened," not really knowing how to answer her question he just shrugged his shoulders. "Sorry if I made you think the worst did happen. When I talk about it, I tend to get a bit lost reliving the memories."

"I'm just happy that you were okay."

"Yeah, Bill Weasley, and Snape saved me that day," she said smiling fondly at their names. "Bill had seen the guy grab me by the hair, and had taken off to get Snape. I still couldn't see too well when Snape showed up, but from what I could hear he made that kid suffer."

"You were really lucky Bill saw what happened, and that Snape was close by to help," Tonks could only nod to the truth of his words. "But if you don't mind me asking, how does this lead back to your feelings for Remus?"

"You can see how much it still bothers me to this day what happened," admitted Tonks. "It's was a lot worse when I was only eleven years old. All I can really say about It is that traumatized me, I got so bad that they sent me home, my parents tried everything to get through to me, but nothing worked. Eventually they started sending in different people to get me to talk, Sirius, Dumbledore, they even sent in your mother, but nothing helped. Then one day he showed up," Harry could tell she was talking about Remus now by the smile on her face, it was the same one she wore when she told him they had gotten married in his original life. "He just walked in the room, took a seat on the bed beside me, and started talking to me as if nothing had happened. It wasn't long after I had my head buried in his shoulder, surprisingly crying for the first time since it had happened. I couldn't let him go, and if he had I don't know what I would have done to myself, but this is Remus were talking about, he of course didn't leave my side for more than a few minutes for three days. When those three days were up, he was able talk me into going back to school, to show everyone that I was stronger than the crap they were giving me. It's thanks to him I could move on."

"It's no wonder you're so in love with him," her story had increased the already high amount of respect he held for her and Remus. "After everything you've told me, it shows that you two already have a deep connection, all your going to have to do is be constant in your advances. We both know he won't budge on your first attempt, but I have a feeling that all it will take is time, and he'll be yours."

"Yeah but I have no dating experience at all," she embarrassedly admitted. "How am I supposed to know what to do?"

"The first part isn't a problem," he assured her. "Most of the time, if a man cares for a women, he's going to hate any of her ex's, or past

lovers. Since you don't have any, you won't have to deal with Remus becoming jealous, thought I doubt if he'd become so anyway, he's way to mature for that kind of pettiness. As for the dating experience, why not go to Aunt Andromeda and mom for advice? I could see both of them getting excited trying to help you land a man, but to be on the safe side I'd keep who you're going after a secret."

"Why," asked a confused Tonks. "You don't think they wouldn't want me with him because of his condition do you?"

"No," blurted Harry, he hadn't realized how hard it was to talk about someone with Remus's sickness, without it sounding like you think they're a monster. "I think they would tell you that you should try going after someone closer to your own age. He is after all thirteen years older than you, and only seven years younger than your mom. But if you were to wait until you're in a relationship with him to tell them, I don't see either trying to make you break up with him. Especially if he makes you happy"

"Alright, I'll do it," she declared, the uncertainty she had early gone.

"The way I see it now's as good a time as any to start," he said, standing up to stretch after sitting for so long. "We better get back; they probably think that you've killed me by now."

Reaching her the wand he had taken from her back to her, he hadn't been expecting the hug he received. Not knowing how to react, he did all that he could do and returned the hug.

"Thanks for listening," she murmured to him.

"Hey, is everything all right in h-"

Letting go of each other, they turned to see who had come looking for them. Standing in the doorway was Remus, what Harry noticed about him right away was that his eyes were almost narrowed to slits.

"I'm sorry if I was interrupting something," neither Harry, nor Tonks had ever heard Remus use the tone he was using now before. "I'll just go back to the party," he said as he turned to leave.

"Wait!" Harry called after him; he could clearly see what he had said earlier about Remus not being the type for jealousy was way off base.

Remus looked like the last thing he wanted to do was wait, but he did so anyway.

"Tonks, stay here for a second while I talk to him," he told her, sending her one of his charming smiles. Walking into the kitchen where Remus was waiting, he could see that his smiling at Tonks hadn't served to cheer him up any, in fact the look on his face made Harry wonder for the first time how much of Remus's wolf was just beneath the surface.

"Can I ask you for a favorer," Harry asked him in a low voice. Getting a jerk of the head, Harry assumed was a nod he continued on, "I and Tonks got to talking about what she planed on doing now that she's out of Hogwarts, and she told me she was joining the auror corps. As she was telling me this she sounded a bit off," Harry could tell that Remus was buying his story, by the way his fingers were slowly unclenching at his side. "So I asked her what was wrong, she told me that she was worried about messing up. She went on to tell me that she was afraid that she'd never be worthy of your praise, I didn't know what she meant by that. I tried comforting her, but it didn't seem to work, I mean look at her she's a nervous wreck," Remus did just that and looked into the living room, standing by the love seat Tonks looked to almost be having a panic attack. He assumed it was from what Harry had told him, and that she was indeed worried about her future. Harry knew it was from a combination of finally deciding to pursue him, and the look on his face when he walked in on them hugging. "Do you think you can talk to her, I could tell by the way she said your name that she cares for you deeply. I'm sure if you were to try and give her comfort, you'd be able to help her more than I was able too."

By now Remus, had forgotten his jealousy at seeing Tonks, in someone else's arms. It had been replaced with worry for the women he had cared for ever since he had held her all those years ago. At first it had just been a deep protectiveness he held for her, but he hadn't realized it until he had been at her graduation this past spring, that slowly over the years he had come to care for her more than her should have. Seeing her standing there, ringing her hands,

and biting her bottom lip, gave him a deep need to comfort her, and tell her everything would be alright.

Never taking his eyes off her, he reached out and grasped Harry by the shoulder, giving him what Remus thought was a thankful squeeze of gratitude. "Thank you for telling me Harry, I'll go talk to her, you go on back to the party." Saying his thanks, he gave Harry's shoulder one last squeeze, before letting go to make his way over to Tonks.

Harry didn't know if it was his imagination or not, but he got the feeling Remus was sending him a message through his shoulder. Remus had touched Harry a few times since he had arrived here, a shake of a hand, catching him when he tripped, propping up against each other after stupid jokes at Sirius expense, he had even given Harry a hug when he learned that the youngest male Potter wanted to learn how to make the Wolfsbane potion for him. In all the times they had come into contact Remus had shown great care as not to hurt him with his enhanced strength. So was it a lapse in self control that caused him to almost crush Harry's shoulder, or him sending a message not to mess with the women that he obviously cared for. Either way Harry knew that he wouldn't be giving or receiving any more hugs from her any time soon.

Rotating his sore shoulder, Harry made his way back outside, intent on enjoying what was left of the party. In the time of his and Tonks absents, three people besides Remus had showed up, Sirius of course had showed up at the same time as Remus. The last two arrivals Harry had not been expecting, they were Padma and Pavarti Patil, twin's sisters who despite the fact that they were identical in appearance couldn't be more different personality wise.

The twins were currently standing with the other girls who had been invited, Harry couldn't decide if he wanted to join in with them, or head over to where the adults were standing. Before he could make his decision, the sight of Daphne with Ivy on her hip caught his eye. For some reason they were standing in the middle point between both groups, as Harry is making his way over to them, he can't help but think about how Daphne had always seemed alone in his past life as well.

"Hey," he called getting the two girls attention. "If you want I'll watch her, that way you can go hang out with your friends."

If his sudden appearance surprised Daphne, she did a good job of not showing it. "No, I'm good here," was her almost lazy sounding reply.

"Why," chuckled Harry, more out of awkwardness than humor. "Aren't you friends with those girls," he said pointing over his shoulder to the group of young girls. If he had looked when he pointed at them, he would have saw that most of the group were throwing him glances.

Turning her attention back to the table, she started filling a plate up with food without answering his question. Harry thought for a second that she was going to ignore him, and was about to make a cheeky comment about it being rude to ignore people when she started talking again.

"Their all good friends of mine," she said in a soft voice. She had just finished filling her plate, picking it up she held it out for Ivy to choose what she wanted off of it. "But I just don't like being around more than a few people at once... even if they are my friends."

"That must be really hard on you," commented Harry, unconsciously his voice lowering to the same level as hers.

"It is at times," she admitted, as she silently offered him some of the food of her plate, which he gladly accepted. "But starting tomorrow, I'm going to have to suck it up. After all, Hogwarts has close to four hundred students in its halls at a time."

"You're right, there are a lot of people there, but Hogwarts is a big school. There are plenty of places to get away from everyone at." He had been hesitant about Daphne at first, but after only talking to her for a few minutes, he was already starting to feel protective of her.

"Maybe, maybe not," she sounded like she very much doubted there would be any good hiding places. "Never the less, I'll still have to be around all those people at meal times."

"I can help you with that," he said happy to have a solution to one of her problems. "When we get there I'll show you where the kitchens are. The house elves will love having the chance to give you their cooking in person."

"You know where the kitchens are," asked a cheerful voice from behind them. Turning they saw that it was Astoria, who had asked the question. Glancing over to Daphne, it didn't seem one more person joining their conversation bothered her, most likely on the account of it being her sister. "From what my mother was telling me, most of the places like that are hidden by secret entrances, even the location of the head masters office is kept hidden. How did you figure out where the kitchens at?"

"Let's put it this way," he said leaning toward the sisters, Astoria and even Daphne couldn't help but lean in as well. "It's a secret!"

His answer got him a pout and a scowl from them each respectfully, but both knew enough to let the subject drop. If he didn't want to tell them, then it wasn't any of their business.

"Do you know what house you're going to be in," he asked Daphne, trying to change the subject.

"Ravenclaw or Slytherin," she answered, not bothering to go into any details as to why she would end up in one of the two.

"She really likes to read, and if she wants something bad enough, she'll plot and scheme until she gets it," Astoria explained for her sister, as she grabbed a strand of Harry's hair, and had started to play with it.

He was staring to realize how much women liked doing this, not only did his mother and sisters do it when in arms length of him, but he had women he didn't know come up to him, and talk about how beautiful it was, while touching it. He didn't mind when he thought the women or girl was pretty, but when a person who was as he liked to call it, attractively challenged did the same thing, he had a hard time not bating their hand away. Or in the case of the time when a hag had wondered out of Knockturn Alley, for the soul purpose of stealing a lock of it, he had pulled out one the five knives that he now always had on his person.

"In that case you should go with Ravenclaw," he informed her, his tone a relaxed one. He was really enjoying Astoria running her hands through his hair. "You said that you don't like crowds of people, so I'm guessing you don't like random people bothering you

ether," getting a nod to his question he continued. "Then Ravenclaw the house of knowledge is bound to be full of people who know better than to mess with someone who's reading."

Daphne mused over his words, she had to admit that they were full of logic, it may be stereotyping, but most bookworms kept to themselves. She was a prime example of this herself. Yes, if she wanted to be left alone, then she would have to become one of the claws.

"Can I have another one of these," Ivy asked, knocking Daphne out of her reverie. She was holding up the last little bit of what had been a Licorice wand.

Giving Ivy a hand full of what Daphne thought of as the nastiest candy ever made, she turned back to her sister and Harry. Daphne wasn't one to let people know what she was feeling, so when she turned back to the other two, she had to fight very hard not to laugh at them.

Harry had his eyes closed in pleasure, with his head leaned as far back as he could, to give better access of his hair to Astoria, who looked to be having the time of her life just running her hands through it.

"This is a change from earlier," said Iris, announcing her arrival. "I'm happy to see the three of you getting along."

In response Harry made an unintelligible sound that caused Iris, Ivy, and Astoria to giggle, and Daphne to shake her head at his antics.

"So what did you do to Tonks to make her so mad at you earlier," questioned Iris. The sight of Tonks chasing him had given everyone a laugh.

"I learned that you should never use her first name, or any variant of it."

"Does she really hate her name that much," questioned Astoria.

"You saw how she was chasing him," Daphne pointed out, her voice already falling back into its flat version.

"If you want proof asks Susan to call her that," his words were meet by silence. He didn't have to open his eyes to know they were giving him looks, as if asking why he was trying to get their friend hurt. "The reason I say get her to do it, is because Tonks wants to be an auror. And it just so happens that Susan's aunt is the head of the DMLE, there's no way she would do anything to her."

The girls stared at him after his explanation, before Iris and Astoria burst out laughing. "That's so mean," Iris struggled to say through her laughter. "We should so do it."

"I think you might be a Slytherin," observed Daphne, she knew how cunning it would be to use the heiress of the Bones family to get at Tonks. Everything she had seen of Harry so far had her very intrigued, she knew that in a couple of year's time he would be the wizard to watch out for.

S2ndC

It was an hour after Harry had left the living room that Tonks and Remus showed back up to the party. Harry didn't know what they had talked about, but both their moods had taken a turn for the better. One thing was certain to Harry as he sneaked glances at the two, nether one was more than an arms length away from the other for the reminder of the party.

The party continued like this for a couple of more hours. Iris would spend a short amount of time with Harry, Daphne, Ivy, and Astoria before going and spending some time with her other guest.

Harry tried to be sociable and introduce himself to her other friends during this time, but things hadn't turned out as planned. When he had tried talking to his future year mates, they would either turn red or lose their ability to talk, or be overcome by a fits of giggles. After trying a few times to have a conversation with them, he gave up and took up a permanent post beside Daphne and Astoria for the remainder of the party.

Currently the three were standing by the trampoline talking, and making sure Ivy didn't get into any trouble. Most would think being stuck watching a four year old, who was hyped up on sugar would be a bother, but three didn't mind at all, they all thought that she was extremely cute, add in the effect of the sweets she had consumed,

and you had one extremely funny and adorable child. They could have stood there all day, talking and watching the little girl had it not been for Lily calling for everyone's attention.

"Excuse me, everyone it's almost time for the party to end. So before everyone leaves were going to give Iris her presents."

As she finished making her announcement, people started making their way over to the table where everyone had laid their gifts for Iris. It was at this moment that Harry finally realized what it was that he thought he had forgotten this morning, Iris's gift.

"That's what I forgot," he exclaimed, smacking his self in the forehead.

"Please tell you didn't forget to get her something," asked Astoria, her cheerful demeanor slipping into one of dread. "It would really hurt her if you didn't get her anything."

"Oh no, it's nothing like that Tori," he said quickly, more out of fear of Daphne than her sister. "I just forgot to bring it down this morning is all. I'm going to go get I'll be back in a minute."

Just before he was out of ear shot, he caught a whisper of the conversation he wasn't supposed to hear.

"Tori, huh," Daphne asked, her tone as close to teasing as she would allow it to go. "If I called you that, you'd try to kill me. What's so special about him?"

Her comment had peaked his interest, but there was no way in hell, he was going to try and eavesdrop on anything dealing with Daphne. He hadn't been joking earlier, when he said he was scared of the girl.

'Speaking of scary,' Harry thought to his self, as he was drawing closer to the group of adults standing by the house. He had been looking for Tonks and Remus, when the mountain of a man known as Marcus Greengrass, looked him straight in the eyes. Harry was happy he hadn't had much to drink, because he was sure that the look the head of the Greengrass family was giving him would have made him piss his self if there had been any more fluids in his body.

As he came closer to him, Harry couldn't help but wonder what he had done to the man to earn a look like that. Movement at the man side pulled Harry's sight away from him to the people standing beside him. Sirius and Arana were both laughing at something that one of the two had said, as Harry took in Arana's appearance, he realized just how much she looked like her daughters. It hit him at that moment that he had spent almost all of the party talking with his daughters.

'Surely that's not why he's so ma-,' Harry's thoughts trailed off, as it hit him who Marcus and Arana were talking to. 'Sirius.'

As if he could hear Harry's thoughts, he chose that moment to look up at him. Slowly a smile spread across the man child's face.

"Payback is a bitch," Sirius mouthed the words to him, nodding his head at the father of Harry's two new friends.

For the second time in the last thirty seconds, Harry was hit with a thought. The last successful prank pulled in their prank war had been by Harry. When Sirius had tried to retaliate, it had failed to hit Harry, and instead had caught Lily. It would be the perfect prank to sick Daphne and Tori's father on him. After all, all it would take was a few choice stories about how he had a way with the opposite sex, then Sirius could just kick back and watch as Marcus worked his self up.

Harry knew that it had worked too. Thinking back over the course of the party, he had gotten Daphne to talking almost like a normal person, something he was sure wasn't common for her. Then and even worse than Daphne was Tori, she had spent most of her time laughing and playing around with Harry, not to mention she had been touching him for most of the party. While it hadn't been anything sexual, Harry was sure that to Marcus it would have been like he was trying to deflower his youngest.

By now Harry was close to running into the house for the second time today, but his mother's voice stopped him. "Harry, where are you going, we're getting ready to give Iris her gifts?"

"I forgot my present to her in my room," he told her, making sure to keep Lord Greengrass in his sight. "I'll be right back," he called over his shoulder, as he tore off in to the house.

Entering his room, he started looking for the wrapped box that contained Iris's gift. Under his bed, in his closet, the bathroom, on and in his night stand, finally getting tired of looking for it he tried summoning it, only to come up with nothing.

"Where in the hell is it at," he asked himself. He had checked everywhere, which wasn't all that hard since he had packed most of his stuff the night before.

Thinking he may have accidentally packed it in one of his trunks, he made his way over to the end of his bed where he had placed it after packing. Opening his trunk he found the gift to be sitting in the first compartment of his normal trunk, or it was at least normal compared to his onyx one.

Having found what he was looking for, he closed his trunk, and headed back to the party. He couldn't wait to see her face when she opened it.

S2ndC

Rejoining the party, Harry saw that Iris had reverted to her childish mode, instead of the more mature one she usually wore. She unlike Harry, hadn't taken her time opening her gifts, all around her was what looked like a wrapping paper explosion. It appeared that everyone there knew of her love of books, as every gift she had gotten so far had been a book. Now she only had one other gift besides Harry's to open.

"Here you go honey," said Lily presenting Iris with a long thin gift. Harry knew at once what it was; he himself had received a package much like it during his first year. "Your father and I thought you might want one of these after this summer."

Ripping open her parent's gift, she was ecstatic to see that they had gotten her a Nimbus Two Thousand. "Thank you both so much," she thanked them as she got up from her spot in the middle of everyone who had showed up to her party, to give them both hugs. "Now I don't have sneak yours out, every time I get Harry to give me flying lessons," she confessed to James.

"I know that's why we got you one," Iris was shocked to find out that he knew she was sneaking his broom out. "I'm just happy to see you getting over your fear of heights."

"It's thanks to you and Harry that I became interested in flying in the first place," Iris told him. "After watching how graceful the both of you looked in the sky, I wanted to be able to do that too," looking around at the group of smiling people, she found Harry standing back from the group a ways. "Finally decided to join us," she called to him, causing everyone to look in his direction.

"What can I say," sounding cheeky, he zigzagged his way through their guest to her. "I like making an entrance. Also I thought you might want your gift now instead of waiting until later."

Taking her gift from him, she had been expecting it to be a book from the shape, but the weight and feel were all wrong to be one. "Well, since you did bring me something I guess I can forgive you," she said trying to sound bold but failing miserably.

"After you see what it is I got you, you'll be more than willing to forgive me," he said this in a way that remained all of the adults of James's cocky attitude. "I just feel sorry for everyone else, their gifts won't be able to compare to mine," his declaration eliciting chuckles from those around them.

For the first time since she started opening her gifts she took her time opening one. When the last of the paper was removed, she was holding a beautifully made, holding case that was made out of mahogany. As everyone took in his gift, the same thought ran through their minds. A thought that Iris voiced, "Not that I'm ungrateful or anything," she said uncertainly, not wanting to offend him, "but don't you think it's a little early to get me a wand cleaning kit?"

Harry had a hard time not laughing at the looks he was receiving, "Try saying that after you look inside."

Unfastening the silver clasp, she slowly lifted the lid, revealing a red silk lined interior, inside there were all the things one would need to properly take care of a wand. As nice and high quality as the kit was, everyone's eyes were drawn to the item in the place holder, used for

holding your wand while using the kit. It was the training wand that Harry had taken from Mundungens.

Before Iris could say ask anything about her gift, Lily had spoken, "Harry where did you get this," her tone had caused all those who thought that it's was only a weird wand to take a second look at it. "Those are not only extremely rare, but those that can be found are worth a fortune."

"It's kind of embarrassing," he said chuckling awkwardly. "I got it from the Junk shop in Diagon Alley," seeing Lily's astonished face he continued on with the story he had planed ahead of time. "I just happen across it while in the shop. The person at the counter seemed to think it was just a strange broken wand, but I knew better."

"But how did you know about them, most people haven't even heard of them before," during his explanation she had walked over, so that she could better inspect the gift.

"I leaned about them after I received my wand," he answered; he could see that those around them were getting annoyed about being left out of the loop. Lily however had tuned everything out except for Harry's information on the object. "I started looking in to wands and wand makers, and when you're looking up wand makers you always hear about Olivander and Gregorovitch."

"Did you find any spells on it?"

"No, it was the first thing I checked. The last owner must have cleared it, before getting rid of it." This of course was a lie; he had sneaked out of the house the night he had taken it. Throwing up the same wards that had been used to hide Hermione, Ron, and his self during the Horcrux hunt, so that he wouldn't be over heard if the spells made to much noise. He had found three different spells on the wand. The first had been a spell called Lacum, it was a spell used to make pit's in the ground, the more power you put in the spell the deeper and wider the pit would become. The second was called Mormore Murum, the spell would conjure up a wall of marble, which could be used to block spell fire and projectiles. The final spell was called Aqua Flagellum, when used it would create a whip of water, that would come out of the tip of the caster's wand. Harry had tried

using it, at first he had done pretty well, but as he gained confidence in his ability to use it, he became careless and hit his self with it.

"That's to bad," said a put out looking Lily.

"Um guy's," James called getting Lily and Harry's attention. "I think I speak for everyone when I say we would like to know what's so special about that wand?"

Before Harry could answer, Lily entered lecture mode and gave everyone a run down on the training wands history and uses. When she came to the part about how the wand could be used to teach spells, Iris's eyes almost doubled in size.

"That's amazing, I can't wait to try it out," she exclaimed, running over to him she gave him a huge hug.

"I've already added some easy spells and a couple of the first year spells to it. So that you can start learning as soon as you wrestle it away from mom," Harry informed her, as he said this most of the guest got a chuckle out of the sheepish look on Lily's face.

Marcus Greengrass, like everyone else had been impressed by the explanation of the wands uses, and had momentarily forgotten about his dislike of the boy, who he thought was getting to chummy with his daughters. But after hearing his words about adding those spells, his dislike came back full force.

"Excuse me," called Marcus drawing the attention of those around him. "But did I hear you say that you added first year spells to the wand?"

"Yes I did, why do you ask" questioned a cautious Harry, he hadn't forgotten the looks the man had sent him.

"Oh, no reason, I was just curious is all," he replied in an off handed manor. "I had heard about your gift for magic, amongst other things," Harry cringed at the man's words; he was going to make Sirius pay for his latest prank. "I was hoping you would give us a little show. I'd like to see how easy it is for you to cast spells, first hand."

"Sure," was Harry's short reply, as he took out his wand.

"Harry do the one you were showing me and Ivy yesterday," Iris excitedly yelled.

Happy that he had a way to make her smile, he loosely held his wand out, moving it in a figure eight pattern, as he softly called out "Papiliones". The result was a large group of multi colored butterflies appearing, earning gasp's of surprise from not only the young girls around him, but the adults as well.

Harry had been expecting this type of reaction from the girls, but the adults came as a surprise to him. "What?" he asked looking to all the older people around him.

It was Marcus who answered him, "The spell that you just so easily cast, isn't taught until late into your third year," had the man not been so freighting, Harry would have found amusement in the look of grudging respect he was wearing. "The fact that you can conjure a single butterfly, let alone dozens is a remarkable feat for one of your age."

"Oh... well that's cool I guess," Harry replied nonchalantly, as if he performed spells that far out of his age range every day. Which unknown to them all he did. "So is there any of that cake left?"

AN: hey everybody, here it is chapter 11, so lets begin. BTW sorry for the long AN but it's needed.

In this chapter Harry talks about his feelings for Iris, I'd like to explaine them to you. By now I know most of you have probably figured out that the old Harry was a Psychopath, as some of you may know there are time's when a person with this disorder can fixate on one person, and see that person as being theirs to do with as they please. This was the case with the old Harry and how he felt for Iris. When our Harry took his place he became fixated on her to a lesser extent, but the biggest difference is that Harry isn't a Pyschopath, which is why his feeling are leaning more toward romantic, instead of hurting her.

As for Iris's budding feelings for Harry, she's never seen him as a brother, then all of a sudden he becomes a tottaly different person, making it easier for her to develop feelings for him. Now I dont want people saying she's fallen in love with him to fast, because at the

moment she isn't. She only has a crush on him, at her age it's very easy to get a crush on someone.

Now I've been getting reviews and PM's about life being too easy for him. Just to let you all know yes at the moment things are going well for him, but this will not be the case for all of the story. He will have a hard time fighting grown Death Eaters, I thought it was extremely stupid that school children could take on hardened killers, and win while members of the Order of the Phoenix were killed and maimed by the same people. Yes Harry will eventually be god like, but not for a long time. Right now he only has the experience of a high powered 7th year, nowhere near the level of people like Malfoy sr, Bellatrix, and other Death Eaters. He will have to work hard to overcome the things that stand in his way.

Now that we've covered him vs Death eaters, let me make this clear, to his teachers and school mates Harry will appear to be a prodigy. Some people will love him for this, but others are going to be haters. I'm actually debating with myself over the idea of having Harry pull the Sword of Gryffindor out of the sorting hat during the sorting ceremony.

Lastly I would like to say sorry about the wait on this chapter. Between class's, work, spending time with my girlfriend and our friends, my life has been hectic. I've been having to send most answers to reviews and pm's late at night. But considering how often I update, and the length of the past couple of chapters, I think you all would agree with me when I say I do right by my fans.

Like always I would like to thank those of you who care enough to review, they are very much loved. Until next time, hope to see you in your reviews.

AN: First let me say that this chapter is unbeta'd, but the next chapter will be beta'd. This one would have been, but I'm going to be away from a computer for a while and the only way I'll have any contact with this site is through my phone, so it was get this chapter up as is, or wait for maybe two weeks to get this. My future beta is Chessicfayth so future thank you's to him.

It was September 1st, and the morning after Iris's birthday party. The usually cheerful and active Potter home had a somber feel to it, which was being imitated by its occupants. The cause of this sudden change was the fact that the youngest male Potter would be leaving for Hogwarts on this morning.

It had only been a month and half since Harry had his apparent change of heart, but in that short amount of time he had become a huge part of everyone's life and the goings on of the Potter household. Waking up to breakfast being made by him, the sight of a giggling Ivy in his arms, Iris propped up against him as they read together, the sound of James debating with him over quidditch teams, and his customary hugs for Lily any time she was near. All of these actions were just a few of the common occurrences they expected to see each day, that they all knew they wouldn't see again until Christmas break.

All of the Potters had gotten up early on this morning, intent on spending as much time together as they could, before Harry had to be at King's Cross station. When they had all showed up in the kitchen, they hadn't been expecting the awkwardness they would feel.

Shaking off the weirdness, Harry made his way to the stove and started his prepping for cooking. He had only just started, when Lily and much to everyone's surprise Iris, joined him in making breakfast. James had also tried to join in, but was quickly turned down by the three, causing them all to break out in small chuckles, that didn't last nearly long enough, for as soon as they started to fade the awkward feeling came back.

The meal had been made and almost finished before more than thank you's, for the meal was spoken.

"Dad," Harry called gently, getting the attention of everyone at the table, except for Ivy who was sitting in his lap, to lost in her pancake

to listen to anyone. "I was wondering if we could go through the barrier when getting on the platform?"

"That's fine with me," answered James happy that someone was finally talking. "Is there any reason why you want to go that way instead of flooing, or apparating straight on?"

Coloring red Harry answered, "I just want to see what it would be like to walk through the barrier."

Hearing his answer James nodded his head in understanding. He knew firsthand the feeling of wanting to try something new and foreign.

"I remember my first time going through, I thought for sure that I was going to crash straight into the barrier," Lily told them, cheering up a bit thinking about her first time going to Hogwarts. "Most people find it a bit unnerving the first time. But I can't deny that when I was told how to get on the platform, that I was excited to try it myself."

"I'd like to try it as well," said Iris, trying for a smile, but only forming a grimace.

"Well it's settled then, we'll apparate into the alley beside Kings Cross, and make our way over from there," confirmed James.

At James' words silence once again fell, which seemed to be worse now after the conversation had ended than it was before. It was in this way that the remainder of their meal was finished.

Harry seeing that everyone one was done waved his wand cleaning up the mess and putting everything away. Once that was done he cast a quick Tempus, showing the family that it was 9:54.

"You better go get your trunk, if we don't leave soon all the best compartments will be filled up," explained Lily. "While you're doing that I'll clean Ivy up."

"I'm not dirty," shrieked Ivy, she like most children her age was a messy eater, add in her favorite meal of pancakes, soaked in syrup and you have one sticky little girl. At the moment her puffy little cheeks were covered in the golden brown substance, her hands weren't in a much better state.

"Nope, not dirty," he said pausing to kiss her loudly on the cheek, "just way to sweet."

Picking her up he carried her to their mother, where he handed her off before leaning down and kissing Lily on the cheek, much like he had Ivy. "I'm going to go grab my stuff," he said over his shoulder making his way out the kitchen.

"Wait a second," called James standing up. "I'll come with you, there's something I need to talk to you about before we go."

"Alright."

Together the father and son silently made their way to Harry's room. Harry couldn't help but wonder what it was that his father wanted to speak with him about.

Entering his room, Harry walked over to the foot of his bed where his trunk was still sitting from the previous day; using his wand he quickly shrunk it before pocketing it.

"That's all of it," turning to his father who was standing by the closed door, it appeared to Harry that James had made his mind up about something by the determined look on his face. "Sickle for your thoughts?"

"I still find it amazing how good you are at magic," James told him. "That spell you just used was another third year spell."

Harry knew that it was kind of like lying to his family, every time he performed magic in front of them, making them believe it was his natural ability that made him so good at magic. But if Harry was to be honest with himself, he didn't really care. He had done things during his years at Hogwarts, that not even the great Albus Dumbledore, or the mad man Tom Riddle could have done. The way Harry saw it, the praise he received every time he did magic that was well outside of what he should be able to do at his age, was rightfully his after what all he had done and been through. Besides at the end of the day not only did it make him feel good, but his family and those who cared for him as well.

"You shouldn't be surprised dad," said Harry, he could tell his father was tense about something. "I am my mother's son after all," he hoped his small attempt at a joke would calm his father.

James couldn't help but let out a small chuckle at his son's slight at him. "That you are," agreed James. "Which is why I know that you can do what I'm going to ask of you," summoning two chairs James sat down, with Harry following suit.

"Do you remember Susan from your sister's party?"

"Yeah, I tried talking to her, but all she did in return was pretend to be the color red," joked Harry.

"Yes, that's something you red heads have an affinity for," James couldn't help but feel pride at the effect his son had on opposite sex, but now wasn't the right time to dwell on that. "I bring her up because as you may know she like us, is from one of the four head families of Britain."

"Yes I know this," confirmed Harry.

"And you remember what I told you about the Longbottom heir?"

"That he's an entitled bully, that thinks the sun shines out his Longbottom," supplied a smirking Harry.

"I don't know if I'd use those words, but that about covers it," answered James letting a smirk cross his face, before becoming serious again. "He will most likely be trained in magic already, thanks to his status. I would be worried about him trying to pull something on you, but I have no doubt that you can take care of yourself. After all, with how much time you spend in the library, you've bound to pick up a few offense and defensive spells."

"I might have picked up more than a body bind," answered Harry. "But I don't think you're here to tell me to attack him... are you?"

"No I'm not," James told him firmly. "There are old laws, which were made solely for our four families. These's laws are still in effect to this day, and are very tricky with the way they are worded."

"Like what," questioned Harry? If there were special laws set up that affected him and his family then he needed to get a copy of them.

"There's a few, I'll have to send them to you in a couple of days," said James. "Their set in a way to give each family loop holes to attack each other. Like the law that says you can't physically touch a member of the other families, but it doesn't say anything about using spells or weapons on each other. But that's not important right now; those laws are so old that they aren't really used anymore. Though I wouldn't put it past them to try and use them against us," as he said this he shook his head at how petty old blooded families could be. "What I've been trying to get at is that while you can take care of yourself, Susan may not be."

"So you're asking me to watch out for her," he questioned his father?

"Exactly!"

"You didn't have to ask me that you know," he asked, standing up? "I would have watched out for her anyway."

"OH," said James drawling out the word, his playful attitude resurfacing. "Are you going to take after me and have a thing for red heads too?"

"I don't think you can have a 'thing' for red heads, when you're a red head yourself," as he said this he pointed to his own hair. "But for real, I would have watched out for her, not because she's from one of the old families but because she's Iris's friend. Plus I'm not really the type of person to just sit back and watch others be pushed around."

"That's a good way to be, but if you stand by that rule while at Hogwarts you're going to cause waves," James informed him, before he also stood up, placing his hand on Harry's shoulder, steering him toward the bedroom door. "Just be careful, Hogwarts can be a dangerous place when you try and change things."

The trip back down to the kitchen was the complete opposite of the quite slow walk it was up. The three female Potters could hear the father and son before they could see them. When they did catch sight of them, it was of James holding Harry loosely in a head lock.

"I don't know, maybe I should get Sirius to help me hold you down and cut it," said James continuing a conversation that the girls was sure was the cause of all the commotion.

"I already have to get Sirius back, so I hope you'll be smart enough to not get on my hit list," Harry told him as he freed himself of his fathers clutches. "Beside I'm wearing the style of all powerful wizards. The Dumbledore," he said the last part while throwing his hair over his shoulder.

Smiling fondly at her husband and son, Lily walked over to them with Ivy in her arms, reaching them she handed Ivy over to James.

"You're going to take Ivy and Iris, while I take Harry," James just nodded to her words, making his way over to his other daughter.

"Alright we'll see you in a few moments," said James. Ivy in his arms and with Iris's wrapped around his waist, he turned on the spot disappearing with a small pop.

"I thought you couldn't apparate in our wards?" questioned Harry.

"You can if your part of the Potter bloodline, or like me and are a spouse to someone of said bloodline," she told him in a quavering voice. "Now the reason I wanted to take you is because I wanted to say goodbye here, that way I won't embarrass you at the train station."

In the few seconds it took her to walk the few steps over to him, he could see her let her emotions over take her, as tears started leaking down her face. Reaching him, she felt herself being pulled in to the surprisingly strong embrace of her son, where both she and Harry buried their heads into each other's shoulders.

"You could never embarrass me mum," he told her feeling his self choking up at their soon to be good bye. "I love you, and any time you want to show me that you love me too, I hope you won't hold back over something as dumb as not wanting to embarrass me."

Lily let out a watery chuckle at his words. He did take more after her than he did James, but when he spoke like he just had, he was showing just a tiny bit of what he had received from James.

"I do love you honey," she paused here trying to gain some composure before she continued, "never doubt that, but I do know that boys don't want people to think that their momma's boys either."

Giving him one last squeeze, she pulled away from the hug and took out her wand, a simple flick later and you couldn't tell that she or he either one had been crying or close to doing so.

"Ready," she asked, holding out her hand?

Taking her hand in his, he gave her a quick nod of the head. Seeing that he was ready she turned on the spot, disappearing with a pop, much like James had done moments before.

One ride through a straw later, and Lily was supporting his weight in a side alley, keeping him from falling into any of the trash. James, who was holding Ivy and Iris's hand, couldn't help but laugh at his son, "I see that all that talent at magic doesn't carry over to apparating."

"I'll be sticking with brooms in the future," Harry said simply.

"Let's hurry, we don't want you to miss your train," said Lily, showing everyone the time with her wand.

Swiftly the Potters made their way out of the alley and up the front steps. Once inside they saw that they had entered where Platform 1 was and would have to make their way to the other side of the station. Being careful not to lose each other they slowly pushed their way through the crowds of people, a few times they caught sight of caged owls that were screaming at all the chaos, making Harry happy that Hedwig would be flying to Hogwarts on her own. After what felt like an eternity, they reached the area between platforms nine and ten.

"Here we are," announced James. "Is it everything you expected and more?"

"It looks so... normal," said Harry sounding unimpressed.

"Well they can't make it look flashy and draw all the muggles attention now could they?" chuckled James. "Now, since it's your

first time going through, you have to make the run by yourself. If you're worried, it's best to go at it with a bit of a run."

Nodding his understanding, Harry took a few deep breaths, hoping that he wasn't over selling his nervousness. Thinking that he had put it off long enough, he dashed straight at the wall, reaching it faster than he expected, he almost didn't get his hood pulled up in time to turn invisible before coming out the other side.

Invisible or not the sight of the scarlet train, known as the Hogwarts Express was still an impressive sight to hold. All over the platform were people in a rush, some to say goodbye others to get to their friends. Looking around Harry couldn't see anyone he knew personally from his last life, but when he saw a flash of what he thought was bushy hair, he remembered the entire reason why he had asked to come this way. Closing his eyes, he pictured his destination as he turned in spot, leaving behind only a soft pop that was lost in the noise of hundreds of students and their families.

S2ndC

Coming out of his apparition with far more grace than he had with his mother, Harry took in his surroundings. He was currently on the edge of the village known as Hogsmeade, the last time he had saw it was when Dementor's and Death Eaters had been running around. It had reminded him of a ghost town at the time, but now with the sun shining and people going on about their day to day, it looked as any small village should, peaceful.

Knowing he didn't have time to waste, he began a brisk jog to Honeydukes.

When the sweets shop entered his sight, Harry was pleased to see that even though it wasn't a weekend where Hogwarts students were allowed to visit the village, the shop was still packed with customers. Slowing to a walk, Harry watched as traffic in and out of the shop came to a stop. Not being able to open the door, without causing people inside to question why the door was seemingly opening and closing by its self, he stood in wait for the next person to come or go, so that he could enter his self.

Five minutes had passed and no one had come, or gone from the shop in the short amount of time that he had been standing there.

Harry knew that if his plan worked, it wouldn't matter how long he had to wait, that he would be fine. But despite knowing this, he was still having a hard time not throwing caution to the wind and just opening the door his self.

Just as he was about to give in to his impatience, a short, plump, toad looking woman caught his eye from down the street. Why was Dolores Umbridge, one of the few people Harry hated as much as he did Voldemort, doing here in Hogsmeade?

To Harry the temptation of stunning her so he could drag her into a back alley, so he could carve into her with one of his knives, was so strong that he had to bite the inside of his cheek just to stay in place. As she drew closer to him, he could taste blood pooling in his mouth, with the taste of copper filling his mouth a very reckless idea came to him.

Drawing his wand, he pointed it at her thinking the word Imperio. The effect was instantaneous; Umbridge who had already passed the shop turned, and waddled back as fast as her fat feet would carry her. Reaching the door she flung it open, looking around wildly for something.

Seeing a handsome man, she walked up to him and said in a loud voice that caught everyone's attention, "Hey sexy, want to take this for a ride?" This statement alone would have been sickening to hear from her, but add to the fact that as she said this, she had pulled up her shirt up showing off her fat stomach as she fingered her belly button.

This had the effect Harry was hoping for; her little show gave him the distraction he needed, so that he could get into the cellar.

Bending down he pride up the trap door that lead to the passage up to the castle. Descending a couple of steps down, he pulled the trap door back in to place and cutting off his light source.

His adrenalin pumping Harry sat down on the steps, pulling his hood off, he reached into his invisibility robe and pulled out the Marauder's Map. Activating it, he saw that all of the teachers where in Dumbledore's office, most likely having a meeting before the students showed up later in the evening.

Not bothering to wipe the map, as he knew he would be using it again, he pocketed it as he stood up to continue on his way through the secret passage. Hoping that he would make it to his destination before the Professor returned to his office.

S2ndC

It had been years since he had taken this passage. He hadn't needed it after Sirius had signed his permission slip, thus allowing him to attend Hogsmeade trips with his class mates. As an effect of this, he had forgotten how long this path would take to reach the castle.

As he came to an end of the tunnel, his face was hot, and his feet cold, much like it had been the first time he had used this path.

'No entrance or not, next time I'm using the Shrieking Shack,' he thought angrily to his self.

While the Shrieking Shack would have been easier and closer to use, it didn't have any functioning windows, or doors. Remus had told him once that there was a rune, he could press to open an entrance to the shack, but he had never told Harry where it was. He knew he could have used the blue knife from the set Sirius gave him to find it, but the house had been enchanted by Dumbledore to keep Remus in while transformed, meaning that there was a very good chance the entire shack would have had magic all over it, making the knives ability to show magic useless.

Checking the map to make sure no one was around the statue of the one eyed witch, he put it away before he started to pull his self up to the hump, bracing his weight with his legs so as not to fall, he used his wand to cast the spell Dissendium, that opened the hump allowing him to crawl out.

Remembering he had his hood down, he quickly pulled it up as he ran full blast to the charms corridor, and the office of Professor Flitwick.

As he found himself in front of Flitwick's office, he was surprised once again at his speed.

'First the barriers, now getting to his office, maybe my workouts are helping more than I thought. Even if it is only a little,' he thought cheerfully to his self, as he pulled out his black and blue knives.

Using the blue knife he could see that the magic of the door leading into the office was just a shade darker, than that of the constant magic that was flowing through the halls of the school. Hoping that it was only a locking spell on the door, he slid the black knife into the crack between where the door lock and the doors frame meet. Hearing a faint click, he knew that the knife had done its job.

'Thank you Sirius,' he thought as he pocketed the black knife.

Harry knew that if he was to use magic then at the very least Dumbledore, would be able to identify him by his magical signature, much like he had Voldemort when they went after the locket together. Of course Harry didn't know if Dumbledore knew his signature yet, but it would only take him once to recognize it and he'd be in trouble. Thus why Harry was thanking Sirius, if not for the knives he wouldn't be attempting what he was.

Quickly he opened the door just enough, so that he could squeeze in. Crossing the threshold he shut the door back, not wanting to draw suspicion to the Professor's open office door, on the off chance someone was to pass by.

Harry had been into many of the other Professors offices, but never the tiny charms Professors. The room itself was as large as McGonagall's, but where hers was neat and orderly, the charms master's was chaos. The office was full of books stacked to swaying heights, creating a maze of books that only a person Filch's size could get through, without causing an avalanche of literature.

Being very careful not to touch anything, Harry began his journey through the mountain's of books to the desk on the other side of the room.

After more close calls than Harry would have liked to admit, he made it to the pint sized teachers desk. Still holding the blue knife, he could see that the desk drawers were the same color as the door had been. Not wanting to waste time, he used the black knife once again to unlock all of them before he started looking for what he came for.

As it would turn out unlocking them all was the waste of time. Opening the first drawers Harry found himself staring at an elegant looking case, forgetting to check it with the knife he quickly picked it up.

His hands shaking from the adrenalin that was pumping through his veins, he slowly opened the case, revealing four golden time tuners and the reason for his being here.

S2ndC

"I wonder where he's at," asked a concerned James?

He and the rest of the Potters had just come through the barrier only to find that Harry wasn't there.

"You don't think something happe-?"

Lily never finished her question, for at that moment Harry came walking around one of the pillars.

"Sorry guys," apologized Harry as he jogged up to his family. "This kid dropped his Renembrall, and I helped him chase it down."

"Its fine honey, we were just worried about where you disappeared to," Lily told him, smoothing a none existing wrinkle on his shirt.

"Hello," said the deep voice of Marcus Greengrass. He, his wife, and Astoria had walked up to them without any of the Potters noticing.

"Hello Marcus," said James offering his hand to him. "I don't see Daphne is she already on the train?"

As the adults were busy with their own conversations, Astoria had walked up to Harry and Iris. "How does it feel to be going to Hogwarts," she asked Harry as she gave both him and Iris a hug in greeting.

"I'm kind of dreading it, to be honest," he told them earning his self surprised looks from not only the girls but the adults as well, they had been half listening to the children's conversation.

"Why," asked a shocked Iris?

"I'm really going to miss everybody."

"How rude of us," said Lord Greengrass, who had been keeping an eye on his youngest and Harry. "We're cutting into your goodbye time, we'll be going now." He gave each of the Potters a nod goodbye that is until he got to Harry, who he gave a stern glare before walking over to the designated apparation point to wait on his family to say goodbye.

Harry knew he was only worried about his daughter, but the look Marcus gave him had reminded him of the glares he had received from Vernon when he was younger. Any man that gave him that kind of look deserved to be messed with, thought Harry the small amount of adrenalin still sunning in his veins causing him to be reckless.

As Astoria and her mother walked away Harry called out to her, "Tori." Doing so caused both her and her mother to turn, and for Marcus's eyes to narrow a small fraction. "Would you mind if I wrote to you some time? You know to keep in touch," sending here his best smile he waited for her answer, while being sure to watch Marcus out of the corner of his eye.

Everyone's attention was ether on Harry or Astoria at that moment, meaning Harry was the only one to see Marcus's hand twitch toward his robes at the word 'touch'.

"I'd like that," said a beaming Astoria, before her smiling mother lead her to her father, who gave Harry a look that reminded him why he had been so scared of him the day before.

Making sure to put every ounce of contempt he held for the young man in his glare, Marcus apparated away with his family.

"You know Sirius and I used to get looks like that from girls fathers when we were younger," said a pensive James, drawing the attention of his family. "And much like yourself we would do things to piss off them off, things that would look innocent to others, but that would make the fathers turn in their sleep at night thinking the worse. That is until Sirius messed with the wrong man. Madam Pomfrey told us afterwards, that she had never before had to use so much Skele-Gro, on one person in all here years as a healer."

Harry hearing this felt abashed at being caught by his father, but was still wondering what point his father was trying to make.

"The man who got a hold of Sirius was a person who believed in the old ways, meaning he really didn't care all that much about his daughter. The most he saw her as was a means to an end," Harry had always knew that there were people like that in the world, but after becoming so close to his family, it made it so much harder to believe people could be that way. "That being said, Marcus is nothing like that. While it's true he has an icy disposition, he cares very deeply for his family, so could you imagine how badly he would react to someone who he felt was trying to mess with his family?"

James could see his words had their desired effect, by the visible rate that his son was paling. Walking up to him he pulled Harry into a hug, while whispering into his ear, "Just treat any girls you come across like you would want your mother and sisters treated, okay?" Getting a mumbled 'yeah' from his son he continued in the same voice as before, so that Lily couldn't hear, "I know I said this before we left, but be careful. Every choice and action we make has consequences that can have lasting effects." Saying his peace he pulled away from his son to let the others say their goodbyes.

Iris, who had been unusually quiet this morning, had been dreading today for the past couple of weeks. She didn't know when, but sometime after her trip to Diagon Alley with him she had become attached to him. So much so, that she hadn't even realized it until the day before, but she spent a lot of time talking about him to her friends, and while she had done so in the past it had always been about how much she hated him.

She had realized how much she had talked him up when he had tried talking to her friends, all of which acted like airheads around him. She didn't know why, but seeing them act like that toward him had caused her to become very angry with them and herself for telling them so much about him. It wasn't until she saw the annoyed look in his eyes as he walked away from them that she calmed down enough to realize how she was feeling wasn't normal.

Later that night, as she lay in bed she had wondered what had caused her to feel the way she had during the party. Maybe Astoria was right and she did have a crush on him, but that would just be

wrong, he was her brother after all. It was just too bad that he was leaving in the morning, if she had more time she might be able to figure out her feelings for him. There was one thing she was certain of and that was she was going to have to watch him and see if she could figure out why he made her feel the way she had.

So when she and her mother had come through the barrier together to find him missing she had almost had a panic attack. When her father came through a few seconds later, he calmed them both down, and was getting ready to go look for him when Harry showed back and told them his story. Their mother and father had both believed him right away, but Iris knew he was lying. She had been standing at an angle that let her see the other side of the pillar that he had come around, so she had been in the perfect place to see him appear out of thin air.

But even after she had listened to him lie to them, she didn't feel that he had done anything wrong; she only felt her curiosity spike. She really wanted to know what he was up to, and she was going to find out.

"I'd say write to me too, but it seems like you're going to be too busy writing Astoria," said iris making her way to her brother.

"I was only planning on writing her every once and while, and writing to you and the others twice a week, but if you prefer me writing her I will," teased Harry, giving her a fake sigh.

"You better write me twice a week or I'm going to hurt you worse than I just did."

"Wha- agghh," before he could get his question out Iris had hit him in the shoulder. "Damn your violent, I feel sorry for your future husband. Poor man's going to be beaten daily."

"I'm not going to see you for a while, and I'm sure you're going to do something between now and then that deserves a good hit," she told him in a matter of fact tone, as she wrapped him in a gentle hug. "I'm going to miss you."

As he returned her hug, he knew that he'd miss her the most. Already the part of him that made him watch her the way he did, was

telling him not to go, to stay with her. And if Harry was to be honest it scared him that he was tempted to do just that.

"I'm going to miss you to," he said sincerely. "Even if I won't miss your violent outburst."

Giggling at him, she pulled away to allow Lily and Ivy to say goodbye.

"Harry where are you going," asked curious Ivy?

"I'm going to school, that way I can learn new ways to play with you." He had thought about what he should tell her ahead of time, he knew if she thought he was learning new games for them to play, that she might take his leaving better.

"Like when you make me fly?"

"Yup, and when I get back we'll play all you want," told Harry, taking her from Lily's arms, so he could hug her. "And while I'm gone mum, dad, or Iris will read with you. How does that sound?"

By now she had her head nuzzled into the bend of his neck; Harry thought for a minute that she wasn't going to talk to him that was until he felt something wet dripping on to his shoulder, coupled with a muffled response that he couldn't understand.

"What was that, I can't hear you Ivy?"

Pulling her head back, she exposed her puffy eyes and tear stained cheeks. "I don't want you to go," she gasped out.

Seeing her like this tore at his heart and made him question if it really was Iris who he'd miss most.

"I don't need a new game to play."

Harry could see that his plan wasn't working and didn't know what to do. Her tears running from her big green eyes weren't helping matters either.

"Ivy it'll be all right," he assured her, as he rubbed circles on her back, trying to calm her. "I'll be back at Christmas, and I promise to write as much as you want."

"Don't go," she begged. "Don't you love me anymore?"

"Okay, come here baby," Lily said soothingly, she had hoped Harry could work his usual magic on her, but it seemed that Ivy's tears had been too much for him to handle. "There there, it's all right he'll be back soon."

Walking behind Lily, so he could face the little girl that was on her mother's hip, he tried again. "Ivy of course I still love you, but I have to go. If I could stay I would."

His hope's that his words would get through to her died as she buried her head into Lily's shoulder much like she had his only seconds ago.

Pushing down her own sadness at the coming goodbye, Lily turned to her oldest, knowing that he was fixing to get on to a train where she could comfort him, now would be her only chance to do so. "She's just upset about you leaving, she knows you still love her," Lily assured him. As hard as the moment was on Harry, it was doubly as hard on her. She had to watch two of her children look as if their hearts were being broken.

"I know... it still hurts though," admitted Harry, he looked to be on the verge of tears his self.

Silence fell between the five, the only sound coming from any of them, was of Ivy's labored breathing. James knew that the longer that Harry listened to Ivy, the worse it was going to be when he left, so he thought it would be best if he stepped in. "Why don't I take Ivy home-," began James.

"No, you should all go," Harry told him, later on that night Harry would feel worse then he already did, as he recalled the hurt looks that crossed his families faces at his words. "That way you all can cheer her up together."

"Are you sure, I can take her by myself," questioned James?

"Yeah I'm sure," answered Harry as he gave James, Lily, and Iris each a hug goodbye. "I've already said goodbye to mum at home, so were all covered."

Walking around Lily to face Ivy one last time, he whispered his love to her and gave her a kiss on the forehead. Still not getting any reaction from her, he gave up and told his family goodbye. As he boarded the train he could still see and hear the little girl's sobs.

S2ndC

After boarding the train, Harry forced his way through the crowds of excited students to an empty compartment, seeing that no one had anything in the luggage racks, he quickly claimed it as his own. Unknown to Harry many students and been on the verge of trying to enter his compartment but had seen the look on his face and had thought better of entering.

Having no one to talk to and not feeling up to hunting down Cho, or Daphne he was left with only his thoughts to occupy his time. All of which seemed to be about Ivy. How was it that he could talk adults into believing him and doing what he wanted, but was unable to keep his little sister from getting hurt?

The more he thought about her the more depressed he felt. Finally realizing that he need to take his mind off his poor attempts at being a brother, he pulled out his trunk, setting it in the middle of the floor, he gave a sharper wave of his wand than was needed for him to unshrink and unlocked it.

Digging in the compartment used for storing books, he found what he was looking for. A book on the different types of materials that could have runes carved into them and how long they would last. Finding the subject very interesting he quickly lost his self in it, forgetting for a time about his troubles with Ivy.

It had been a couple of hours since the train had left the station and Harry was still on his own reading his book, when movement outside his window caught his eye. Looking up he was treated to the sight of a mini version of Hermione. With her bucky teeth, bushy hair, and air of awkwardness it was like his first year all over again. If he hadn't been so lost in nostalgia he would have realized it was his first year

all over again and that he would naturally be seeing the child version's of his friends.

Drinking in her features, Harry recognized the tell tale signs that she was upset and nervous. She was currently just standing outside the door, chewing on her bottom lip with those teeth she hated so much, her hand half raised to knock, but seemed to be unable to do so. Seeing her like this was as bad to Harry as Ivy had been.

Getting up he opened the door for her and waited for her to say something, however after a few seconds of standing there it became clear to Harry that she was somewhere far off in her mind. He and Ron had named this effect 'Hermione time', after losing count of how many times they had been talking to her only to realize she was lost in her own little world. Knowing she could stand there the entire train ride lost in thought he cleared his throat startling her.

"Oh- um sorry if I'm bothering you, but I was wondering if you had room enough for me?" asked the small version of Hermione.

Hoping that he could cheer her up, he looked behind him at the empty compartment before turning back to her and saying in a playful tone, "I don't know, there are an awful lot of people in here," he paused here to sigh dramatically, not able to keep the corner of his lips from curling up in a smile, "I guess we can make room for one more."

"Thank you," she said sounding relieved, turning she went to drag her trunk in, but Harry stopped her.

"You go ahead and get inside," he told her. "I'll grab your things for you."

"Are you sure, its quiet heavy?" she asked meekly. "I suspect I've brought too many books with me."

Her fears about its weight were put to rest as Harry easily brought the trunk in and stored it in the luggage racks before taking a seat across from her.

"So you like books, huh?" he asked, drawing her attention away from the book on runes that was in the seat beside him.

"Yeah," she said, flushing red at being caught staring at the book. "I see a book and I can't help but want to read it."

"Sounds like you're going to be a Ravenclaw to me."

"Oh no, I'm going to be a Gryffindor," she said correcting him. "It's the house Dumbledore was in during his time at Hogwarts."

"I don't mean to be rude, but what does that have to do with you?" Harry knew that he was most likely going to be in Ravenclaw himself, and was hoping to persuade Hermione in joining him there.

"I- uh, I don't understand what you mean," she told him, not looking as if his words had offended her at all.

"What I'm getting at is that the reason you want to be in Gryffindor is because Dumbledore was in that house, correct?" getting a nod from Hermione he continued, "While it's true that Dumbledore is a talented wizard, his most outstanding feature is his bravery. That's why he was placed there. So for you to say that's where you're going because of someone else did is... unintelligent. If you have anywhere near as many books in that trunk of yours as I think you do, then you should be a Ravenclaw."

"But Dumbledore was one of the brightest students to ever go to Hogwarts, and was placed in Gryffindor and went on to do great things," defended Hermione.

He could tell this Hermione was the same as the one from his timeline and that she didn't like being wrong.

"That's because he was one of the few people who had strong traits of more than one of the four houses. Which I might add is very rare to see in a person," he informed her. "Look at it like this, back when the founders started the school, the houses were the handpicked students of each of them that they wanted to pass on their knowledge on to. But nowadays it's more of a way for people to be around like minded individuals. So do you really think it would be smart for someone who loves books as much as it seems you do, to be in a house that's known for rushing into things without thinking and being good at sports?"

"I see your point," she said sounding as if it hurt her to admit so. "Which house do you think you'll be in?"

"Well between the choices of being underhanded, brave to the point of idiocy, hard working left over's, or being a know it all... I think I'll have to go with being one of the know it all," Harry finished to Hermione's giggles. He was happy that she had found some amusement in his little speech.

"Well if we're going to be fellow 'know it all', then you have to tell me what that book is about."

AN: You would have had this chapter soon, but I was busy saving the world. Saturday was my birthday (st. pattys day) and I was given MassEffect 3 for my XBox and a PS3 with all three Uncharted games. So like I said I was saving all your sorry ass's from aliens and a Cursed golden man.

So before anyone says anything about him using magic outside school, he has done so in canon without getting in trouble. 3rd year in the shrieking shack, 5th year DOM, and in his 6th year with Dumbledore where he also apparates before the age of seventeen. Also Hermione says in the first book on the train that she has tried a few spell's, and while she didn't say she cast them at home she also didn't say she had done so on the train. As to the unforgiveable Malfoy had used them during his 6th year and wasn't caught so what are he chances that Harry will now.

Also I have to find a list of all of Harry's year mates and figure where I'm going to stick them. Also have to figure out if I'm going to do the Sword trick at the sorting.

Poll Results: You all like smart girls, their all three going Ravenclaw.

Now I have one last question. Do you guys want to pick Harry's Patronus? I think it would be cool if it took after his other wand core, since his animagus took after the feather... oops spoiler alert. But can you see his patronus coming out as a Basilisk and how much it would scare everyone. Well if you want to pick leave what you think it should be and I'll put them up in a poll, but no matter what any of you pick it will not be a deer of any kind.

Like always Thank you for your reviews and I hope to see you in your reviews.

"And you're sure these aren't bad for my teeth?" questioned Hermione, holding up a strand of Toothflossing Stringmints.

"You'll be fine," Harry said nonchalantly, waving off her worries. "I'm willing to bet even your parents would love them. You should send them some; I think they would appreciate them."

In the past hour since Hermione's arrival Harry's mood had taken a turn for the better. While his mood wasn't as good as normal, talking with Hermione had him feeling better than he had when he had closed himself off from everyone, to read his book.

It didn't take her long to start asking questions about the wizarding world and to start sharing about her home life.

"How would I send them?" she asked, before nibbling on the end of the candy. "I don't have an owl."

"Well you can use one of the school owls, but from what I hear they're a little unreliable," Harry told her, taking a drink of his pumpkin juice, "Or you could use my owl Hedwig when I send her out. You'll need to ask her first though. If you try and tell her what to do she can get moody."

"Your owl gets moody?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes she does, and I hope you won't repeat that where she can hear you," Harry told her firmly. "I won't be able to use my hands for a week when she gets done with me."

"You're afraid of your owl?" Hermione struggled to say through her giggles.

"You laugh now, but wait until you get on her bad side and see if you still think it's funny." Harry told her, not able to completely keep a smirk off his face. "I love her to death, but I'd rather try and get by a dragon than piss her off."

Hearing his words, she immediately stopped laughing as her head snapped up. "There are really dragons?"

"Dragons, Pixies, Unicorns, Vampires, Werewolves." Harry listed creatures absent-mindedly. "You name it and it's most likely out there somewhere."

This started Hermione naming different creatures, so that Harry could tell her if they existed, or not.

"Leprechauns?" She fired off at him, not noticing in her excitement that the strand of candy in her hands had started melting.

"Yes they're real too, though you'll be extremely lucky to ever see one," he said as he conjured a handkerchief, handing it to her and motioning to her hand. Seeing the mess she was making caused her to blush. She began cleaning herself as he elaborated. "They're very paranoid again, if you were hunted to the brink of extinction over your family gold, you'd be paranoid too."

"It sounds like they've been through a lot. Um.. Here's your handkerchief back." She said the last part looking uncomfortable, not knowing what to do with the piece of cloth after having dirtied it.

Flicking his wand he turned the scrap of cloth back to nothingness.

"Do you know a lot of magic?" Hermione asked getting excited at the display. "I myself have only tried a few things, but they've all worked."

"I know a bit-," he told her, but before he could elaborate there was a knocking at the door.

Through the window Harry could see a blushing Cho, and much to his surprise Katie Bell standing outside, waiting to be let in. Rising to let them in, he wondered how the two had met. As far as he knew, in his past life the two hadn't even exchanged words, let alone hung out together.

"Hello." He greeted them with a charming smile that caused Cho to turn a deeper shade of red. Katie let out a whistle as she eyed him. "It's good to see you again Cho. Would you and your friend like to join me and my friend Hermione?"

Before Cho could answer, Katie had grabbed her, pulling on her arm while pointing to Harry.

"Bloody hell, you weren't kidding when you said he was gorgeous were you?" Katie said to Cho, not bothering to keep her voice down. "He's even better looking than that older Hufflepuff boy. The one that watches you like a piece of meat."

"Katie! Shut up!" Cho squeaked as she covered her face in embarrassment.

"What?" Katie asked, faking ignorance as to why her friend would be embarrassed. "I'm sure he knows he's a good looking bloke. I'm only trying to compliment him."

"Please stop talking?" Cho begged from behind her hands.

"Fine, but next time you want to go look for a guy that you think is the most beauti-."

"Katie!"

"Sorry." Katie chirped, not looking the least bit sorry. "Ooh are those bottles of pumpkin juice? I don't mind if I do." As she walked past him into the compartment she lightly trailed her fingers across his cheek, leaving behind a laughing Harry and wide eyed Cho who was peeking out from behind her hands.

"I'm so sorry about her," she apologized as she removed her hands from her face, looking horrified at her friend's actions. "She loves messing with people. I asked her to behave before coming here, but I can see that didn't help any."

"It's alright. Her words were very... enlightening." He smirked at her, and she turned if possible even redder, thinking that he was referring to the comment about his looks.

She was only part right.

Katie's words had revealed a few things to him. The first being that Cho not only liked him enough to come search for him, but that he had enough of an effect on her that she had told at least one of her friends about him. From the way it sounded to Harry, she had talked about him more than once. They had also told him that if Harry was guessing right, Cedric was already interested in Cho, but from Katie

calling him 'that older Hufflepuff boy' and not by his name meant that he had most likely hadn't talked to her yet, which was only good news for Harry. What they made the most obvious to him, however, was that the Katie Bell from this time line was very different when compared to her counterpart from Harry's first life. Katie had been a very quiet girl that had only ever raised her voice when in the middle of a game of quidditch; but here in this world, she had been so bold as to say that he was good looking right to his face. It was scary how different she was after only hearing her talk for a few minutes.

"I didn't think she would repeat what I said about you like that. I'm sorry if it embarrassed you," said a horrified Cho.

"Really, it's fine. There's no reason to be upset about it," Harry told her with a soft smile. Reaching out, he placed a strand of her long raven colored hair behind her ear, making sure his hand brushed softly against her cheek. "I have to confess, I told a few people about the beautiful girl I met in Quality Quidditch Supplies."

"I-I uh... thank y-you." He chuckled at the effect he was having on her, causing her stare at the floor in embarrassment.

Knowing how it felt to be the one who was left speechless, Harry decided to take it easy on her. Reaching out he gently took her hand into his own. When she looked up he could see the mix of emotions his action caused her: gratitude, nervousness, and excitement were just a few that he was able to catch. "Why don't we go inside, and we can just sit and talk for a while?" As he asked he lightly pulled her toward the inside of the compartment and himself. "Who knows, maybe we'll give Katie the chance to mess with us some more?" Cho beamed at her crush and nodded her agreement as she tightened her grip on his hand.

Harry hadn't even turned all the way around when she glanced over his shoulder and into the compartment. Katie was chatting away to the bushy haired first year that looked to be almost frightened by her rapid talking new friend. What caught Cho's attention though was how she was sitting. "Katie! Put down your legs, I can almost see up your skirt." Cho chided, trying to protect her best friend's modesty.

Hearing her words, Harry almost gave himself whiplash turning to look at his former team mate. Katie, who was in her school uniform, had pulled her shoes off and had placed her feet in the seat across

from her. This wouldn't have been a big deal normally, considering the length of Hogwarts skirt, but in this case Katie's had ridden up to just above mid-thigh, giving Harry and the girls a view at what he thought of as a very nice set of legs.

"Its fine," said Katie, waving off her friends worry. "I have shorts on underneath." She paused for a second a mischievous smile crossing her face. "Would you like to see?"

"NO!" Yelled both Cho and Hermione cutting Harry off, who had almost said yes.

Harry didn't think of himself as a pervert for almost saying yes. Most straight men would say yes if a pretty girl asked them if they wanted to see up their skirt, shorts or no, and Katie was differently well above the "pretty" category. Her short brown hair was pulled up in a loose ponytail, with a few strands hanging loose down into her big, brown, doe-like eyes, and the pale colored skin of her lithe body. Yes, Harry most definitely wouldn't have minded seeing up her skirt.

Noticing that Harry had been cut off before he could answer Katie turned to her best friend. "You better watch out Cho, it seems your love interest is a bit of a perv." Katie said in a singsong voice before turning her attention back to Harry. "What's wrong cutie; upset you didn't get a show?" She asked wearing a mischievous smirk.

"You're funny," said a chuckling Harry, sauntering his way over to Katie. He grabbed her by the feet, earning a squeal of surprise from her, as he sat down, placing them in his lap. "I think I might keep you around for laughs." Looking to Cho he patted the seat beside of him. "You don't have to stand over there if you don't want to."

With her cheeks still flushed from Harry's words, Cho made her way over, sitting closer to her crush than was necessary. Seeing his smile, she knew that he was fine with that. "So what were you two talking about before we interrupted you?" Cho asked turning her attention on Hermione for the first time.

"I was asking him if he knew a lot of magic." Hermione said, smiling shyly at the pretty Asian girl. "Oh, where are my manners, my name is Hermione Granger." Smiling, she held out her hand for Cho to shake, who offered her own in return.

"It's nice to meet you Hermione. My name is Cho Chang. The girl beside you, who was talking your ear off just a few minutes ago, is Katie Bell, my best friend."

"Hiya," greeted Katie before turning her attention back to Harry and tapping him with one of her toes. "So how much magic do you know?"

"I'm not really sure. I've read all of my first year books and some that are higher than first year, but I haven't tried casting all of the spells I've studied yet." Hearing this, Cho and Katie looked impressed, and Hermione looked excited to know that for once she wasn't the only person to read ahead in school. "As for the spells I've tried, there hasn't been any that didn't work for me on the first try." His words set the three girls off talking about the first time they had each tried casting a spell. Soon the compartment was filled with the laughter of the four as they listened to each other's stories of success and failure.

When it came to be Harry's turn, he told them of how he had been grounded and had used his first casting as a way to end his punishment. Reaching the part of his story where he had put Sirius in a body bind sent Katie and Cho each into a fit of laughter, while Hermione looked as if she didn't know whether she should laugh or be shocked that someone would do that to an adult.

"Weren't you afraid he'd be mad, or that you might hurt him?" asked Hermione as the other two were coming down for their laughing high.

"Not really. He wouldn't have asked me to use that spell on him if he wasn't ready for it," Harry answered, giving a shrug of his shoulder. "Besides, my mom does worse to him when he gets out of line." Hermione looked shocked to hear this.

"Ouch, having Lily Potter after you doesn't sound fun." Katie said becoming serious at the mention of one of her female role models. Seeing Hermione shooting her a questioning look, Katie elaborated. "Lily Potter, or Lily Evans as she was known when she attended Hogwarts, is one of the brightest minds to ever attend the school. She showed that muggle borns can be as good as, if not better than pureblood wizards, and she did so in a time when it was dangerous to be a muggle born."

"Wow, your mother sounds amazing," said an awed Hermione.

"She is! After Hogwarts a lot of people were expecting her to go on and do amazing things, but nobody has heard anything about her besides her getting married and having kids," said an excited Cho. She hadn't made the connection between Harry and his mother when she first met him; it had been Katie who had pointed it out to her later on when Cho was telling her about him. "The reason nobody knows what she's done is because of the career she picked."

"What was that?" Hermione asked, leaning forward in her seat.

"She became an Unspeakable." said Cho and Katie at the same time, both smiling at each other over having done so.

"Man you two are really interested in my mom. Wonder if you're here for me, or her," Harry joked, making Cho blush and Katie stick out her tongue.

"I think I've read about Unspeakables in a Ministry career pamphlet. Isn't that someone who works in the Department of Mysteries?" asked the intrigued Hermione. The more she heard about Harry's mom, the more she wanted to meet her.

"They do." confirmed Cho. "They're forbidden from telling anyone what they work on, but there are all kinds of rumors on what they do."

Harry felt himself fill with pride as the three girls continued to talk about his mother and the possibility of what she had worked on. He sat back and listened to the three as they slowly forgot about him and started losing themselves in the conversation, moving from one topic to the next.

It made Harry exceedingly happy to see Hermione get along with and become friends with the other two. In the short time since she had joined him, this Hermione had already made more friends during the train ride to Hogwarts, than the original Hermione had during her entire first year. It also didn't escape Harry that if the two older girls became good enough friends with Hermione then the chances were better that he would see them both more.

Over the next couple of hours the four talked, laughed, and enjoyed their ride together. They talked about anything that came to mind, from their home lives, to what they would learn at Hogwarts and what they wanted to do after they left school. If Harry had still been upset about Ivy it would have passed at the joy he was feeling being with the three girls around him.

That was, until a sight out in the hallway caught his eye. Knowing what was most likely going to happen, he blew out an exasperated sigh that drew the others attention. "It looks like we're going to be receiving some unwanted company soon, in the form of the Malfoy heir."

Out in the corridor Draco Malfoy, Vincent Crabbe, and Gregory Goyle had thrown open the door of the compartment opposite theirs. If this timeline was like Harry's original, then Malfoy was either trying to find Neville, or was trying to show his dominance to others. Since Neville grew up in wizarding society, it was likely he already knew the Malfoys, meaning Draco was most likely just being an ass.

"Why does it sound like you don't like him?" Hermione asked, throwing glances to the other three, noticing the looks they were shooting the blonde.

"His family is some of the worst trash in the wizarding world!" Katie said in a disgusted voice as she pulled her feet off Harry, making sure her skirt was tucked under her legs so that if the three outside were to enter the compartment, they wouldn't see anything. Even if all they would have seen would have been her shorts.

"All three of them come from dark families that think the amount of magical blood you have is important." Cho said, using air quotes when saying 'magic blood'. "It's awful how they treat other people, but if they think you have what they call dirty blood then they see you as less than human."

"He must be friends with The-Boy-Who-Lived then." Harry and the other two all heard the tone in which she said Neville's title.

"I'm guessing you met his holiness before you came here." Harry told her more than asked. "That's why you were so upset when you showed up. He said something offensive to you."

"He didn't say anything to me, really. It was more he was saying it so that all could hear." Hermione shook her head, thinking about what she had seen and heard. "There were a lot of people in and around his compartment, all of us wanting a chance to meet the person responsible for the downfall of the Dark Lord." Harry snorted at the part about Neville being responsible for Voldemorts down fall, his action drawing questioning looks from the two second years. Neither said anything, both opting to instead listen to Hermione's story. "When a boy who was obviously a muggle born moved forward to introduce himself to The-Boy-."

"Call him Longbottom, or Neville, he doesn't deserve that long ass title." Harry said cutting Hermione off. "Sorry, continue," he said giving her an apologetic smile.

"Like I was saying, a boy came forward to meet Neville, when he gave him his name he held out his hand for him to shake, but Neville looked at it like it was something off the bottom of his shoe. Before Neville could say anything to him, a kid named Zacharias that was sitting beside him pointed at the kid and said that they shouldn't allow mudbloods to use magic." Hermione had to pause at this point, not wanting to talk over her audience, who had started hissing and making angry remarks at the word 'mudblood'.

Looking hesitant Hermione asked what had been on her mind since the encounter. "When he said mudblood a bunch of people gasped and looked at him like he had done something wrong. I'm going to go out on a limb here, but I'm guessing that word is a derogatory in magical society?"

"Yes, it's a terrible thing to say." Cho hissed, her Scottish accent thickening with her disgust for the word. "So it's for the best that you don't say it again. Even if you're not using it in the same context as that Zacharias person, if people hear you say it you'll both run off people who hate that word and at the same time draw the attention of people who think like that."

Nodding her head in agreement to Cho's advice, Hermione continued where she had left off in her story, "From everyone's reaction I knew the word had to be bad and was wondering why Neville, the defeater of the Dark Lord was just sitting there doing nothing. That was until Neville placed his hand on Zacharias's arm, stopping him from saying anymore. I, like most of the people who

seemed offended by that word, thought that he was going to tell him off... and in a way he did." She paused here to take a breath before continuing with her story, "Neville proceeded to tell him that he was looking at things all wrong. That for the Purebloods to be the royalty and nobility that they are, they needed peasants to rule over and that's what the muggleborns were around for. To be the commoners of the magical world."

"All you can say is that some people are just too stupid for words." Harry's words were met with nods from the others.

While Hermione was disappointed that someone who had done such a good thing as getting rid of the Dark Lord could believe such nonsense, she was happy to know that she had found three friends that could show her that not all witches and wizards were as bigoted and small minded as The-Boy-Who-Lived had been. As she was looking around at her new friends, a strange sight at the door caught her attention. "Uh, guys, what's happening?" Hermione asked, pointing to the scene at the door.

"Oh that. I figured that Malfoy and his buddies would be done next door before you finished telling us your story. So I placed a silencing and locking charm on the door, so that we wouldn't be bothered." Harry gave a look of nonchalance to the girls that were switching between looking at the three outside that were silently banging on the door trying to get in and giving Harry awed looks for his spell work.

"T-that's brilliant!" Katie gasped out between the giggles that had overcome her, as the shock of the sight outside wore off.

"It's amazing," said a beaming Cho. "I didn't see or hear you cast either of those spells."

"

"Thank you, thank you," Harry said giving both girls a bow.

"Harry, you have to lift those spells at once!" Demanded a border line hysterical Hermione. "It's against the rules for the doors to the compartments to be locked and I'm sure it's frowned upon for them to be silenced as well. We'll be kicked out of Hogwarts before we even get there."

"It's fine Hermione, calm down. Nobody's going to know."

"No it is not fine Harry; we are going to a school of magic." Hermione said hotly. "What if they have some kind of... I don't know, monitoring charms to see who is breaking the rules? We'll all be in trouble because of your actions."

Seeing that his words weren't going to get through to her, he raised his wand getting ready to cancel the spells. "When they come in here it's most likely not going to be pretty." Harry cautioned her. "I hope that this shows you that sometimes it's better to break a few rules. Doing so can save you a lot of trouble." Having said his piece, Harry cast the counter spells.

Without the locking spell it was all too easy for Crabbe and Goyle to force the door open, and with the lack of silencing spell on the door, people a couple of compartments away on both sides could hear the rattling of the window as the door was slammed open.

Two thick set boys stepped had pleased looks on their simple faces at their great victory over the locked door. Stepping forward into the spot that his body guards had vacated, Draco had a mixed look of anger and victory on his pointed face. He wasn't used to being denied anything, so when he had tried to enter the compartment to find out where that tosser Longbottom was at and found the door locked, he had been extremely upset; but in the end he had gotten what he wanted, like always. Now he had to teach those inside that they should never deny a Malfoy's wants.

Stepping farther into the room, Draco sneered at each of the girls, enjoying the looks of discomfort on their pretty faces. Turning his gaze on the fourth member of their group,, he was angered and a little surprised to see the long haired boy look at him with indifference.

"You know that it's against the rules of the Hogwarts Express to lock a compartment door?" Draco stated in a drawling voice that held a hint of anger to it.

"So I've heard," muttered Harry. He had always had a short fuse when it came to Draco, and now that he had a part of this world's Harry in him, he knew that his already short temper was going to be

worse than before. By the way the young Malfoy's voice was grating on his nerves, he knew he was going to have a hard time keeping his self in check.

"He didn't know when he did it, but I informed him of that rule. I'm sure he won't do it again." Hermione said politely. She had been bullied all her life and knew the look of a person who enjoyed pushing people around. She could tell that the slick haired boy was one of these people, and hoped that being polite to him would make him bored.

"So I guessed right. You're the one who locked the door."

"Guilty," Harry stated sounding and looking bored

.

Feeling like he wasn't being taken seriously, Draco's sneer deepened. "What's your name?" he snapped. Hearing the Draco's tone, Crabbe and Goyle moved in closer to his side, where they glared at each person in the room.

Harry sighed at Draco's apparent anger. "You know it's rude to ask for someone's name without first giving your own." He knew that he was going to piss Malfoy off one way or another, so why not enjoy the process?

Hearing his reply, Draco turned red in anger. The sound of the two older girls fighting back their laughter didn't help his mood, but he knew that when they heard his name they'd shut up. "Draco Malfoy." he stated like his name was gold. "And who are all of you?"

"Cho Chang."

"Katie Bell."

"Hermione Granger."

"Granger? I've never heard of that name before." Draco said, his sneer turning into a look of disgust. "I bet you're a mudbl-"

"Harry Potter." Harry said, cutting Draco's insult off.

Draco's gained a shocked look at hearing his name, before slowly turning it into a smirk that Harry knew to mean trouble. "Well, well. The reclusive Potter heir finally shows his face to the world." Chuckling, he threw Crabbe and Goyle each a look that to anyone else looked like he was gloating, but each of the large boys knew to mean be ready to protect him if the need should arise. "Not that I really blame you for not wanting to show your face. If it was me I wouldn't go out in public ether."

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, no longer sounding bored.

"I'm talking about the shame your father brought on your family when he married what he did." Sighing, Draco shook his head in mock disappointment, not noticing what all the others in the compartment had. Harry's eyes had taken on an emerald green glow, and his hands had started to shake. "Even if she is beautiful, to bring that into a family with as much history as yours is a disgrace, don't you think?"

Harry knew that if he was to let himself go he'd do something that would be bad for him or his family later on. "I think its best you leave... NOW!" growled Harry into the silence of the compartment.

"But more than anything else I feel sorry for you and your sisters." Draco chose this moment to look at Harry, who had his head down obscuring Draco's view of his eyes. "To be the first half bloods ever to be born into to your family must be awful for you. But don't worry about Iris, I've seen her at a few of the Ministry balls and know how beautiful she is." He paused here to lean his head in toward Harry before speaking in a whisper that carried to everyone, "I'll make sure she knows what it's like to have some Pureblood in her."

Draco would have continued on about what he was going to do to Iris, but suddenly felt light as a feather, before the world blurred and he heard the screams of those around him. Snapping his eyes shut, he prepared for the inevitable impact his face was going to make. Instead of hitting a wall, however, his knee's slammed into the ground, taking the force of the impact. He would have continued with his momentum, but felt a searing pain at the crown of his head that stopped him from going anywhere.

Forcing his eyes open through the pain that was pulsing through his knees and head, what Draco saw made him wish he had never opened his eyes. Standing over him was the Potter heir, his long red hair hanging like curtains of blood. One hand disappeared out of Draco's view, but he knew it to be holding a fist full of his hair, explaining his sudden headache. In his other hand was a lethal looking dagger held hovering over his eye. Glancing past the blade, he looked into the face of his attacker. Harry's face was distorted into a mask of pure loathing, but it was his eyes that were the worst for Draco. His eyes no longer had any white around the iris, nor did they possess the black of the retina. Now they only held a haunting emerald glow that reminded Draco of the color of the killing curse his father had used on one of their family peacocks when he was younger.

Between Draco flying through the air and the sudden feeling that they were being suffocated, the others in the room were slow to realize what was going on. One by one each of their eyes landed on the scene of Draco kneeling before Harry, who, depending on who you asked, looked to be either a bloodthirsty demon or an avenging angel.

"Did you just threaten to rape my sister?" Harry's voice sent chills of fear down the spines of all who heard it. None felt this effect more so than Draco.

"N-no I s-swear-" stuttered Draco before being cut off.

"SILENCE!" Harry roared at the now crying boy. He knew that the Draco of his time had been many terrible things, but had never said anything close to indicating he would force himself on a woman, and he had turned out to be a Death Eater in the end. If he was saying things like this now, how bad would he be in a few years time? Wouldn't it be better to just end the piece of trash now, before someone had to suffer for his pleasure. More importantly, so that his Iris never had to suffer because of him?

Nodding his head to his own thoughts, Harry slowly brought the dagger down from above Draco's eye, causing him to let out a sigh of relief that died in his throat as he felt the chill of the blade being pressed to his jugular.

"Please... I'm s-sorry! I'll n-never-." Draco sobbed before trailing off, his fear making him unable to finish his sentence.

Not that anyone could see it through his glowing eyes, but under the hate he was feeling, Harry knew he was going to enjoy feeling his blade slicing into something. When he had cut Fletchers hand, he had felt a burst of joy. Later on it had disturbed and disgusted him that he could feel that way about another's pain, but when he saw Umbridge earlier he had felt as if nothing would have made him happier to drag her into a back alley and go Jack the Ripper on her fat ass. Now here he was once again, that same feeling of wanting to sink his blade into someone pulsing through him, and this time he was going to get what he wanted.

Planning to savor the feeling, Harry slowly added pressure to his wrist, making Draco suck in a shuddering breath at the increased weight of the blade on his throat. As Harry kept adding pressure, something caught his attention. It sounded like the heavy breathing of a crying girl. Looking up Harry saw the reactions of those around him.

Crabbe and Goyle both had looks of fear on their faces. They had both caused people pain in their young lives, but to kill someone was something neither had ever even thought of. From the way the boy was holding Draco, there was no doubt in their small minds that today he was going to be killed.

Cho and Katie were both shocked at the scene before them. How could the kind, funny, sweet boy that they had both enjoyed spending the train ride with, now be standing over someone with a knife to their throat?

But it was when he saw Hermione that he realized who had been making those sounds. Still sitting in the same spot, she had broken out in tears. Her heavy breathing was what had drawn his attention away from Draco. Though they looked nothing alike, as Harry stared at the book loving girl that had been his sister in all but blood in his past life, he saw his youngest sister sitting in her place.

The thought of Ivy gave him pause and slowly cleared away his blood lust. He knew that if he killed the trash in front of him, he'd be thrown into Azkaban for life, never to see his family again. Not only that, but he would scar those around him. If Hermione was any

indicator at how bad she would be after seeing something like that, he knew it would destroy them. Thinking of all this, the glow of his eyes slowly faded away until only his irises were left green.

Leaning down, Harry spoke so that only Draco could hear what he had to say. "You're lucky that there are others here right now, because if they weren't I'd slit your throat and stuff your body in the luggage rack. You will not tell anyone about what has happened here today, not even that greasy haired godfather of yours. Nor will you so much as look at any female in a way that makes them feel uncomfortable. If I hear so much as a whisper about you doing ether, I'll do things to you that will make your aunty Bella look like a saint. Do you understand me?"

Still too afraid to speak, Draco let out a whimper as he nodded his head.

"Good... now leave!" Harry commanded, as he took the dagger away from Draco's neck, leaving a long, angry looking mark in its place. If any of the others had been watching the dagger they would have seen it apparently disappear into thin air when Harry slid it into his invisibility robe.

Not needing to be told twice to leave, Draco jumped up before tearing out of the compartment, not waiting on Crabbe and Goyle. Both of whom stood in the doorway until a look from Harry sent them stumbling after their friend.

Closing his eyes, Harry took a deep breath to calm down. Even if he had calmed enough to let Draco go, there was still something inside of him screaming to go hunt him down and finish what he had started, before he had a chance to harm his Iris.

Knowing that all the deep breaths in the world weren't going to do anything to stop him from wanting Draco's head, and becoming confused as to why he was calling Iris his, Harry opened his eyes to take in the state of the girls. What he saw made him feel awful.

Cho had backed away into a corner where she could keep Harry in sight. It didn't escape him that she had her wand in her hand. Katie had scooted over to the still crying Hermione and was attempting to calm her, while making sure to keep an eye on him.

Not knowing what to do Harry took a hesitant step forward, wanting to try and help and calm Hermione down. He was stopped when Cho pointed her wand at him.

"Stop... don't come any closer." Cho told him in a shaky voice.

Harry raised his hands and took a step back, so that the girls would calm down. "Katie, Hermione... will you two please look at me?"

Both girls wouldn't admit it after what they had just seen him do, but each took comfort in the sound of his voice. It was the only reason why Katie and Hermione joined Cho in giving him their attention. Cho hadn't taken her eyes off Harry since before Draco had left. She hated to admit it, but she still felt drawn to him even after what he had done.

"Listen, I know you three have to be very scared right now, but I can explain-."

"Explain?" Hermione yelled through her tears, causing the others in the compartment, Harry included, to jump at her sudden outburst. "What could you possibly have to say about why you broke so many rul- no not rules, laws? What's to keep you from doing to us what you did to him?" Even if she did find his voice soothing, and he had been kind and friendly to her, what he had done was something she couldn't forgive. She didn't want a friend who was capable of doing so.

Harry sighed in frustration. "Do you remember what he said before I did what I did?" Harry asked not only Hermione, but the other two as well.

"He was talking about your family... your sister to be exact." Katie answered looking pensive. After the shock of seeing what they had she had almost forgotten Draco's words.

"And do any of you recall exactly what he said last?"

"He said he would make sure she had some..." Cho trailed off as she realized what Draco had meant by his words. "You don't think he meant it like that do you?" She asked feeling slightly sick at the line her thoughts were taking.

"No... Surely not," replied Katie. She really didn't want to think someone would so casually say something like that. "I mean he's too young to think like that."

Harry snorted at this. "Please you're what, twelve? Did you think boys were icky just a year ago?" Harry's voice was thick with sarcasm. "Because I can assure you that even though most eleven and twelve year old guys are immature, we do know what sex is and yes, we do want it." Harry knew he had gone a bit far when the three girls froze in place just staring at him, after his little outburst. Even Hermione who had been crying just a moment before was looking at him with a blush that was matched by the two older girls. "Aggh! Damn it, what I'm trying to say is that it is possible for him to be thinking about sex, and with his father being who he is then it's a very real possibility that he may try something like that in the future."

Hermione could see his point, but she couldn't get over what he had done. "Yes it's wrong what he said, but do you really think holding him at knife point was the answer? You couldn't have waited until we got to Hogwarts and then told a teacher?"

"And what good would it be to go running to an adult? It would have been our word against theirs and in the end nothing would have been done." Harry was trying to keep his patience with her, but his anger from before was still lingering, and the fact that she was refusing to see his side of things was getting to him.

"Of course a teacher would have done something," said an outraged Hermione. "That's what teachers are there for. To pass on their knowledge and guide us on the road of life. That includes taking care of problem students."

"Okay you don't know this, but there is a teacher at Hogwarts named Severus Snape. He is the potions master, and the head of Slytherin house. Now contrary to what you believe a teacher should be like, he lets his students get away with just about anything they want." Hermione looked as if she was about to comment, but Harry continued before she could get started. "And while I know for a fact that he would never let one of his students get away with raping someone, this situation is different. The blonde haired punk that was just here is his godson. There is no way he'd allow him to be punished for something he supposedly said, especially something that could have such devastating consequences for him."

"You're exaggerating, there's no way that Dumbledore would allow a teacher like that to work at Hogwarts."

"Actually..." Cho said wincing. Harry thought that with her nose squinted the way it was, she looked extremely cute. That is, until he realized he was perving out when he should be trying to persuade those around him from getting him kicked out of school. "Professor Snape is exactly like that. He acts like he hates everyone besides those in his own house. Though now that you mentioned it, I do wonder why Dumbledore still allows him to teach, considering how he behaves toward the students of other houses."

"Even if that's true," the way Hermione said this let them all know she didn't think so, "It was still wrong to do what you did."

"Look Hermione, I'm sorry if I made you and the others uncomfortable with how I reacted, but I'm not sorry for scaring the little bastard the way I did." Harry told her, his voice full of conviction. "With how his family is, I couldn't afford to let what he said pass as an idle threat. I did what I did in anger, but as I was doing it I knew that he would think twice before he ever lays a hand on her. But there is a way to guarantee that he'll try it and do it anyway."

"And what's that?" Hermione asked, curious as to what would give Draco the courage to try and cross Harry after his display of power.

"If I'm not at Hogwarts." He stated simply. "If I were to get kicked out for what happened here today, he'd see it as a way to get revenge on me. To go after her where I couldn't get to him. That's why I'm going to ask you to do me a favor."

"And what would that be?" She asked with narrowed eyes.

"I want you, and you two as well," he pointed to Cho and Katie. "To pretend that you didn't see anything today."

"I will not lie for you!" Hissed a scandalized Hermione.

"I'm not asking any of you to lie. I only ask that you keep quiet about what you saw." He said, looking pleadingly to each of them. "Draco won't go to anyone; the only way a teacher will find out is if one of you were to say something to someone. If it reaches the teachers

ears what I've done, my wand will be snapped and I'll never be allowed to learn or use magic ever again."

Silence once again fell in the compartment. All three girls knew that what he said had been true. They each had a shudder go down their spines at the thought of being kicked out of the magic world, to know that they had the ability to use magic, but would never be permitted to use it.

"I'll keep quiet." Cho said softly. By this point she had lowered her wand. "I can't imagine what it would be like to hear someone say that about your family. I doubt if I could react as fast as you did, but I agree that he should have been made to fear you. Though I don't think he will try anything with your sister in the future, I do think that he will eventually try and get you back for humiliating him."

"Thank you." Harry replied gratefully. "As for Draco trying something, I'm not worried about him. All he needs is for someone to show him that not everything in life is going to be handed to him."

"Well if you're going to go around messing with him, then I have to keep quiet." said a smirking Katie. "Besides after what he said, I thought you should have beaten his ass instead of letting him run off with his tail between his legs."

"Something tells me I should never piss you off." Harry said chuckling at her playful glare.

"I'll keep quiet too." Hermione said, gaining their attention. Harry felt as if a weight had been taken off his shoulders. He was going to tell her how much he appreciated her silence, but was cut off by her before he could. "However, I don't think I can be your friend ether."

"Why?" Asked a shocked Harry.

"I know you went off on him like that because of what he said about your sister, but I can't help but be afraid of you." She said apologetically. "It scares me that you could go from being as nice and charming as you were just minutes before he showed up, to holding a knife to someone's throat and look as if you'd have no qualms about killing them."

"I... uh... I guess that I understand." All three girls could hear his shock and hurt.

Hermione had felt awful about saying that she couldn't be friends with the first person she had found that had been nice to her, but she couldn't help being scared of him either. Every time he would move, she couldn't help but to flinch away, fearing that he was going to turn on her. However, now she felt even worse. Seeing the hurt look on his face and the sound of his voice going from sounding as if it had magic laced through it, to sounding as if he was losing his best friend.

"I'll see you guys later." Harry told the 2nd years, before turning to a surprised Hermione. "Hopefully I'll be able to change your mind someday about being friends with me."

"Wait! Where are you going?" Hermione asked shocked that not only that he didn't seem mad, but looked as if he was going to leave instead of kicking her out. "I'm the one who should be leaving, not you."

Harry smiled kindly at her. "Hermione, its fine. I have other friends on the train I can go hang out with for the remainder of the ride." Harry was lying of course, the only other friend he had was an antisocial girl that was more his sister's friend than his own. "You on the other hand don't really know anyone else besides the three of us. So it makes sense that you stay here with these two, instead of trying to make friends with other people in the short amount of time we have left before arriving at Hogsmeade."

"But, uh." Hermione mumbled as she cast nervous looks at the two older girls. "Do they even want me around? I mean I feel like I'm running you off, and you're the reason they're here. Wouldn't they want to go with you?"

"Oi!" Katie called throwing her arm around Hermione's neck causing her to squeak. "It's true we came here to see the cutie with the temper of a hippogriff..."

"Hey!" Yelled an indignant Harry.

"But you're our friend now too, so we'll do this like a divorce." Katie announced, unknowingly easing Hermione's tension. "We'll spend

any train time that may potentially become awkward for Hermione with her, and any time that Harry wants to spend in a broom closet with him."

"Katie!" Whined a red Cho, whose color was being matched by Hermione and Harry to a lesser extent.

"Well on that happy note, I'll be leaving." Harry said, chuckling. A small part of him hoped that Katie's words would come true. "I still hope we're in the same house Hermione. Oh, and Katie? Cho?" He stopped at the door that had closed sometime during their talk and turned back to the two girls. "I'll be looking forward to my closet time with the both of you." He left behind three blushing witches and the sound of his laughter.

"I can't tell if he's going to be more trouble, or fun in the future." Katie said to a nodding Cho.

A still red faced Hermione sighed, catching the other two's attention as she fell into her seat. "I'm such a bad person. Did you see how hurt he looked when I told him I couldn't be his friend?" Before either girl could answer her, Hermione continued. "I mean he lets me join him and cheers me up when I was upset. He introduces me to two new friends and he stopped that Malfoy boy from calling me the M-word. And what do I do? I run him off because I'm scared of him. And he's such a nice person that he doesn't complain, but leaves with a smile and tells me it would be better for him to go, so that it doesn't inconvenience me."

"While I don't think he would hurt any of us, I do think you did the right thing." Cho told her, taking a seat on her right. She put a comforting arm around Hermione's shoulder.

"You do?"

"Yes I do. If you don't feel comfortable around someone, then you need to remove yourself, or the other person, from the picture."

"She's right you know." Katie joined in, throwing her own arm around the bushy haired first year. "Besides, if you ever get over how you feel about him, I'm sure he'll still be your friend."

"Thanks guys, you really are good friends." said a beaming Hermione.

"So..." Said Katie as a smirk appeared on her face. "Do you think he was talking just about you, Cho, or all three of us when he said he wanted sex?"

"KATIE!"

AN: First just let me say before people start leaving reviews about how they don't think Draco would have said what he did, that it is not uncommon for boys his age to know about sex. I know myself and my friends were talking about it as early as the 3rd grade and something tells me we weren't the only ones. And yes If I could have found some girl at that point in time who would have let me I would have done things that no child that age should do. So is it really that hard to believe that an eleven year old boy would know and want to have sex? And with who his father is I don't see him not saying something like he did about Iris.

Also if you think Harry over reacted then you must not have read the chapters that came before this one. Not only would he be overly protective of his family, but we all know how much he wants Iris. Also if you think the girls forgave him too fast (I know if I don't say this I'll get at least 20 reviews telling me they did) think about it like this, you always are more forgiving to people who you find attractive, and if you haven't noticed Harry's better looking in this story. On top of that Cho and Katie had both heard of the Malfoys past and know that Draco may have meant what he said. And I don't know about any of you but rape just makes me sick.

Also I don't consider what I did with Hermione bashing. She's a young girl who is very easy to scare and not the hardened Hermione from Harry's timeline. Will they become friends again? Most likely! Will they be as close as last timeline? Who knows! As to Ron I don't plan on bashing him either, nor do I plan on Dumbledore bashing. It's too easy a road to go down. But just because I won't bash them does not mean they're going to be friends either. You'll just have to wait and see what happens.

Now then, there is a new poll up for the Patronus. It's been up for a while, but I won't take it down until next chapter so no worries. ALSO PLEASE DO NOT BITCH IF YOUR CHOICE DOES NOT WIN! I can

not tell you how many people have whinned and yes bitched about the winner of the animagus poll. When I tried to tell one person that I let the fans do the picking he sent me a PM cussing me out and then decide it would be fun to nit pick about chapter 10 and 11. He has been blocked now. And no I wont block you if you tell me hate my work, but if you do so just to piss me off then I'll be blocking your ass.

So as always I love you all my reviews, yes even some of you haters out there. I'll see you soon and hope to see your reviews.

AN: Sorry for the wait, my beta and myself have both been busy. Also I don't own HP and used McGonagall's speech for P.S. in this chapter.

"Firs' years! Firs' years over here!" Hagrid called, waving his lantern signaling where the group of first years should be. Towering over all of the nervous looking eleven year olds was Hagrid, his hairy form looking almost sinister from how his light he was holding illuminated him.

Harry was having a hard time not breaking out in laughter at the sight of all the old faces he knew, looking so small and scared next to the half giant.

"What has you sniggering?" An emotionless voice asked from behind him.

Turning he was greeted by the sight of an obviously cold Daphne Greengrass, who had bundled herself up in her school robes, her normally cream colored skin was now a raw red from the constant wind that added to the chill in the night air.

"Wow Daphne, maybe you should take that robe off? You look like your burning up," Harry joked. Seeing her eyes narrow a fraction, he guessed that cold weather made the normally emotionless girl cranky. "Okay, no need to glare. How about a warming charm?" He asked her holding up his wand. Not waiting for her answer, he quickly cast the spell on her. He could tell the spell had worked almost immediately.

"Thank you," Daphne said quietly as she lowered her shoulders, no longer trying to block the wind. "I hate the cold."

"So if I ever want to avoid you, I should just go somewhere it's cold and crowded?" Harry asked her cheekily.

Daphne's response came in the form of a blank stare that clearly said, 'That wasn't funny!' "So are you going to tell me what had laughing?" She asked just before Hagrid yelled for the first years to follow him.

"I just think it's funny how short we all look compared to Hagrid."

"Everyone looks short compared to him." Daphne said as she looked to the crowd and back to Harry. "Though you do seem to be the second tallest in our year."

"I know, and here I was, so looking forward to looking down on all you little first years." Harry told her as he grabbed her by the elbow, keeping her from falling down on the slippery path.

"Thank you... again." Daphne said as she blew one of the few hairs that had escaped from her pony tail out of her face. "You would think they would make this path a little easier, considering they have this thing called magic."

Harry couldn't help but to agree with her. The path they were on was not only slick, but was on an incline that was narrow and dark even with the aid of Hagrid's light. Having been on the same path once before in his first, first year, he knew that it would be leveling out soon.

"It's alright; I think I can see something up ahead." He told her, hoping to soothe her.

"Here she is," Hagrid called over his massive shoulder, "Hogwarts!"

Just like in his first lifetime the narrow path suddenly widened leading them to the edge of the black lake. Across the water, high on a mountain was Hogwarts in all its glory.

As all the other first years went 'Ooooooh' at the sight at the sight of the giant castle, Harry threw Daphne a glance, only to see her trying to wipe the mud of her shoes. It became very clear to him at that moment that she was no twat you would call an 'outdoors type of girl'.

Chuckling, he tapped her on the shoulder grabbing her attention. "If you don't want to get your shoes any dirtier, I suggest we hurry and grab one of those boats."

Looking over to the edge of the lake, she saw the long row of tiny boats, bobbing up and down in the water. Nodding her head that she agreed, she led him over to the closest boat.

Harry was lending Daphne his hand, helping her in to a boat, when Hagrid's voice reached them, telling all that there should be no more than four people to each boat. They had taken their seat when their boat started rocking announcing two new arrivals. Looking back Harry saw that Stephen Cornfoot and Wayne Hopkins, two boys Harry couldn't remember ever talking to in his past life, had been the ones to join them in their boat. Smiling and nodding to each Harry turned his attention back to the sight of Hogwarts, setting on its mountain with the star filled sky as a back drop, he couldn't deny that it was beautiful and he wanted to enjoy it while he could.

"Alrigh', you lot ready?" Hagrid called out to the students. Not getting any answers, he nodded his great shaggy head as he bellowed, "FORWARD!"

The ride across the lake was as enjoyable for Harry, as it had been the first time he had gone across. As the boats drew near the cliff, Hagrid called for all to lower their heads as they entered the dark tunnel through the curtain of Ivy.

Daphne who had along with all the others had lowered her head, but when she had looked over to her long haired friend she saw him with his head held high. Noting that nothing was happening to him and coupled with the fact that he was taller than her and more likely to be hit in the head by any low hanging obstacles, she slowly raised her own head.

"Why didn't you lower your head?" Daphne whispered, while trying to keep her voice low the annoyance she had felt with herself had made its way into her question, as she kept a look out around the dark tunnel in case something did threaten to bash her in the head.

"If a man of Hagrid's size doesn't have to lower his head to keep from getting hit, what are the chances that we will?" Seeing her look over at the future Care of Magical Creatures Professor, he continued. "And I don't mean this in an offensive way, but he could lie down in his boat and he'd still have more of a chance of hitting his head than we would."

Daphne turned to him with a lifted eyebrow. "A bit of an exaggeration, don't you think?" Daphne asked her tone had lost the small sliver of annoyance it had held earlier and was back to her normal bored sounding self.

Shrugging his shoulders he replied, "Maybe a bit."

Feeling the boat hit land, Harry jumped out on to the loose rocks and pebbles. Holding out a helping hand for Daphne, he waited to hear the half giant call out about Neville's toad, but was surprised when the next call was for everyone to follow him.

'I shouldn't be too surprised. If what Draco said when we were younger was true about toads being out of fashion, then there is no way the Boy-Who-Lived would have one.' Harry thought as he made his way up the stairs with the other first years to the giant, oak front door. If he had been paying attention to his own thoughts and had recalled his earlier discussion with Hermione, then he may have realized the flash of annoyance he would get any time Neville was brought up.

"Allrigh' you lot, all you'ens still here? Good!" Raising his huge fist, he pounded on the oak door three times.

As he pulled his large fist back to his side, the door had already started to open revealing Professor McGonagall in bottle ink green robes and her hair pulled back into a tight bun. Not for the first time Harry wondered if she would have wrinkles if she was to let her hair down?

"Here they are Professor." Presenting her with the first years, Hagrid turned and left not waiting for her to respond.

Watching the half giant run off like he had, made Harry wonder if his large friend, had any new 'pets' that he was wanting to get back to?

"Follow me!" Professor McGonagall said sternly, but not unkindly to the gathered students.

Following their soon to be Professor, she lead them through the entrance hall to a class room that was empty except for an abandoned teachers desk.

Turning her stern gaze on the group of first years, they all had the impression that she was sizing them up. Resulting in some of the more nervous students to stand up straighter.

"Welcome to Hogwarts," said Professor McGonagall. "The start-of-term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the great hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts. You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory, and spend free time in your house common room."

"The four houses are called Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. Each house has its own noble history and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rule breaking will lose house points, at the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup, a great honor. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours."

"The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarten yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting."

Unlike in Harry's first time being in this room, McGonagall didn't stay around long enough to leer at those she found to be in a messy state of dress, instead as soon as she had given her speech she turned and left.

As the door closed behind the Professor, the group of students broke out in conversations that were equal parts excited and nervous.

"- wish I knew how we're sorted!"

"My parents wouldn't tell me."

"As long as I'm not in Hufflepuff-"

Growing bored of listening to the babble around him, Harry made his way over to the unused teacher's desk. He hadn't expected for Daphne to follow him over, but when he hopped up on the desk she was already standing beside him leaning against it.

"Thank you." Daphne said quietly as she ignored all the questioning looks Harry and herself were receiving.

"No problem... Now what exactly did I do to deserve your thanks?" Harry asked as he scanned the crowd of students.

"Like I said yesterday, I don't like crowded places." She reminded him. "You coming over here gave me an excuse to get away from all of them."

"Huh, well then, you're welcome," Harry said. "We're friends... Well at least I think we're friends?" Daphne's lips twitched in what Harry was assuming was a smile, as she nodded her head yes that they were indeed friends. "Then in that case, any time you need an exit from a crowd, tell me and I'll help in any way I can."

"My brother Fred said the sorting hurts a lot." Came a voice that Harry would know anywhere.

Following the voice Harry got his first look at this world's Ron, Zacharias, and Neville. Ron looked exactly the same as his counterpart did from Harry's world had during their sorting night, dirt on the nose and all. Even though Hermione had talked about him earlier, Harry was still surprised to see Zacharias Smith with him. The average looking blond boy, had his hair cut close to his head showing his ears that seemed to just a tad too big for his head, coupled with the sneer he was wearing and his brown eyes, he gave Harry the impression of a mouse. What had surprised Harry about the boy's presents wasn't that he looked like a mouse, but was the fact that he had been in Ginny's year, in Harry's original time line. However it wasn't that Ron and Zacharias, two people who hated each other, were together that surprised him most, but the way Neville had changed. His looks hadn't changed one bit, but the way he held himself spoke volumes. On his face was a bored expression, which wouldn't have looked out of place on a Malfoy.

"Really, Weasley?" Zacharias asked turning his sneer on Ron. "Are you that thick? What do you expect them to do, hold us under the Cruciatus, until they decide where to put us?"

Ron turned a shade of red that Harry had seen many times when Ron would become angry. However before he could spit out a retort, he was cut off.

"I know how they sort us!" Neville said, gaining the attention of all those in the room.

Harry noticed that as all of the room turned to him, Neville's chest seemed to swell from all the attention his words had gained him. It was just another way this Neville was different from the original.

"Come on Neville, tell us!" Pleaded Zacharias, his sneer had disappeared, almost like magic.

"I would, but when Dumbledore told me how it's done, he asked me not to tell anyone else." Said a smug looking Neville.

Harry highly doubted that Dumbledore had told him anything. If he did know about the Sorting Hat, then it was more likely that his parents had caved in and told him. But then again if Neville could change as much as he had, then it was possible that Dumbledore had as well.

"We're going to find out soon anyway, why not go ahead and tell us?" Asked a dark haired boy, that Harry thought was named Kevin Entwhistle.

"It's not my fault that no one thought you were important enough to tell." Neville chuckled at the affronted look Kevin gained at his words. "Though it doesn't come as a surprise that I seem to be the only one here who knows how it's done. It's only natural that I The-Boy-Who-Lived would know!" As he announced who he was, Neville held his arms wide as if to showcase himself to those in the room.

'Oh god, he's going to be worse than I thought!' Harry sighed in annoyance. 'He's acting like a mini Lockhart! If he starts handing out autographs I swear I'll push him off the Astronomy tower.'

Around the room, there were many different reactions to Neville's introduction. Those who didn't know who he was wore confused looks, while those who knew him and of him had looks ranging from awe to hate and even a few that spoke of indifference.

Before anymore could be said or thought, the ghost started streaming through the back wall, just as they had the first time Harry had been brought into this room by McGonagall. And just like in Harry's original world, most of the room jumped from the shock of the sudden intrusion by the ghost.

Neville who still had his arms out when the ghost showed up, wacked Zacharias in the back of the head when he jumped. Looking around he was happy to see that no one had seen his mess up. It wasn't until he heard laughter that he realized that there had in fact been someone who had seen his slip up.

Turning in the direction of the laughter, he was greeted by the sight of a pretty blond girl that he knew to be named Daphne Greengrass. He had never seen her show even the smallest sign of emotion, but when he saw the corner of her lip turned up, he felt his self flush in embarrassment. This would have been bad enough all on its own, but when he saw a long haired boy outright laughing at him, he felt his embarrassment turn to anger and jealousy.

Not only was this boy insulting him, but he was close to Daphne, a girl Neville had tried many times to talk to only to receive a cold shoulder.

"You've had your fun scaring the first years, now move along!" McGonagall said, announcing her return, giving the ghost a disapproving look. "Now if the rest of you will please follow me? I'll lead you to where the sorting will be taking place."

Turning to leave, McGonagall saw Daphne and Harry off a ways from the rest of the group. "Mr. Potter, I would like to ask you to refrain from using any of the desks you come across as your personal stool." She said using a tone that Harry knew she reserved for people she had a great disliking for. "They are made for the placement of books, parchment, and anything of the like, not for your hind-quarters!"

By the end of McGonagall's telling off, the entire group of first years had turned their attention to Harry. Rubbing the back of his neck he chuckled nervously. "Sorry about that Professor," Sliding off the desk, landing beside Daphne. "Won't happen again!"

Pursing her lips, she looked as if she wanted to say more, but gave a curt nod before leading the others out of the room.

"I don't think she likes you!" Daphne told him quietly.

Harry sighed as his shoulders slumped. "I'm getting the same feeling," he replied.

Following the others back out into the entrance hall, past the suits of armor, each of which held many different weapons, and to the giant double doors that were the threshold to the Great Hall.

Placing a hand on the heavy looking doors, McGonagall pushed them open with an ease that a woman of her size shouldn't have been able to. As the doors swung open, the nervous energy coming off of the soon to be sorted first years seem to be almost physical. Even Daphne, the normally stoic girl could be seen nervously fidgeting. The sight of the Great Hall, filled to the brim with older students who were focusing solely on them didn't seem to be helping Harry's fellow year mates get over their nerves.

Having been in this situation before, Harry wasn't worried in the slightest. Walking with a confidence of someone much older than eleven, he followed all those who were in front of him, in a line to the front of the hall, where McGonagall lined them up in front of the staff table, looking out at the sea of students.

Before he turned to face the older students he checked out the staff. All the teachers from his first year were there. Snape, his bored look in place. Quirrel, stuttering away to the Potions Master. And Flitwick, who if Harry wasn't mistaken looked to be upset about something.

Placing the dirty, old rag, known as the Sorting Hat, on a stool, McGonagall stepped away as the hat started its song. Harry had to fight his urge to laugh, at those who had lined up with him, when they jumped in fright at the now singing hat.

Having heard the hat sing a few times in the past, it didn't really interest Harry to hear it again, so instead he opted to try and see if any of the faces he knew from his original world, were wearing new colors in this one.

Searching the sea of faces, Harry could see a few here and there that had changed houses, but none that he really knew personally. That is until his gaze landed on the Ravenclaw table, where he saw something that made him dread the thought of being in the house of Knowledge. Sitting with Penelope Clearwater on his right and his left side, left unoccupied all the way down, open for the first years to take their seats, was Percy Weasley, adjusting his prefect badge, which

shined as if he had spent his entire summer polishing it, which he most likely had.

Groaning at the thought of having to deal with the uptight boy, Harry joined those around him in clapping for the end of the hats song.

"As I call your name, you will come and place the Sorting Hat on your head, where he will then sort you into your house." McGonagall informed the first years. "Abbott, Hannah!" And like that the sorting started.

Harry paid minimal attention to who went where, only listening to see who was placed differently than last time. The first person to be put into a different house and truly grab Harry's attention was Michal Corner, who instead of being placed in Ravenclaw, was sent to Hufflepuff.

After Michal, those who were called ended up going to the same house as they had last time, resulting in Harry quickly losing interest.

The next person that Harry paid any real attention to was Hermione. Harry watched as his bushy haired friend, or in this time line acquaintance, stepped out of line, walking shakily up to the stool. As she picked up the hat, she glanced back along the line of yet to be sorted students, until she found Harry. Finding who she was looking for, she stared at him, sending him a look that seemed to question whether she should trust his earlier advice.

Not knowing what else to do, Harry sent her a soft smile, before mouthing the words, "Ask the hat!" to her.

Watching him for a second longer, she nodded her head before she proceeded to hop on to the stool, where she placed the hat on her head. By the time the hat had covered her eyes and she had began her conversation with the mind reading and talking hat, most of the hall had followed her line of sight, wondering why the first year had been just standing there instead of hurrying up with the sorting. Meaning most of the school now had its focus on Harry.

While he wondered if Hermione would still take his advice after scaring her the way he had on the train, he could hear some of the whispers of those who were looking at him. Knowing Hermione

would be a while he leaned forward a bit and strained his ears as hard as he could to try and hear what was being said.

"He's so adorable!"

"Such a cutie, I just want to hug him!"

"Oi! Fred... George! Looks like there's a whole mess of red heads this year. How many of them belong to your family?"

The last statement aside, Harry had a sense of dread pass over him. While it was true girls around his age thought he was handsome, he was getting the feeling that the older girls were going to see him as nothing more than something cute and cuddly, which they could hug and squeeze... like a teddybear.

As his thoughts took this route, he remembered the day in Flourish & Blotts when he had almost gotten Iris and his self kicked out of the bookstore, but had ended up being hugged by the girl who worked there. Looking around the hall he tried to find her and was surprised when he found her sitting at the Ravenclaw table, staring up at him. Seeing him looking at her she sent him dazzling smile and a small wave. As he waved back, a flash of silver caught his eye, looking down from her face, he saw the Head Girl badge on her chest, which resulted in him remembering the hug she had given him and the way she had pressed his head into said chest. Thinking of the hug caused him to blush a deep red.

Seeing his color change, the Head girl and her two friends sitting on either side of her, broke out in giggles thinking the young boy had blushed as a result of him having a crush on the waving girl. As he watched them laughing, Harry couldn't help, but think that if girls as attractive as those three where the ones hugging him, then he wouldn't be all that upset about being seen as a teddy bear.

"RAVENCLAW!" Roared the Sorting Hat, jerking Harry away from daydreams of being a snuggle buddy for attractive 'older' girls.

He was happy to see that Hermione had been placed in Ravenclaw. It gave him hope that there may still be a chance in the future for a friendship between her and him.

"Greengrass, Daphne!" Called the Deputy Headmistress.

"Good luck," Harry whispered to the stoic girl, who nodded as she made her way to the stool.

Placing the hat on her head, it was only on for a few seconds before it let out a call of, Ravenclaw.

Along with the entire Ravenclaw table, Harry clapped for his friend. As the clapping died down Harry once again lost interest as Meagan Jones, was called forth and didn't pay attention until a call of Longbottom Neville, was called.

Hearing his name, Harry noticed that unlike when he had been called during his first sorting, and the hall had filled with excited chatter about his arrival, the hall wasn't as eager to get a look at the Boy-Who-Lived. Maybe it was the fact that Harry had grown up away from the magical world, resulting in when he was sorted being the first time most had ever laid eyes on him, whereas Neville had grown up in the spot light for all to see, making him less of a novelty. None the less it didn't stop him from swaggering up to the stool.

Remembering how long it had taken Neville to be sorted the first time, Harry was anticipating seeing him sweat a bit. However, Harry was shocked when as soon as the hat touched Neville's head; it let out a call of Gryffindor.

"Well that was surprise," Harry said to himself as Neville made his way over to the clapping group of Gryffindors.

After the clapping had died down for what felt like the hundredth time, McGonagall started calling names again. Macmillan, McDougal, Malfoy (who still looked to be very jumpy), Moon, Nott, Parkinson, two Patil's, and a Perks later and it was Harry's turn.

"Potter, Harry!" McGonagall said, sounding snappy when she called him.

Putting on a charming smile, Harry sauntered up to her and took the offered hat. Giving her a 'Thank you' as he sat down and placed the hat on his head, which he was a little disappointed when it still fell over his eyes.

'Well, well, if it isn't little bitty Harry. How are you enjoying your new lease on life?' Asked a voice Harry hadn't been expecting to hear again.

'Kar, is that you?' Harry thought.

'The one and only,' Kar said mischievously in to Harry's mind.

'How are you in the hat? Did you do kill it?' Harry thought, sending a mental groan to the childish god.

'Well, excuse me for missing you! I thought you might like some help from an old friend. But I can see that I was wrong. Good bye!' Kar thought, sounding like a kicked puppy.

'Wait! Kar, I'm sorry, I just didn't expect to hear you is all.' Harry thought in what he hoped was a gentle manner.

'Are you sure? I could leave and let you deal with the fallout on your own!' Kar asked sounding like a child with its ego bruised.

'I'm sure. Now what are you talking about helping me with?' Harry asked.

'What I'm talking about is the Sorting Hat, not turning a dimension/time traveler over to old man Bumblebee!' Kar said in a singsong voice, his hurt feeling forgotten.

'Oh shit... I completely forgot about it reading my mind. That would have ended very badly for me... Thanks Kar. You're a life savor, literally!' Harry thought gratefully.

'No problem, I know I'm awesome!' Kar thought, making Harry picture a smug looking Kar in his head.

'I have a question for you about the whole soul thing. Do you think you can answer it for me?'

"This is pathetic!" A voice called out that Harry knew belonged to Neville.

Pulling up the hat, Harry along with everyone else in the hall looked over to the pudgy boy.

"What has the four great families fallen to?" Neville asked shaking his head as he enjoyed his new bit of time in the spot light. "First the Black family doesn't have an heir because the head of the family can't stop running around with women. Then you have the Bones family, who can't get a single member out of the house of left overs. And now the Potter heir can't even get sorted. Truly you are all pathetic."

Out of the corner of his eye Harry saw Susan lower her head. He thought she was sad or embarrassed by how her family had been disrespected, but when he took a better look he could see her clench her hands in anger. Harry had to admit he knew it would be hard to say something back if you had someone say that about you in front of your future school mates. It was why he cut McGonagall off before she could tell him to be quite.

"Longbottom," Harry said in a quietly but carrying voice, which drew everyone's attention to him, including the staff. "If you have anything in that thick skull of yours, then it would be wise to shut your damn mouth. I won't stand by and watch you run your mouth about my family or friends. If you think I'll be like all those sheep who kiss your ass because you supposedly killed Voldemort, then you have another thing coming!"

There was complete silence after Harry finished talking, until as one, the hall was filled with hisses, angry and scared shouts of shock, and a look of bewilderment on the faces of the few who didn't know who Voldemort was.

Harry had to admit, that unlike his past self who had hated it when people were scared of the word, now it seemed funny to him that a supposedly dead man could have this much rule over people and still deep down below his amusement he felt a little sad for them. But more than anything, seeing Neville look like he was going to shit himself was the funniest thing he had seen in a while.

Dumbledore watched as the one he thought to be the chosen one, acted as a spoilt child would. 'Is he truly the only hope to saving the world?' Dumbledore thought to his self as he started to stand up to reprimand the boy. That is until the boy with hair the color of blood and who may possible be the choice to save them all, spoke up. As he listened to the boy's words he couldn't help, but to feel he would

be a better choice to be their savior. With the power that was rolling off him, a voice that sounded as if it had magic running through each word, and a demeanor that screamed of confidence, without crossing over into the area of being overly so, like Neville had turned out to be. Yes, this boy would be the perfect choice to lead the light in its darkest hour.

It wasn't until the words 'supposedly killed Voldemort' that Dumbledore was shocked out of his musing. As the hall filled with the voices of those around him, including those of his staff, Dumbledore felt a spark of hope that this boy may be the one to save them. The only problem was that Voldemort had 'marked' Neville, not Harry. He would have to think more on this later, for now he had to restore order to his school.

"SILENCIO!" Dumbledore commanded using a Sonorus, causing all in attendance to quiet at once.

"Now Mister Potter, I will ask you not to use such language again." Dumbledore asked kindly his eye sparkles on full blast.

Chuckling and running a hand through his hair, Harry nodded his head that he wouldn't do it again.

"Thank you. Now that, that's out of the way, may I say bravo, it is rare to find anyone outside myself who is brave enough to use that name." Dumbledore told him as the entire hall leaned forward to see what action the Headmaster would take on the first year.

"It's no problem headmaster." Harry replied.

"Now then, would you be so kind as to lower that hat back down so we can continue with the sorting?" Dumbledore asked.

"Yes sir."

"Before we move on," said the Sorting Hat, in its normal voice, though Harry could hear traces of Kar's own mixed in. "I'd like to inform Mister Longbottom of a few things." The hall was once again shocked, this time to hear the Sorting Hat, calling someone out.

"You said earlier that Hufflepuff was the house of left over's. I would like to tell you that you couldn't have been more wrong. It is the

house of loyalty and hard work, and all of its members should be very proud of themselves for having these be their most outstanding qualities. As to Miss Bones, she could have been in not only Hufflepuff, but Ravenclaw, and Gryffindor as well. As for Mister Potter, he has the cunning and ambition of a Slytherin, the thirst for knowledge of a Ravenclaw, the loyalty and work ethic of a Hufflepuff, and yes he has the courage of a Gryffindor. He is one of the few who has passed through these halls that have the traits of all four houses. And you would do well to remember that." Finished Kar in a stern voice.

"May I ask as to why it is taking so long to pick mister Potters future house?" McGonagall asked as she was one of the first few to regain her composure.

"Well..." Kar said sounding a bit embarrassed. "Its not often I get to talk to anyone, let alone someone as much fun as mister Potter is, so I'm having a bit of a conversation with him."

"Wha-what?" She stuttered sounding scandalized. "I'm going to have to tell you to move it along."

"And I'm going to have to tell you no." Kar said in a mocking tone that sounded like the hat making fun of her. Before she could come up with a retort Kar continued, "May I remind you that without me, you cannot sort the rest of this year's students. So be a good girl Minnie, and sit tight." Saying his piece the hat did a sort of wiggle in Harry's hand causing him to let go, dropping the hat back over his eyes.

'Did you really have to piss McGonagall off?' Harry asked almost whining. 'She already hates me.'

'Me piss someone off? YOU'RE the dumbass who said Voldemort's, name when he isn't more than five feet away from you.' Kar shot back.

'Oh... Damn, I have really got to start thinking these things through before I act.' Harry thought as Kar sent him a mental nod of the head. 'That's what I was trying to ask you before we were interrupted. Why am I acting so violently and why do I feel like stealing everything that I find interesting? I feel like a niffler!'

'Like I told you the last time we met, the soul is where the magic comes from, but it also makes you who you are. You had a small sliver of Voldemort's soul in you for sixteen years. That small sliver was enough for you to pick up his temper and his ability to speak to snakes in that amount of time. Are you following me?" Kar asked, stopping his explanation, so that Harry could process the information.

'...Yeah, I get it.' Harry answered after a moment.

'Now then think of this, your body had the other Harry's soul in it for eleven years. The entire soul resided in this body, even if it was for a shorter amount of time, there was a far greater amount of soul in it. No matter what you do, you're always going to feel the need to steal things you like, hurt your enemies, and want to claim that sister of yours as your own. Though I do have to admit, the theft of the timetuner was a smart move.'

'Yeah," Harry said absentmindedly. 'You said there was a chance that I was the chosen one for this world and I thought it would come in handy.'

'Very true, I loved watching you run around like some kind of magic ninja. Love and I, both enjoyed the show.'

'So I'm always going to have these urges?'

'Yeah you will, but maybe... It might help if you tried mediating, it could help you gain better control over yourself.' Kar suggested. 'Besides, most advance magic involves mediating to a point, like take becoming an first step is to mediate until you find your inner animal.' Here Kar paused, but to Harry it seemed like he had more to say, so he waited quietly for him to continue. 'And now that I think about it, there's another sign of how much the old Harry's soul affected you.'

Sounding interested Harry replied, 'Do tell!'

'Your animagus form! It's a mix of three things. First is your soul, by its self you would have been some type of avian. While old Harry's would have been one that was a sign of death and destruction. And since you were reborn, you ended up with one that is also a sign of rebirth.'

'My animagus form was some type of lightening phoenix.' Harry said a little sharply. 'Not a sign of destruction.'

'Oh! You know what, you're right. I mean, how would I, an all powerful being, know more than you?' Kar asked sarcastically.

Harry sighed mentally. He really needed to stop insulting Kar. 'Sorry... I just don't like the thought that my animal form means something bad.'

'It's fine.' Kar replied sounding a little hurt pausing a moment before he continued. 'Like I was saying, the lightening phoenix, or as most of those who believe in it call it 'The Great Bird of Lightening' is known as a bringer of war. And with the things your old self would have done had he lived and mixed with your own past, I'd say your animagus form is spot on.'

Kar knew that being told all this would affect Harry more than it had the first time he heard about it, the reason being Harry now had first hand knowledge of how bad his impulses would be. Knowing he had a lot to take in Kar asked, 'Listen kid, I may have been able to buy us a small amount of time, but I can tell you McGonagall won't be any happier having to wait much longer. So if you have any more questions, now's the time ask them!'

'Uh... I don't think I have anything else.' Harry told him uncertainly.

'Don't worry about it. I'll be sure and stop in again sometime... I have to admit that besides your constant mood swings you're pretty fun to talk to.' Kar said chuckling.

'Thanks Kar, you too!' Harry thought softly.

'Now, are you ready to join the other birds?' Kar questioned cheekily.

'Yeah I'm ready,' Harry told him chuckling, until something Kar had said earlier caught his attention. 'Hey Kar! Wait a minute!'

'Yes,' answered Kar sounding giddy. He knew what Harry was going to ask him.

'You said earlier that you and 'Love' enjoyed watching me. Who's Love?'

'Why the Goddess of Love, of course!' Kar said, surprising Harry. 'I got her into watching you as well, and she's become as addicted to watching you as I am!'

'So the Goddess of Love, enjoys watching my life?' His question earned him a mental nod from the god. 'Is that a good thing or a bad thing?' Harry asked his worry clear in his thoughts.

'We'll just have to wait and see won't we.' Kar said laughing at him.

"RAVENCLAW" The Sorting Hat bellowed, while laughing, scaring most in attendance with its odd behavior.

As he made his way over to his stoic friend, Harry glanced around the room seeing all the looks that were being thrown his way. From blushes on the faces of the younger girls, to outright glares from some of the older boys, Harry hadn't known what to expect after what had happened during his sorting, but now that he saw the reactions he was getting, he wished he had kept his mouth shut. Even his own house seemed to have mixed feelings about him, as what looked to be about a fifth of them weren't clapping for him, while others looked at him as if he was something fascinating and should be studied.

"Smith, Zacharias!" McGonagall called, as she like most of the school was throwing glances at the child of two of her favorite students.

Taking his place between Daphne, who had moved over so that there would only be someone across from her and him on her side leaving the other wide open for others who were sorted into their house, and Morag McDougal, a cute redheaded girl that seemed to be covered in freckles. Seeing that all of his tables attention was on him he gave them his most charming smile and a quick wave of the hand before turning back to the sorting to see Smith being placed in Gryffindor instead of Hufflepuff like last time.

"Zabini, Blaise" Was called and so far Hermione, Daphne, Michal, Zacharias, and Harry were the only ones to be placed in different houses. As the sorting continued slowly people had stopped watching Harry, seeing that he wasn't going to make any more of a commotion.

"Ravenclaw" Shouted the now back to normal Sorting Hat. Harry hadn't expected to see Blaise placed in Ravenclaw. The quiet boy had been placed into Slytherin in Harry's original world.

While Blaise made his way over to the now clapping table, McGonagall grabbed the Sorting Hat, a little harder than was necessary, and picked up the stool it had been sitting on and made her way into the chamber behind the teachers table.

Rising to his feet, Dumbledore smiled out at the gathered students as he called for their attention. "I'd like to welcome all the old and newfaces, to another year at Hogwarts. Before we as they say 'dig in' I'd like to say a few words. And they are, Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! And tweak! ThankYou!"

Dumbledore took his seat to the applause of most of those gathered in the hall.

Harry, who had been laughing at the Headmaster, found his amusement renewed by the looks on the faces of his fellow first years.

"I don't know about any of you, but I can't decide if that man is more brilliant, or mad?" Harry said over his own chuckles, earning laughs in return.

While he chose what he wanted to eat, Harry took the time to look over each of his new house mates. Besides Hermione, he really didn't know any of them that well from his past life. Sure he knew a few from the DA, but even those who had attended, only had the relationship of student and teacher.

"Harry," came the monotone voice of Daphne.

"Yeah?" he responded, feeling most of their table's attention on them. Since the sorting had ended people had started watching him again.

"If you don't mind me asking. What did the hat talk to you about?" She asked before taking a bite of her meal.

"About the weather." Harry answered giving her and those who were eavesdropping a smile.

"Seriously?" Blurted a wide eyed Lisa Turnpin, a girl with long light brown hair and eyes that were almost golden.

"No!" Harry said smiling cheekily, causing most of those who were listening to snort or laugh, but there were a few who Harry caught scowling his way. "He just asked me about what I thought of certain things and what I wanted to do once I left Hogwarts."

"Is it normal for the hat to stop the sorting, to talk to people like that?" Asked Anthony Goldstein, to no one in particular.

His answer came from none other than future Head Boy Percy Weasley. "No its not," Percy said looking disapprovingly at Harry. "It was very rude of it to talk to Professor McGonagall like that, and you," he said pointing his finger at Harry in a way that only Percy could point a finger, "should not have encouraged it, by talking back to it."

If there had been anyone at the table, who hadn't been listening to their conversation that would have changed when they heard Percy telling off the first year who had already made a huge commotion.

"And what exactly was I supposed to do to make it stop talking to me?" Asked an incredulous Harry. "Call it a bad hat, and threaten to wash it, if it didn't stop speaking?" As he said it, Harry knew he would always be on Percy's bad side from that day on.

Percy turned red at the nerve of the first year who was giving him made matters worse was that most of those who had heard the young boy disrespect him had laughed about it.

"You do know that I am a prefect," he puffed out his chest showing his shiny badge, "and as such, can take points from those who disrespect me?"

Had this been happening to anyone else, Harry would have thought the sight of those around them looking back and forth between them would have been funny, but with Percy running his mouth, Harry couldn't help, but to throw a slight his way.

"Just because I don't have any respect for you, doesn't mean I'm disrespecting you... Sir." Harry had said the word 'Sir' as sarcastically as he could.

"W-why I... you... ugh!" Percy said in way of a response. He would have continued, but Penelope placed a calming hand on his.

"Percy, you started in on him! You can't blame him for responding the way he did." Percy was once again about to respond, only for her to squeeze his hand, stopping him before he could start. Looking past Percy she turned her attention to Harry. "I'm sorry if my friend upset you. He gets very upset when the rules aren't followed."

"It's quite alright Miss..."

"Penelope Clearwater."

"Penelope Clearwater, I like that name. It's very pretty... It suits you." Harry said smiling, trying his hardest to not break out in laughter at the shocked looks he was getting. People were surprised to hear a first year hit on a prefect.

"That's very kind of you," she replied, as a small dusting of red made its way to her cheeks.

'This little hooligan is hitting on my Penelope!' Thought an outraged Percy as he glared at Harry. 'I'll strangle him with that damn hair of his!'

Sending the older girl one last smile he turned back to his plate. As everyone saw the show was over they started going back to their own meals.

Making sure no one would hear Daphne leaned over to him and whispered, "You're really mean, you know that?"

"What did I do?" Harry asked trying and failing to look innocent. He had the distinct feeling that she knew he was messing with Percy.

"Just be careful who you mess with. You don't know how far you can push someone, before they start pushing back." And like that she turned back to her plate.

The rest of the meal passed by quickly for Harry. He spent much of the time getting to know those around him better, while when he knew no one was watching him besides Percy, would send the older boy a cocky smirk. He knew Daphne was right about pushing people too far, but he just couldn't help it. He really enjoyed messing with him!

As the last person finished their dessert, Dumbledore rose to his feet. By the time he was fully standing the tables had become void of any food.

And so began Dumbledore's speech. To anyone who have may been watching him, it would have looked like Harry had been paying rapt attention to the Headmaster, when in fact he was only vaguely listening, and only well enough to hear if there were any major changes to the closing speech. It was a good thing he had done so for one change came that interested him greatly.

"- in playing for their house teams should contact Madam Hooch."

"Also, if you're interested in joining your houses dueling team, then look for the notices, which will be placed in your house common rooms." He informed the students, earning as much excitement from those in the hall as when he had talked about joining the Quidditch teams.

"There are dueling teams?" Asked a pumped Harry to no one in general.

Before any of the others could respond, Percy had told him to keep quiet while the Headmaster was talking. So it was an impatient Harry who had to sit through the rest of Dumbledore's speech for a second time and sing the school song for what felt like the millionth time.

When the head master had finally released them, Penelope told the Ravenclaw first years to stay seated until the hall had cleared out some. Giving them more time to talk and for Harry to ask questions.

"So did you know there were dueling teams?" Harry asked, turning to Daphne.

Daphne nodded her head yes. "I'm surprised you don't know about them."

"Why?"

"Because in your father's time here, he held his years duel title four times." Answered Terry Boot, a rather short boy with messy brown hair and eyes, the only thing about him that really stood out was his nose, which was a bit long and turned up at the end. "The only times he lost was in his first year to Professor Snape, and twice to your mother. The two years that she won, were the only years she participated in the duel teams and the end of year tournament."

"How do they set up the duels?" Kevin Ethwhistle asked he was one of the two who had sat with Harry and Daphne, in their boat earlier that evening.

"First, they hold inter house matches, to see who's going to be the three people to represent each year for their house," answered Blaise, a dark skinned boy, who Harry remembered quite a few girls falling all overthemselves for, back before he took Voldemort's curse. "So that before you face any of the other houses, you have three duelers for each year, giving each house a total of twenty-one duelers."

"From there, your house has one match against each of the other houses, much like in Quidditch. The house with the most points at the end of the year wins. However your team could lose all its matches, and if you still have one of the better records at the end of the year, then you get to enter the end of year tournament for your year range." Blaise told them smirking.

"How do they decide who wins the matches?" Hermione asked, it seemed to Harry that she was trying to avoid eye contact between him and herself. "The team with the most wins, or is there some kind of points system?"

Instead of Blaise answering her, Penelope did. "If your house has the most wins, say in the fourth year matches, then you get four points. If you win in the sixth year matches then you get six points. Do you understand?" She asked kindly.

All of the first years nodded their head yes, even those who had already known about the points system.

"So that means the first year team can only win their house one point?" Anthony Goldstein asked, getting a nod from Penelope. "Man that's weak!" He said almost pouting, causing everyone to chuckle.

"The hall is almost empty," Percy stated. "We can go ahead and make our way to Ravenclaw tower."

Silently, the group stood up and followed him and Penelope, none of them talking so they could better remember the way to their common room. The two prefects lead them out of the Great Hall, and up to the west wing of the fifth themselves at a staircase, they continued to follow the two older students up the spiraling stairs. They finally came to a stop at a door that instead of having a keyhole or lock, only had a bronze knocker in the shape of an eagle.

"Now," said Percy, turning to face the group of first years, who were tightly packed in the stairwell, so they could see what he was trying to show them. "Unlike the other houses that have a set password, we in Ravenclaw have a different way of getting into our common room."

Penelope decried to pick up where he had left off. "To get into the tower, you must use this knocker, which will in turn ask you a riddle that you must answer before you can enter."

Seeing Hermione's hand shoot into the air, Penelope smiled kindly at her before saying, "Let me guess, you either want to know what happens if you can't answer the question, or why the only defense to our house common room is something that almost anyone could answer... Correct?"

Hermione blushed at being so predictable, but nodded her head all the same.

"Don't worry about it sweetie, from what the other prefects told us, we get asked that same question each year." She told her with a giggle. "To answer the first part, is quite simple... You have to wait for someone to get the question right before you can enter."

In response she received wide eyes and looks that spoke of incredulousness.

"Merlin, I really hope the bathrooms aren't this elaborate." Harry said in a voice that sounded completely serious. "When I wake up in the mornings I have a hard time functioning. One wrong guess and my dorm room is going to be flooded."

The group including Penelope and Hermione all burst out laughing at his joke, and even earned Harry what he thought might be his third lip twitch from Daphne. The only person, who didn't seem to find it funny, was of course Percy.

"How... Amusing!" Percy sneered, reminding Harry of Lucius Malfoy. "Now then, the answer to the second part of the question is: that Lady Ravenclaw wanted to open her doors to anyone who showed signs of being an intellectual."

"So, who would like to try it out?" Percy asked, before smiling and looking at Harry. "How about you? You always seem to have something to say, why not give it a try?"

His fellow prefect gave him a disapproving look and was about to say something to him, but was beat to the punch by Harry.

"Sure! I'd love to try!" Harry sent Percy a smile he knew the older boy would hate. "After all, the worst thing that could happen would be me getting the wrong answer."

Being careful not to knock someone over, or step on anyone's toes, Harry pushed his way to the plain looking door and knocked.

"No legs have I to dance. No lungs have I to breath. No life have I to live or die. And yet I do all three. What am I?" Said the knocker in amusical voice.

Harry had always had mixed results when it came to riddles and the like. In his first year, there would have been no way that he could have gotten the correct answer to Snape's logic question, if Hermione hadn't been there with him, but then in his fourth year he had been able to solve the sphinx's riddle quite easily, all on his own. However, all this aside, since Harry had entered this body his mind, just like his eye sight had become much sharper than before. He

didn't think either had anything to do with the abilities Kar told him he would be receiving. For one, his thoughts and eye sight were both a lot clearer before he had his dream meeting with the childish god. And secondly, Kar had told him he would have to work for his gifts and while he had been pushing himself both physically and mentally, he just hadn't had enough time for any great improvements to happen. In the end Harry chalked up his clearer mind to the fact that the Harry who had been in possession of his body before him was just smarter... and had a better eye sight.

"Don't worry if you can't get it right." Percy said sounding smug. "I'll just-."

"No you won't." Harry told him in a light voice, he was happy his mind was sharper than before, even if it was only to just show Percy up at the moment. "My answer is Fire."

"You are correct. Well done!" The musical voice told him as the door to the common room opened.

"Thanks for believing in me enough, to give me the chance to answer the riddle!" Harry told Percy with a cocky smile, as he stepped through the threshold and into the Ravenclaw tower.

Looking around the room was exactly the same as when he had come here with Luna. High arching windows that gave a beautiful view of the mountains. A carpet that was the same blue as the blue in their house colors. And unlike Gryffindor and Slytherin's common rooms, Ravenclaw's had more furniture that could be used for studying and learning, instead of a place for relaxation and socializing. There were even full bookcases all around the circular room.

The only real difference that Harry could see was that where the room had been empty on his last visit, it now held what looked to be the entire house. All of who seem to have looked up at the sound of the entrance being opened.

Ignoring all the quizzical stares he was receiving, Harry looked until he found Cho, who sent him a small wave and cute smile. Harry only had time to send a smile of his own in return before Percy led the others into the room.

"This is our common room," announced Percy. "Here you can rest and relax, but please do try to keep a low voice at all times, as this is a place where most come to study. On the right side of the room you'll see the door way leading up to the girls dorms and to the right the boys. When you go up the stairs enter the room labeled 'First Years'."

"If you have any questions, feel free to ask any of the prefects,or-."

"Me." A cheerful voice said from behind Harry, as a pair of arms wrapped around him.

Leaning his head back, Harry looked up into the face of the Head Girl, who he had met once before. It was at this moment that he realized that even after he had told her that lie about wanting to meet her, he still hadn't gotten her name.

"Hello Harry, been keeping out of trouble?" She asked as she smiled prettily down at him.

Blushing from the sudden contact, he gave her a small chuckle. "It depends on what you mean by trouble?"

"You know him?" Percy asked, saying 'him' like it was a profanity.

"Yes we've met before, Percy." She said evenly, before turning to the first years and giving them a kind smile. "Hello, my name is AliceWynter, and I'm the female seventh year prefect and Head Girl. If you need anything at all, please do not hesitate to ask for help." While saying this she never let go of Harry, not that he was complaining. "Now do any of you have a question before we leave to your own devices?"

Harry had to hide his smile when Hermione's hand hit the air before Alice had finished her question. Apparently Alice found her behavior funny as well, if the giggle she let out was any indicator.

"Yes, what's your question?"

"Are we allowed to read any of the books in here?" Hermione asked as she kept giving the bookcases a hungry look.

"Yes you can, but you have to sign out any book that you want to take outside of the common room, even if it's only to your dorm room. Also you can only check out one at a time." As she told them this, Harry saw many of his new house mates send the book shelf's longing looks. "Now are there any more questions?" Alice paused here, so that anyone who had a question could go ahead and ask it. Seeing that there wasn't any more, she continued, "You must be in the common room by no later than 8:45. As you get older the time you have to return will get later. As for your curfew in the tower, it's the same for everyone. Eleven o'clock, but I would recommend being in bed well before this time. As for tomorrow morning you will need to be down here at Seven o'clock, for a meeting with the head of our house, Professor Flitwick."

Alice turned her attention to the newly appointed prefects. "Did I miss anything?"

"No." They coursed together.

"Well then, you're all free to go." She chuckled as some of the more eager ones took off for the bookcases right away. Turning her attention to the boy still in her arms, she pulled away from him, but only enough to turn him in place.

Harry very much doubted that the pretty Head Girl would have allowed him to be this close if he looked his age, for at the moment he almost had his head in her chest again.

"I'm surprised you're in Ravenclaw, my little trouble making friend."

"Why's that?" He asked, making sure to keep eye contact and not let his eyes go to eye level.

"Because most good Ravenclaws know to not be loud in bookstores." Alice answered him, giving him a mock glare.

"Ravenclaw, or not, I don't think I'll ever be what people call 'quiet'." Harry said cheekily.

"Yes I know! I saw that first hand during the sorting," she told him becoming serious. "Be careful about what you say and who you say it to. Telling off that Longbottom kid is bound to have made you a few enemies, but you made even more, when you said 'that' name."

"No worries, I'll be fine!" He told her reassuringly. "Beside if anyone does try to cause trouble, I'm more than able to take care of myself."

She looked at him like she doubted that he could 'take care of himself', but nodded anyway. "Alright, just remember, if you ever need anything then come to me." Harry gave her a nod of the head. "Good, now go make some friends!" She told him as she ruffled his hair, before leaving grumbling Harry to fuss over its state.

Having calmed down the mess she had made of his hair, he looked around the room for Daphne. Finding her over by one of the bookcases all alone he decided to go over and talk to her.

"Find anything good to read?" He asked as he reached her.

"Yes," was her simple reply.

Harry thought she was going to clam up on him again, but like always, when he went to say something she beat him to it.

"The effect you have on people is quite funny," Daphne said in her quiet monotone. "They either love, or hate you. I haven't seen a person yet who feels indifferently about you."

Harry sighed. "Yeah... I'm starting to see that to." He paused only long enough for a small smirk to reach his lips. "Does that mean you love me Daphne?" He asked cheekily.

Daphne turned her blank stare on him. "... You're such a dork sometimes." She said without emotion, before turning back to the books.

It was too much for Harry hearing her say this and broke out in laughter.

They spent a bit of time looking through the books together, both finding books that they found interesting. An hour after beginning their search, Daphne told him that she was going to her room, so that she could write a letter to her family before going to bed.

As he stood watching her walk up the stairs, he felt that she had the right idea. Catching Cho's eye he waved goodnight to her, before

making his way up stairs. He had a lot to put into his letter, and couldn't help but feel that when his family received it, he'd be letting them down, just as he had Ivy.

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AN: So that was the sorting, what did you think about it? Next chapter Harry will be starting classes. BTW I'd like people to know that yes it did take a while to get here, but I'm not trying to drag this story out. I plan on doing at least six years, maybe seven, and maybe even an after story! This is just how I write, but I do intend to try and speed things up a bit... Hopefully.

Now about last chapter. Some people said Hermione was a bit OOC, I however really don't see that. The reason she was okay with being friends with Ron and Harry after the troll, was because she had been at school for over a month and still had no friends. On top of that Harry and Ron both risked their lives to save her. There's a big difference between that and having a kid you've just become friends with pull a knife on someone. I also tried writing her without making people hate her, but there were still people who were commenting about how awful she was. It just goes to show that she is the type of character you either love or hate.

Also I didn't plan on putting it in this chapter why Harry went crazy on Draco, but people thought I was making him over react, just so that I could have him flip. Hopefully after hearing what Kar said, people will get why I had him acting that way. Plus I got to bring one of my favorite OC's back... Now that I think about Kar, Ivy, and Iris are all favorites of mine, some of yours too.

Now last chapter I got a review telling me that since I let my fans pick things out through polls that I'm not writing my own story. To say that I was pissed when I heard this would have been an understatement! Later on when I had calmed down some, I made a poll seeing if you all wanted to continue having a choice in this story(to find out if you wanted a say, and yes as a way to be a bit cheeky to that reviewer), but took it down after a day(People were voting to continue making choices). I'm sorry to say that yes one person has made it so that I won't be giving you guys any say in what happens in this story. I might put up a poll every once in a while, but to be honest I doubt it. Also the patronus poll had a landslide winner(there were almost 400 votes and the winner had 170 of them), but since I've been told letting you pick through a poll means I'm not really

writing my own story, I'll be making that choice on my own. And if some of you are worried about the polls that were made in the past, dont be. I'm going to leave all of your past picks in the story.

So until next time, peace!

AN: I'd like to say sorry about last chapter. When I uploaded it, I kinda put up the unbeta'd version. Now however the beta'd version is up and the earlier chapters are also getting beta'd. If you ever want to know about the status of a chapter, just go to my profile, where I have posted whats going on with each chapter. Also I've been reading VinceT two stories lately and they are really good. You should all go give his work a look. Check out the bottom AN for info on something from this chapter. Thanks to Chessicfayth for beta-ing

Harry sighed as he sat up the morning after the sorting. He was feeling tired from his fitful sleep and the adrenalin rush that one feels from suddenly waking up.

The night before, he had made his way to the first year dorm room before any of his dorm mates and had started writing a letter to his family. After rewriting the letter multiple times, he had finally found the right balance of truth and half truth to send them. While he had been honest about most of what happened after saying goodbye to them, he had decided to only tell them he had been in a small confrontation with the youngest Malfoy, leaving out what was said on both their accounts, and of course the whole dagger to throat moment.

He also chose to leave out the part about a god talking to him through the Sorting Hat. He wouldn't have told them at all, about how the hat had seemingly stopped the sorting to just talk to him, but knew that it would end up getting back to them what had taken place. So instead, he told them the Sorting Hat had taken an interest in his life and had just wanted someone to chat with him.

As he was finishing his letter there was a small tapping noise at the window, which after investigation had turned out to be Hedwig. Just as she had in the last timeline, she had known he would need her to deliver something for him and had shown up.

Sending off his amazingly intelligent owl with wishes for a safe journey, he had turned to find his dorm mates had come up and gone to bed. He took it as a good sign that they had forgone telling him goodnight, letting him instead have some privacy as he wrote home.

Feeling tired himself; he simply removed his clothing before climbing into his four poster bed, trying to settle in for the night. However he knew after only a few minutes that this would most likely not happen.

He had only been lying for a few short minutes before thoughts of Ivy had started bombarding him. The vision of her burying her tear stained face into their mothers shoulder bothered him greatly.

As the night went on he was able to attain a few short stints of sleep, only to find himself jerking awake not long after he had done so.

Using his wand to check the time, he saw that it was 5:24. Knowing he had to be in the common room at seven for the meeting with Professor Flitwick, he rolled out of bed and threw on a pair of black running shorts and a white tee. He then jogged out of his dorm room and out of Ravenclaw tower, intent on getting a good run in.

Reaching the oak doors that would lead him outside, Harry was shocked when as he tried to push the doors open, to be met with resistance. It seemed like security was a higher priority in this time line than it had been in his original. Hermione, Ron and his self had gone in and out them many times over the years that they had spent running around the castle. Even in times of great danger, such as the Chamber of Secrets, and when Sirius had escaped from Azkaban, the front doors had been left unlocked. If they did this on just a normal night, what would they do when real danger showed its ugly head?

Banging his forehead against the door in frustration, he made the choice not to try and unlock them and decided to instead try running through the school halls. This turned out to be a better idea than he expected, between all the staircases, escaping being caught by Mrs. Norris and Filch, and Peeves who would take it upon himself to chase them anyone and throw things at them if he saw them running. Harry was able to get a better run then he had hoped for and would have received if he had just ran around the Great Lake.

'I've got to start doing that every morning.' Harry thought as he answered the riddle given to him by the bronze knocker guarding his common room.

When the door to the common room opened, Harry had expected to find a room that was empty, or next to it. What he saw was the

complete opposite. It looked as if all of Ravenclaw were like himself and rose with the sun.

All activity stopped as the sound of their common room door opening filled the air. From fresh faced first years to the veteran seventh years, all turned to see who had intruded on their early morning routines.

Harry knew that it was a part of the 'old' Harry that caused his new love of having a spotlight focused on him, but for him to gain so much attention so suddenly threw him off a bit.

Thinking that maybe he had been out longer than he thought, he quickly pulled out his wand and checked the time. "6:13, huh?" Harry said to himself, but loud enough for all to hear. "Is getting up early another Ravenclaw trait I didn't know about?" he asked to no one in particular. Pocketing his wand, he made his way to the staircase leading up to the dorm rooms.

"Excuse me," said a voice that was almost as pompous as its owner.

"Yes, Percy?" Harry asked, turning to face the red headed prefect.

"You do know that Ravenclaw tower curfew is in effect until six AM." Percy said, coming to a stop in front of him, arms crossed.. "And I know for a fact that you had to have left before six o'clock, because I myself came down here earlier than that." Percy had the same smug look that he had been wearing the night before. Harry guessed he was thrilled to be able call him out in front of all of their house mates. After Harry had messed with him the night before, it didn't really come as a shock that Percy was going to try and get him back.

"Sorry, I didn't know that," Harry told him politely. After his run, Harry was feeling good and was trying to be nice. He didn't want to ruin his good mood by fighting with the boy who reminded him of a bird with its feathers ruffled. "It won't happen again."

"Not so fast!" Percy told him, making Harry to come to a stop. "I'm going to have to take five points for this!"

The entire house was listening to their conversation. So when Percy told the firsty that he would be losing points, there had been more than a few groups to break out in whispers about how unfair it was.

Even those who didn't like the long haired first year didn't think taking points was the right thing to do. Maybe give him a detention, but to punish the entire house for his actions was uncalled for.

"So... You're taking points from me, over a rule I didn't know about?" Harry asked in a way that let all in attendance know how stupid he thought the situation was. "Don't you think that a little - unfair?"

"Unfair, or not, the rules must be followed!" Percy said. He would never know how much he sounded like a person with the moniker Umbitch.

Harry took a deep breath to calm himself. He was starting to lose the good mood he had attained during his run. "Anything else?"

"Yes, actually, there is!" Over Percy's shoulder, Harry could see that the Weasley's behavior was upsetting Alice and Penelope, and quite a few others besides.. "Where did you go this morning that required you to leave the tower so early?"

Harry looked at him like he was stupid, while lifting his shirt between his fore finger and thumb, showing him his sweat soaked shirt. "I went for a run," Harry informed him, annoyance slipping into his voice.

"Why?" Percy sneered.

"Because," Harry started in a voice one usually reserves for young children, "people who exercise, tend to live longer, think clearer, and are usually more attractive than those who don't." The same smirk that he had been sending Percy the night before made its way on to Harry's face. "Maybe you should try it some time!"

Percy turned the patented Weasley red as he registered what Harry had implied. It seemed as if he wasn't the only one to get what Harry meant; most of the room had either found his comment funny or were shocked that a first year was running their mouth to a fifth year prefect.

"Alright, that's enough!" Alice said coming up to them. "Percy, there was no reason to take points when he didn't know about the rule. You should have given him a warning at most. When Professor

Flitwick picked you to be a prefect, I doubt he was hoping you would be acting like you have."

Percy looked abashed as he nodded that he understood.

"And Harry," she said turning her attention to him, "you're not to leave the tower until six AM, understood?"

"Yes Alice," Harry answered in small voice, making those who were watching think of a reprimanded puppy. "It won't happen again." He didn't know why, but she had a way of making him feel like he really was eleven again.

'I wasn't even telling him off and I still feel bad!' Alice thought as she watched Harry. "Go get cleaned up. You have less than forty minutes to get showered and back down here before the Professor shows up."

Nodding his head, Harry turned on the spot and disappeared upstairs.

Alice sighed as she watched him go, before making her way over to her two best friends, both of whom were giggling... again.

"What's so funny?" She asked.

"Oh, nothing!" said one of the false innocents.

"It's just that we think that your little admirer is going to be handful," her other friend said through her laughter.

As she sat between them, she couldn't help but agree. "I have a feeling you're right." Alice said as she picked up the book she had laid down when she had gone to stop the bickering pair. "And to make matters worse, every time he looks at me with those big, green eyes, I just want to squeeze him to death."

"Hey, maybe you should get close to him now, and then when he gets older you can steal him for yourself." The first friend told her. "It would be a win-win situation."

"How is that a win-win?" Alice asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Well, has a very feminine look to him. So that means you'd like him. That, and your parents would have a chance at grandchildren in the future!"

Alice winced as she looked around, trying to see if anyone had heard her loud mouthed friend. "You know what guys, you're right! I should get close to him now, and then lead him in with my womanly charms later."

"Really?" They asked together, looking hopeful.

"No!"

S2ndC

Harry was able to get ready for the day and back down to the common room, with time to spare.

"Morning," Harry greeted Daphne. He dropped into the seat beside her, on one of the few couches in the room.

"Good morning," Daphne murmured, absorbed in the book she had picked out the night before.

After their greeting, a peaceful silence fell between the two. Her enjoying her book and being left alone, while he glanced around the room, trying to pass the short amount of time before their head of house showed up.

Just sitting there, looking around the room quickly went from being peaceful, to boring for him. Not knowing what else to do, he pulled out his wand and started casting random spells, not knowing that doing so was drawing attention to himself.

"Ten points to Ravenclaw." Said a squeaky voice from behind the couch Harry was occupying.

Having been lost in his own little world, Harry was startled to hear someone behind him. As a result of his fright, he dropped the quill he had been making fly around the room.

"Sorry about that," Professor Flitwick squeaked with mirth. "You have lovely wand movements. But then again so do your mother

and father." The professor was looking at him, but Harry could tell he wasn't really seeing him. He thought it was much more likely that he was seeing a time when James and Lily were still running around Hogwarts.

"It's no problem, and thank you. I studied the spell quite extensively before casting it."

"Well, you did a superb job!" The short man told him, clapping his hands. "Now then, why don't I start my little speech? I'm sure there are more than a few people eager to get down to breakfast."

It was an amazing sight, to see a man of the professors' size command a room the way he did. In his speech, he didn't cover anything that Harry or any of the others hadn't heard before, or didn't all ready know. But it was good to know that he cared enough about them to take the time to come greet the returning students and to make everyone who was new to the tower feel welcome.

As he listened to the mini professor, Harry wondered why it was that McGonagall hadn't done the same in his first year. It would have made her so much more approachable to Harry and his frightened year mates if she had. And in the long run, made it so they would have had easier time learning from her.

"Now here are your class schedules and a map to all of your classes." Waving his wand, sheets of paper appeared out of thin air, and started floating to each of the students. "And remember; don't be afraid to ask questions. It's the best way to learn."

Having finished his speech, Flitwick sent the room one last smile before hopping off the stool he had been standing on while talking to them, and made his way out of the tower.

As the entrance closed behind their head of house, Padma made her way over to Harry and Daphne, both of whom were still seated in the same seat as they had been earlier.

"Hey Daphne," Padma greeted her childhood friend. "Do you mind showing me where you found that book? I want to see if I can find anything else by the same author."

Daphne nodded that she would. At the same time Padma glanced over at Harry, only to see him giving her an amused smile that caused her cheeks to darken.

"Hello Padma, you're looking very pretty this morning." Harry chuckled as she her cheeks darkened a bit more.

"Thank you, Harry," she said quietly, looking at her shoes. "You look very nice today too."

"I don't mean to sound rude, but I have to ask Daphne something kind of private. So if you wouldn't mind giving us a second, I'll turn the lovely Miss Greengrass, over to you when we finish."

Padma gave him a relieved smile and a nod of the head, before telling Daphne she would wait for her a couple of feet away.

"What did you want to talk about?" Daphne asked.

"I was wondering if you wanted to go down to the kitchens this morning, or wait until lunch?"

"I think I'll wait until lunch to find out where it's at," answered Daphne in her low voice. "I haven't talked to Padma in a while now, so I think I'll take the chance to catch up with her during breakfast." She was quiet for a few seconds before she added, "You can join us if you'd like?"

"Tempting, but I have to try and take care of something before I head down to breakfast," he lied. He didn't have anything to do, but knew that she might become overwhelmed if she were to have too many people talking to her at once. He could also see that his presence made Padma nervous, and he doubted the two would be able to talk freely with him around.

"Try not to get into too much trouble while away from me. I know how much of a ruckus you like to make." He told her, trying to give her a stern gaze. He couldn't hold it as she fixed him with her own blank stare.

Shaking her head at her friends antics, she walked away mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like 'dork'.

S2ndC

Harry hadn't been hungry, but had told Daphne he had something he wanted to do. So as to not look like a liar, he had left Ravenclaw tower with nowhere to go. Eventually he grew tired of nomading and decided to have an early breakfast.

When he arrived in the Great Hall, there were more people getting something to eat than he had expected there to be. But after a quick glance around, saw that he was the only first year to have already made his way down.

Not wanting to annoy any of the older students, or appear to anyone like a certain photograph taking boy from his past, Harry took up a place by his self.

He was halfway through his meal, when he felt someone sit across from him. Looking up he found the person that had joined him was none other than Blaise Zabini.

"Morning." Blaise greeted, before he started serving himself.

Harry, who was chewing at the moment, nodded his head in reply so as to not be rude and talk with his mouth full.

Blaise had filled his plate and had started to eat before he spoke again.

"So, the redheaded prefect and Professor McGonagall both hate you." Blaise stated. "Any reason behind that?"

"I used to have a real problem of being an ass to everyone." Harry told him bluntly. "Now, I just have a problem of being an ass to everyone who isn't an attractive female."

Blaise snorted into his pumpkin juice. "And what, you don't find Minnie attractive?" He asked, cleaning the juice off himself.

"Well, I'm sure she was a right looker back in her younger days. Hell, I bet she wouldn't be too hard on the eyes now, if she wasn't always glaring at me." Harry said shaking his head, thinking about how the professor had been acting toward him the previous night. With how McGonagall had always talked about his parents, he was willing to

bet she had been friends with them even after they had graduated in his world. It was most likely the same in this world. If he was right, then the old owner of his current body had most likely said, or did something to the professor that had caused her to hate him the way she did.

"Though I do have to admit, it's hard being scared of someone when they have the nickname Minnie." Harry joined in with Blaise, laughing at what Kar had called their Transfiguration teacher.

The two settled into a pleasant conversation, enjoying each other's company. Though Harry had never talked to the boy in his previous life, he found that he quite liked him. Before they knew it, they had been joined by all of their first year house mates and were having a good time conversing together.

"What classes do we have today?" asked a very pretty Asian girl by the name of Su Li. She was even shorter than Harry had been back in his first, first year.

Harry sighed dramatically. "Su, you're a Ravenclaw, now. Don't you know that you are now obligated to read everything that has words on it?" He shook his head disapprovingly at her. "I'm very disappointed in you."

"I would have read it, but I was really into this other book and read that instead." She told him smiling. The long haired boy had made the slightly awkward air that she and others had been feeling at first disappear with his playful nature. "Would you mind telling me what we have first?"

"Who, me?" Harry asked with wide eyes, pointing to himself. "I have no idea. I haven't even glanced at my schedule yet."

The irony of his answer caused all of the first years to laugh.

"Harry, you're a Ravenclaw, now. Don't you know that you are now obligated, to read everything that has words on it?" Su said laughing as she threw his words back at him. "I'm very disappointed in you."

Harry pouted at this, causing the others to laugh harder than before.

"Today, we have Transfiguration first with the Gryffindors. After that we have Charms with Hufflepuff. Then we have an hour for lunch, followed by a double period of Potions, with Hufflepuff again." Mandy Brocklehurst informed them.

"If we're having McGonagall first, then I'm going to go ahead and get my stuff and show up early." Harry told the group. "Something tells me that she wouldn't mind taking points from students, especially me."

"No kidding," Stephen exclaimed. "Last night, after the hat called her Minnie, she looked like she was going to set it on fire. Even if it was on your head at the time."

The others nodded in agreement and didn't see Harry flinch at the boy's words. They had reminded Harry of what Voldemort had done during the Battle of Hogwarts to the other worlds Neville.

Once the last person had finished their meal, the group of first years made their way out of the Great Hall. Harry, who had been in the back of the group talking to Blaise, was distracted from his conversation by the sound of someone calling Hermione's name. Looking for where the call had come from, Harry saw Katie Bell coming down the stairs followed by Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet. Both were shaking their heads in amusement at their younger friend's behavior.

Harry smiled as he saw Hermione surrounded by not only the three Gryffindors, but Lisa and Morag as well. It seemed to him that letting herself be placed in Ravenclaw had been a good choice for her. He couldn't help but to wonder how much easier her life would have been the first time around, if she had only just listened to the hat in Harry's original world.

"It looks like Ms. Bell and her two lovely friends are going to be late for breakfast." Harry stage whispered to Blaise, who could only guess that the pretty brown haired girl that had perked up at hearing the name 'Ms. Bell' was who he was talking about. "You'll want to avoid any contact with her. She's one of those trouble making types."

"Oi, Potter!" Katie yelled, pretending to be mad. "I know you aren't calling me a 'trouble making type'."

"Don't look now Blaise, but I think it's talking to me." Harry said, acting as if Katie and those around her couldn't hear him. "If we avoid making eye contact, it might just lose interest and go feed."

As Harry said this, he and Blaise were passing by the assorted girls. Katie took him being so close as her chance to poke the smart mouth first year in the side, causing him to yelp and do a weird sort of jerk to get away from her finger.

"Don't do that," Harry told her, pulling his arms close to his side, to protect from any future attempts at tickling him.

Katie had a triumphant smirk on her face as the girls around her giggled at the dance Harry had used to get away. "So you're ticklish, huh?" Holding up her hands, she started to wiggle her fingers at him. "But the question is, how ticklish?"

He narrowed his eyes at the moving fingers. "You wouldn't dare," Harry challenged.

Katie lunged at him, intent on getting him again, but Harry had other plans. Ducking under her outstretched arms, he poked her in the side earning a squeal from her as he dashed up the stairs. Reaching the top, faster than those who were laughing at the two would have thought possible, he turned to face the group.

"You're evil Bell, evil!" He yelled dramatically, before taking off in the direction of Ravenclaw tower.

"I'm going to get you Potter!" yelled a red faced Katie. "Did he hear? Oi, you," she said turning on Blaise, "tell your little buddy I'm going to get him and when I do, I'm going to tickle him until he pees on himself."

Blaise smirked. "I'll be sure to pass that on," he told her as he started up the stairs.

Katie had seen how fast he could move the night before, but hadn't expected him to not only get away, but to get her back at the same time. She was definitely going to make him pay for denying her the right to tickle him.

Katie was plotting ways to get back at him and was planning on asking Cho to help her do so, when she turned around and saw the knowing looks on her friends faces and the two girls that had stopped with Hermione to talk. "What?"

"Have anything to tell us Katie?" Angelina asked, crossing her arms and lifting her brow.

"No Ange, its Ms. Bell now," Alicia corrected her. "But she did have the right question. Is there anything you'd like to tell us, Ms. Bell?"

Katie just stared; horrified at the direction she knew the two older girls who had taken her under their wing were going. "No," she said nervously.

"I think she has a crush," giggled Lisa, adding her two cents.

"I do not." Katie said quicker than she was meaning to.

"Sorry girls," Angelina told the three Ravenclaws. "We'll have to talk later. Right now; Alicia and I have to go tell a certain pair of red headed twins about our little Katie's crush."

She hadn't finished telling them bye before she and Alicia were making their way across the entrance hall.

"WAIT!" Yelled a panicking Katie. "Bye Hermione, Morag, Lisa."

Saying her goodbyes, she took off at a dead run, hoping to catch the two older girls before they could do the worst possible thing she could think of... Telling Fred and George.

S2ndC

"I'm telling you man, she's going to get you," Blaise warned Harry as they entered their first class of the day.

The two had left Ravenclaw tower for Transfiguration far earlier than had been needed. They had done so in an attempt to get on McGonagall's good side; or at the least not be late and give her a reason to go all thin lipped on them. The way they saw it, it was better to be early than to be late.

"I'm sure I'll live," Harry told him, sounding amused. He really enjoyed messing with the older girl.

When they entered the Transfiguration class room, they saw that they were the only ones to have shown up. This didn't come as a surprise to the two of them, after how early they had headed out. What did surprise them, or what surprised Blaise and Harry only pretended to be surprised about, was the stern looking, tabby cat sitting on the teachers desk.

"What's a cat doing in here?" asked Blaise, as he made his way up to the front of the class, taking one of the seats at the head of the class.

Reaching the desk next to the one Blaise had claimed, Harry laid down his thing and made his way over to McGonagall the cat. Thinking about how she had told him just the night before to not use a desk as a place to sit.

"I don't know, but she's a beauty, isn't she?" He tried reaching out to pet her, but when his hand was only a few inches away from her, she narrowed her eyes and laid her ears flat to her head. Harry wisely pulled his hand back. If she had at that moment had started hissing at him, he wouldn't have been surprised. But the sound never came. Harry guessed it would look bad on her if she had started hissing at him. "Now don't be like that girl. I promise I won't hurt you." McGonagall only glared at him, ears still flat to her head.

"Alright," Harry said holding his hands up, "I know when I'm not wanted."

"Think she might be the professor's cat?" Blaise wondered out loud. He was currently unpacking his thing for class. "If it's her familiar, it might explain why it hates you so much."

"Maybe... I guess I'll just have to show them both that I'm not so bad." Harry said before copying Blaise and started taking his things out.

The two first years passed the time until class started, by making conversation about things such as Quidditch and what they were looking forward to learning most. Slowly the class filled with their

fellow Ravenclaws, and soon after the Gryffindors joined them as well.

As a giggling Parvati and Lavender entered the class, Harry knew that everyone who was supposed to be there was. Throwing a quick glance around the room, Harry could see most of his class mates were either excited to start they're first lesson, or wondering what was going on with the cat. The only exception seemed to be Neville and Zacharias, both of whom were glowering at him.

After seeing them together the night before, Harry had expected to see Ron trying to be buddy buddy with the both of them. But much to his relief, he saw his former best friend chatting animatedly with Dean and Seamus. Ron, for all his faults, was a good guy and it made Harry happy that he wasn't with those two glaring at him.

At exactly nine o'clock, the bell rang that signified the begining of class had started. Many in the first year Transfiguration lesson were wondering where their professor was when the sound of a loud meow drew their attention to the cat at the head of the classroom. It looked to many as if the cat was making sure it had everyone's attention, when it suddenly jumped from its perch. But instead of landing on all fours, the cat had morphed into professor McGonagall mid-jump.

Harry, along with all the others, clapped for the piece of magic that some of them had never seen, or even heard of before. All the while thinking that if he worked hard enough, he may be able to do just the same by the start of his second year.

When the applause died down, the head of the house of the brave fixed them with her no-nonsense stare before going into a speech about how Transfiguration was a dangerous branch of magic, and how she would not tolerate any who she deemed a threat to themselves or others. She followed her safety speech by an hour long introduction into what all transfiguration detailed, while making them take a large number of notes.

When there was only thirty minutes left in the period, she waved her wand over a box of matches that were located on her desk, causing one to float to each of the students.

"Now you all know the incantation and the wand movements required to turn the match before you into a needle." She told them, glancing around the room looking for any who might not be taking the lesson seriously. "If you need any help, raise your hand and I will come assist you in any way I can. You may begin!"

Harry wasn't going to even try and pretend that anything he did was hard. He had plans in mind to let everyone know early on that he was every bit his parents' son. With this type of thought process, he simply flicked his wrist repeatedly changing it back and forth between a needle and match.

The sounds of those around him trying to cast the spell soon died away as his actions drew the attention of those in the room. Acting as if he didn't know, Harry continued on with his rapidly changing assignment, while on the inside he was almost giddy thinking about how McGonagall would react.

Ever since he had arrived in this timeline, Harry had planned to make his parents proud of him. And even though a part of him had wanted the attention, there was still a part of his old self that didn't. That, coupled with how Kar had pointed out how he was acting like a Malfoy when he first showed up, and he had been put off about showing off too much magically. But with what Kar had told him not only the night before, but also when he had visited him in his dream, about how those quirks from his other self were now a permanent part of him, he planned to fully embrace his new self. However, he was going to make damn sure that he didn't let any power or attention that he was to gain make him think of himself as better than those around him.

"Mister Potter, have you ever performed this spell before?" McGonagall asked, sounding reluctantly impressed.

While Harry had been lost in thought, she had seen how her class had all stopped trying to cast the spell and had turned their focus on the long haired boy that she held such a strong dislike for. Wanting to get to the bottom of what he was doing to disrupt her class (and if she was being honest with herself, a little smug about getting the chance to reprimand him), she curtly made her way to his side. What she hadn't been expecting the disruption to be was him with an almost bored look on his face as he rapidly changed the match to

a needle and back again. If that wasn't enough, he was also doing it silently, a feat she herself was not able to do until her fourth year.

"No ma'am," Harry replied, flashing a smile.

"Then, may I ask, how it is that you're not only casting the spell, but reversing it with such ease?"

"I don't know why I can do it with such ease," he lied. "I just can."

"And the silent casting?" McGonagall asked, with a raised eyebrow? "It is ability that we at Hogwarts don't start teaching until sixth year. How is it that you're able to do what a majority of our seventh year students find straining?"

Harry couldn't help wanting to mess with the stern witch. "It's because I got skills," Harry stated with a haughty air.

This earned him chuckles and giggles from around the room, but it seemed McGonagall didn't share the majority of the class's amusement. She simply continued to fix him with her stern gaze, lips thinning at his cheeky answer.

"Okay, bad time to joke," Harry said lightly holding his hands up in much the same way he had when she was in cat form. "It started when I first turned the match to a needle. I was able to do so on the first try and became bored, so next I tried turning it back. That was also easy for me, so I decided to turn it back and forth as fast as I could. As I was doing so, I thought of how I've seen both of my parents cast spells silently, so I wanted to try it that way."

"Focusing as hard as I could on what I wanted, I tried to do the spell without speaking. It worked." McGonagall nodded her head as she listened to his story. She found it plausible. She herself had started silent casting much the same way. "After doing it one way, I tried reversing in the same manner as before. After doing it this way a few times, it became easier and easier, to the point that I barely have to think about it now." To demonstrate he started changing it back and forth without breaking eye contact with the professor.

"Very well, ten points to Ravenclaw for being the first to not only get the spell right, but also turning it back." She looked at him for a second; leaving no doubt in his mind that she still greatly disliked

him, before she spoke again. "And another twenty points for being able to silently cast. I rarely say this Mister Potter, but I'm impressed."

S2ndC

The remainder of Transfiguration played out slowly, and by the end of class Harry had asked McGonagall if it was okay for him to walk around and help those who were struggling with the spell. Getting her permission, he had helped out anyone who had wanted it and had been pleased when most had accepted. He hadn't even tried helping Neville or Zacharias with the spell. Not that the former needed it. He was the first after Harry to fully change his match to a needle. All the others who succeeded in changing theirs had received help from Harry.

When they had arrived in Charms, Harry was greeted by Susan Bones, who thanked him for standing up for her the night before. Harry didn't think he had really done anything, and told her that there was no need to thank him. Any time she needed anything, all she had to do was ask and he'd do what he could for her.

After that, they sat together at a table with Hannah and a girl named Megan Jones. Seeing Harry sitting with a group of 'puffs, those around them sent him questioning looks. Finally, it became too much for Michael Corner, who had rudely asked what did Harry think he was doing sitting with members of the Hufflepuff house? Harry had simply fixed him with a bored look, and had asked Corner since when did he have to ask for his permission to sit with a group of pretty girls. Ignoring the angry look on Michael's face, he had gone on to say loudly that if anyone had a problem with him sitting with them, they were more than welcome to try and move him. Not only had the three 'puffs he had been sitting with blush, but so had Michael, though admittedly his was for a different reason. Even though Michael had sent him glares for the rest of the class, neither he nor anyone else said another word about Harry's seating arrangements.

The class itself was as boring as it had been the first time around. They had ended up getting a speech much like they had from McGonagall, but Flitwick had been much kinder in his approach, but still sent the message, 'mess around and you'll be kicked out'.

After a lot of note taking, they were taught their first charm. Unfortunately for them, it was only the spell Lumos. A spell so easy that everyone got it on the first try.

Everyone having gotten the spell down meant that Flitwick would have to go into his next lesson plain if he taught them anything else, so instead of starting a lesson that he would be unable to finish before their time was up, he let the students spend the remaining time getting to know one another better.

S2ndC

"What did you think of our first classes of the day?" Harry asked Daphne as they made their way out of the common room.

They had just left Charms a little while ago, and had come to their common room, to drop off their things before Harry showed her where the kitchens were located.

"They were fine..." Daphne replied softly. Harry, who was already used to her taking pauses when talking, waited for her to finish. He was not disappointed, as a few seconds later she continued. "Thank you for the help in Transfiguration."

"No problem," Harry chuckled at the girl's strange speech pattern. "Besides, even without my help you would have gotten it before class ended. You had what, a metal match by the time I got to you?"

Daphne simply nodded.

"So, do you plan on joining any clubs this year, or are you just going to focus on your studies?"

"I might join the dueling club," Daphne stated.

"Alright!" Harry exclaimed, pumping his fist. "I can't wait for try outs. I know you're going to be good at it."

"Why do you think that?" She asked throwing him a glance.

"I see you as being the type to be calm under fire," Harry pushed open the door he had once seen Cedric use the night both of their names came out of the Goblet. "Plus I've seen how protective your

father is. There is no way he would have sent you off to school without giving you at least some training in dueling."

"Father is protective," Daphne admitted. "He just about killed a hag who tried grabbing Astoria once."

Harry shudder as he remembered the hag who had tried taking his hair.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't like hags," he told her, running a hand through his hair, as if to make sure it was still there. "They tend to like my hair more than they should."

Daphne only nodded her head in understanding, but Harry couldn't help, but to get the feeling she found his discomfort amusing.

"Here we are," Harry said as he led her to the end of a corridor that ended at a large painting of a fruit bowl. "Just tickle the pear."

Daphne stared at him blankly. "If you lead me down here to tell me some dirty joke... I'm going to hex you." She told him in her monotone voice.

Harry chuckled. "No, no perverted jokes. I can see how that might have sounded... wrong. But I honestly didn't mean it that way," he told her smiling. "Watch!"

Reaching up, he tickled the pear, causing the painting to ripple as if it was squirming, while giggling at the contact. Before they knew it the large green fruit had turned into a large green handle.

"Ta da!" Harry said trying for some showmanship. "Would you care to do the honors?"

Daphne stepped forward a little hesitantly, but any doubts she was feeling didn't stop her from grasping the handle and giving it a turn. The door slowly opened to show a huge room with stoves, ice boxes, and counters running along the walls. In the center there were five long tables, set up in the same fashion as the teacher and houses tables up in the Great Hall. All around the room small creatures that Harry knew to be House-elves were running around snapping their

long boney fingers, directing their magic to create the meals of those above them in the Great Hall. Once any particular dish was done, they would place the food on one of the five long tables in the middle of the room, where it would disappear upstairs.

Harry had been here a few times in the past, so he had known what to expect. What he hadn't been expecting however, was for there to be two other people to be standing in a sea of House-elves. When he had first seen them, he had immediately thought that he had just gotten not only his self, but Daphne in trouble. His fears however, were quickly put to rest as he took in the two from behind.

Both had willowy frames, red flaming hair, and what looked to be slightly worn robes. The first thing that popped into Harry's head was the name 'Weasley'.

It was at this moment that a number of the very busy, but very happy House-elves, saw Daphne and Harry. With great big squeaks of happiness, the two first years were rushed by a herd of the small creatures. All at once they reached them and started squeaking out greetings and questions of what they would like.

"Whoa guys!" Harry said trying unsuccessfully to calm the little worker bees. "We'd like it if you'd let us eat in here, instead of upstairs?"

There were courses of agreement, as the small beings grabbed his and Daphne's hands and lead them over to a small four person table that Harry was sure had not been there seconds before.

As he took the seat to the right of Daphne, Harry saw the look of wonder on the young girls face.

"So did I do good, or did I do good?" He asked her with a cocky smile.

"It's amazing down here," she said, ignoring his question, making him pout, which in turn made her a lips twitch. "But what about them?" Daphne asked without indicating who she was talking about. She knew that Harry would know who she was referring to.

Harry found the Weasley twins watching them, wearily as if they weren't sure what to do. Harry knew that no matter what universe he

was in, the Weasley twins would always be pranksters, so he sent them a very impish smile and waved them over.

"Well if it isn't Percy the Prefect's baby brothers." Harry said in a tone that was half mocking half joking.

The twins shared smiles with each other that could only be described as mischievous.

"Dear brother, do my eyes deceive me, or are there two innocent, firsties in an out of bounds area?" Asked the twin on the right.

"I believe so, my handsome brother," said the one on the left, shaking his head as if he was disappointed in what he was seeing. "And if I'm not mistaken, one of them happens to be the acquaintance of 'Ms Bell' that dear Angelina, told us about." As he said Katie's last name he and his brother shared an amused look.

"Here is being yours meals, Masters Weazy!" Said a smaller than average elf.

"Ahh, thank you Pinky." The twins said together, causing the poor elf to almost faint in happiness.

"Now you two don't do anything naughty in our absents," said the one on the right.

"Naughty little firsties." The other chuckled.

By now Daphne was as close to giving them a death glare as she could get.

Leaning over Harry whispered to her, "Don't worry, I know just how to get them back."

"Hey Gred, Forge," Harry called, using the nicknames that only the twins closest friends knew. "I'm going to impart some wisdom on you that a small group of friends once told me."

"And what," said one

.

"Would those," continued the other.

"Words be?" they finished together.

"Live every day like a Marauder!"

It was as if someone had cast a freezing spell on them. They could only stand and stare at the first year that was sending them a triumphant look.

"Don't you two have somewhere to be?" Harry said giving them a shooing motion.

Slowly they turned to leave, both wondering how the first year was connected to those who they held in higher regard than Merlin himself.

"What was that about?" Daphne asked as she started to eat her food. The elves had brought them lunch when Harry was messing with the twins.

"That was one part me getting them back for their comments, and all parts me getting their attention."

S2ndC

"Oh joy," Harry said out loud for all those waiting with him for the dungeon doors to open to the potions lab. "First day and we already have a double period with Snape. How did we all get so lucky?"

The Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs once again had a class together. This time however wasn't going to be spent with a cheerful professor, but with the man Harry had a grudging respect for. Not only had he risked his self in the war, but had saved Tonks from a fate that many thought, was worse than death.

Harry held a small glimmer of hope that since he looked more like his mother than he did his father, that this time Snape wouldn't be such an ass to him. But as the door to the dungeon slammed open he could feel the dread creeping up on him.

Standing closer to each other than what was normal, the group of 'puffs and 'claws made their way into the dark dungeon filled with

pickled creatures. At the sight of them many of the girls (and even a few of the boys) looked like they were about to lose their lunch.

Taking a seat at a table with Blaise, Daphne, and Hermione, Harry pulled out all he knew he would need and sat silently waiting for Snape to show up.

During this time Blaise had tried to start a conversation with him, but Harry had told him quickly and quietly that Snape would most likely hate him more than McGonagall by a couple of quidditch fields, and that it would be in their best interest to remain silent until they were at least on their way out of the dungeon.

Snape burst into the room, and Harry saw Hermione glancing back and forth between the potions professor and his self. All he did in reply was give her a look that clearly said 'just wait and see'.

Class started with Snape calling roll, when he hit Harry's name his voice sounded strained to those who had been paying close attention, but he had refrained from saying anything. After getting roll call out of the way he had began the lesson with the same speech he had used in the first time line. Harry grudgingly admitted to himself that the hooked nosed man really knew how to advertise his subject. He remembered the first time he heard it; Harry had been so excited to learn how to brew potions. That had quickly died after only one lesson with the half blooded Prince.

"Potter." Snape said in a soft voice.

Harry had been expecting him to yell like he had in the last time line, but it seemed this Snape had, at the very least, a better control on his inside voice.

"What would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?"

"The Draught of Living Death, sir." Harry said as politely as he could. He knew that his temper was a lot shorter than it was in his last life, and if he wanted to keep from losing the points he had gained today then he was going to have to be as respectful as he could to Snape.

A brief look of surprise crossed the greasy haired man's face before he could hide it. "Correct. Where would you look if I told you to find me a bezoar?"

"In the stomach of a goat, Professor." Harry said, once again as nicely as he could.

This time Snape had been ready for him to get the question right, and had held his surprise in before it could show. "Once again correct Mr. Potter. And finally, what is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

Harry for a second had thought of telling him that the difference was in how you spelled them, but knew it would be a very stupid thing to do. "There is no difference, sir, as they're the same plant, just different names for it. Also muggles use the same plant, but have named it... Uh, I think they call it aconite?" Harry asked, sending him a questioning look.

"You are correct Potter." Snape told him, though it looked like it hurt him to do so. "Now why is it that you know the answer to these questions when they are not covered until third year at the earliest?"

"My mother lets me watch and sometimes help her make potions at home." As Harry said this he watched Snape for a reaction, but one never came. "Along the way I've picked up a few things."

"Well then, I'm sorry to say Potter that I won't be giving you points for answering those questions then." Snape said shocking those in the room. "If what you say is true, it means that you were learning before the others and that gives you an unfair advantage. Meaning no points for you... Sorry," He said, not sounding in the least bit sorry.

"I understand completely sir." Harry replied, wondering how unfair he would think it was if he knew his real age.

Harry's lack of anger or back talk had disappointed Snape greatly, but he knew the boy's type. His good boy act would eventually slip and when it did, then he'd get to mess with her through him. After all, the women who took what he wanted more than anything else deserved nothing less.

"You all need to copy that down," Snape said to the class. "And then you will start brewing your first potion. A boil cure."

S2ndC

After potions, Harry didn't know what to think of this world's Snape. He had actually acted civil toward him. The only real downside he saw to this was the gloating look Hermione had sent him as they left the class. He could actually hear the smugness in her stare.

"Shut up Hermione," He said in a way that she would know he didn't mean it. "It was the first class. Wait and see, he'll be an ass before the end of the year."

"First, watch your language!" She chided him. "And secondly, I'll believe it when I see it."

After that they had gone up to the common room and had gone their separate ways. Harry wanted to hurry and get the homework Snape had given him done before dinner. Dashing up to his shared room, he had quickly knocked out the six inch essay before picking up the book he had been reading the day before to pass the time before dinner.

S2ndC

Dinner had just ended and Harry was only one in a crowd of many. Looking around and seeing that no one was paying him any attention, he slipped away from the group of Ravenclaws heading to their tower.

Before he knew it, he was on the seventh floor, walking back and forth with a blank stretch of wall on one side and a tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy on the other. On his third pass a door appeared before him.

Quickly opening the door, Harry walked into a room that was roughly the same size as the Great Hall. Around the room was a track that he could use to run. Placed in the middle were all sorts of equipment that would help him get in better shape, faster than he would have been able to on his own.

As the door closed behind him, Kar's advice from the previous night came to him. Focusing on telling the room what he wanted, a book appeared on a pedestal to his right. Reaching over he picked up the book and was pleased to see that it was on meditation, just as he had wanted.

He knew that if he was to get the type of work out he wanted and tried his hand at meditation, he would be here well past curfew. But fortunately for him he had something that could take care of that problem. A time turner.

AN: Before I started writing this chapter, I made a time table for Ravenclaws classes. The thing I didn't realize until after I had finished this chapter was that I had them having at least 3 classes a day with each class lasting an hour and thirty minutes, except on Friday when they had two. It didn't even cross my mind that if they had classes this often, then none of the other years would get any class time. After I saw this I felt really stupid. In the next chapter More will be explained on why they had classes like they did.

So what did you guys think? Will I ever stop with the Daphne/Harry moments(I doubt it, I'm way too big of a DG/HP fan), what is Harry's plans for the twins, will Katie get Harry back, and what did Lily do that has made Snape hate her? Leave a review and I'll see you soon.

AN: Chessicfayth, thank you for being my beta. Important AN at the bottom about new Poll.

Blood pounded in his ears, in tune with the rapid beat of his heart. His muscles protested any movement, for each jolt brought with it a sense of fire bleeding through them. Quick jagged breathes taken in, only to be ejected from his body as fast as they came. Feet which only ever touched the ground for a second at a time, feeling as if the earth itself was trying to pull them back down. His body, coated in sweat, screamed at him, begging and pleading to give it the rest it craved and deserved. Harry loved every second of it.

Currently the long haired first year was in the work out area that the Room of Requirement had provided for him. His labored breath and the sound his feet making contact with the running track were all that could be heard in the giant room.

It had been over a week since he had started to use the room, and it had become his habit to come at least twice a day since. The first night he had used what the Room had created, he had worked his self to the point that he hadn't even attempted to open the book on meditation. He knew he would have only ended up asleep after a few words.

Much like his first night, Harry had ended up pushing himself as hard as he could with each visit. There was just something about the way he felt after exhausting himself that had him addicted to pushing his body to its breaking point. Though he had never been drunk, or felt the effects of any drugs, he was sure what he was feeling what a muggle fitness expert, he had seen on the Dursley's telly once called a natural high.

However, even with his new found love of pushing his body, he had no intention of going as far as those body builders he had once been forced to watch with Dudley (when his cousin had started getting into boxing). Whether it was because Dudley thought they were cool and had emulated them, or some other reason he didn't know about, any thought of himself looking like a steroid freak was enough to make him shudder with nausea. No, the type of body he was aiming for would be lithe. A body made for speed.

Since Kar had told him about the abilities he would be gaining, the thought of him flying through a forest at the speed of a unicorn had

been what he was looking forward to the most out all of his hopefully soon-to-be-acquired abilities. He had read up about them after his dream with the god, and had found that they were able to out run any of the currently made brooms on the market. This had only served to make him more excited to unlock his speed. Unfortunately, while his workouts had only continued to become better for him, his meditation has been slow going. However, after he had read more into the book the Room had provided him, he found this was how it was supposed to go. Meditation was meant to be a slow process that could not, and would be rushed.

When he had found this out he had been greatly disappointed. He had really wanted to get better control of his emotions, but more so than that, he had really wanted to start on the path to becoming an animagus. He dreaded to think how long he would have had to wait. If he had only learned about how meditation was part of becoming an animagus this summer. He would more than likely have to wait another year to complete the transformation.

At the present time, Harry was slowing from a run down to jog. Pulling out his wand, he used it to check the time. It appeared he was already twenty minutes late to meet Cho in the library. Perfect, he was right on schedule.

Slowing to a walk, he made his way over to his bag, which he had recently put an expansion charm on. It was filled with many different things, including the few items he needed at the moment. Namely, a change of clothes to wear after he finished cleaning himself in the shower he had made the Room create.

As he entered the changing room that had been created at the same time as the showers, he looked around and noticed that it looked identical to the boys (and he was assuming girls) side of the quidditch locker rooms. It was very simple design, cubbies set against the opposite wall of the one with the entrance, with two more set on the wall beside the others making an L shape. Directly in front of them was one long bench that had the same L shape to it, so no matter which cubby you used, you could sit down while still having access to your things.

Forgoing a cubby, Harry threw his bag down on the bench. He quickly stripped before making his way to the open roomed showers. There were no dividers for personal privacy, just one large open

room, with showerheads placed every few feet on all of the walls except for the one where the entrance was located.

Not that he would be ashamed of his body and try to hide it like he had been in his last life. As he had gotten older the first time around, his body had slowly gotten better from a mixture of sunlight (the cupboard under the stairs had wreaked as much havoc on his body as Vernon's fist had), quidditch training, and a constant stream of three whole meals a day.

This body however, had never been subjected to the horrors known as the Dursleys. The new body he now occupied was in much better shape than his last had been, and was bigger than he had been early on in his third year (in more ways than one). Now that Harry looked back on his old self, the state of his body was one of the few reasons he had been so reluctant about getting close to anyone of the opposite sex. At least he didn't have that problem now.

Harry cut the water on at the first showerhead he came to, enjoying the spray of the near scalding water as it washed over his aching body. The feeling of relief he received after his work outs from the almost blistering water was as much of an addiction to him now as the work outs themselves. He was lucky to have a time turner, because he knew when he finally did force himself to leave the streaming liquid, he be even later than he already was.

By the time he had left the shower he was running late by forty minutes. Still, even with his tardiness, he slowly made his way over to his bag. It had become a routine for him to use his wand to dry after showers, and this time was to be no different. It was quicker to use his wand and there was the added benefit of not having to carry around a towel.

Reaching into his bag he pulled out his new changing of clothes. As he did, an envelope that had somehow become hung in his clothes fell to the floor. Kneeling down so fast that his knee painful collided with the tiled floor, he picked up the envelope, holding it as if it were a priceless artifact. And to him it was priceless. In side were the first letters he had ever received from his mother and Iris.

Flashback

It was Wednesday morning, and the first year Ravenclaws were following the routine that had been laid out for them only two days prior. Eating breakfast as a whole group. Even Daphne, with her aversion to large bodies of people, would join them. Always taking a place next to Harry or Padma.

"Does anyone have any idea why we only have classes for the first two days during our first week of school?" Padma asked, sounding dejected.

Her question was answered by a number of shaking heads. Judging by the looks on the faces of a good portion of her year mates, Padma was not the only one to be upset about their lack of classes.

"Good morning, my young ravens." squeaked Professor Flitwick. None of them had noticed his arrival, but were none the less happy to see their head of house.

The diminutive duel master had entered the hall ready to start his daily routine (of reading the Daily Profit and trying to find the truth hidden in all the lies while enjoying a good strong cup of coffee), when he saw the looks on the faces of his first years. Like any good head of house would, he had made his way over to them to see what was bothering them and if there was any way he could be of help.

"Why the long faces? The day is young and beautiful, perfect to go exploring the castle grounds. Or, if you're not the type to enjoy the great outdoors, go discover a good book in either Ravenclaw tower or the school library." He could tell his words were cheering them up, and seeing them happier made him happier. "There is so much for you to do, but if none of these options will help with what is upsetting you, you're all more than welcome to tell me the cause of your dejected looks, and I will see what I can do to help."

The first years all looked at the tiny professor with respect. He had cheered them up in a few sentences, and without even knowing what was bothering them. More than one of them were thinking how lucky they were to have the part goblin as they're head of house.

Stephen was the first to regain his focus. Clearing his throat he asked, "We were wondering why it was we only had classes on Monday and Tuesday this week?"

As Stephen spoke, Flitwick gained a look of understanding. "Ah yes, many a Ravenclaw have asked that same thing. The answer is quite simple. Tradition."

"Tradition?" Morag asked doubtfully, voicing the others' thoughts. They didn't see what that had to do with their classes.

"It is unknown when, or why it started. It's just the way it has been for a great number of years, and how it will most likely be for many, many more." His first years nodded in understanding. "But if I was to make a guess as to why it started, I'd say it was to give all you first years a taste of what classes will be like, and a short reprieve, before you start going to them daily. At the same time it gives you all a chance to learn the school grounds better, making it easier to find your way to each of the classes."

"Are we going to have to wait until next week before we have our first Astronomy lesson?" Kevin asked.

"Unfortunately yes," answered the professor. "Your first lesson with Professor Sinistra, will be at midnight next Wednesday."

"Aw man," Harry whined. "I was really looking forward to that class."

"Why?" Blaise asked from his right, while Daphne gave him questioning look from his other side.

"Because the class has a great view," Harry answered with a blissful look on his face.

Before Blaise could reply, Flitwick had started squeaking in laughter. "I'll be sure to inform Sinistra that you think so, Mister Potter," said the professor as he started on his way up to the teachers table.

"No! Professor, I was joking!" Harry called in a stage whisper. "Don't tell her!"

"Ha, you got busted!" Terry said snickering along with the others at their friend's troubles.

"Do you think she'll be upset?" Lisa asked to no one in particular.

"I don't know, but we're about to find out." The group of first years followed the path his hand was pointing to.

Up at the staff table Professor Flitwick was trying to tell Professor Sinistra what Harry had said through his giggles. Slowly as she listened to her fellow college, Sinistra's eyes widened a small fraction. Turning she raised a single dainty eyebrow at Harry.

Harry felt himself flush in embarrassment and tried to hide from her gaze behind his curtain of hair.

"This is the first time I've seen someone make you blush." Daphne said in her monotone. She showed no emotion, as she cut the strawberries on her plate. "It's hilarious."

Harry ignored all of his friends who were laughing at his expense. "Daphne!" He whined. "Don't be mean!"

Before anyone could say anything else, the sound of hundreds of owls beating their wings as they flew into the Great Hall reached them. Harry quickly dropped his whining act and looked for any sign of white in the mass of black and brown owls.

Harry had yet to get a response back from his family. He knew it was unlikely, but he couldn't fight the feeling that after getting his letter they'd be too disappointed in him and wouldn't write him back. Or, just as bad as the first possibility, something could have happened to Hedwig on her journey and she was somewhere unknown, hurt and alone. After losing her the way he did last time, he had grown overly protective of her. He knew if he saw someone trying to hurt her, he would most likely react as violently as he had to Draco on the train.

Just when it was looking like he would have to go another day without a word back from them, Hedwig landed in front of him, a letter tied to her leg.

"Hey girl!" Reaching out, Harry stroked her head.

Harry was the only one in their group to get mail on this morning, so it was natural that his friends were watching him and his beautiful owl. When he greeted the snow colored bird, they could all hear the relief in his voice.

"I was worried about you." Harry admitted continuing his ministrations. "Would you like some bacon? Or did Ivy load you down with some before they sent you off?"

Hedwig gave him an offended look, but when she nipped his fingers, she did so lightly.

"No I wasn't calling you fat. You're surrounded by beautiful girls at the moment, and I still only have eyes for you." He told her giving her some of the meaty treat she loved so much.

Hedwig took the offered bacon, raising her leg she offered his letter in return.

Harry quickly opened the envelope and found two letters inside. Ignoring the blushes his words had elicited from the girls around them, he started to read the first letter that was from his mother.

Dear Harry,

I'm so happy to hear that you were sorted in to Ravenclaw. Though I do have to say, it didn't come as a surprise to any of us here. I myself was almost placed in Ravenclaw, but the hat told me that I would prosper in Gryffindor. So I chose the Lion's den instead. And by the looks of it, it seems that Iris and Ivy will both end up following you into the house of knowledge. They love reading almost as much as you and me. Almost!

However, all that aside, I was very upset to hear about you getting into arguments with those boys. It's even worse that both took place before you were even sorted. Please honey, try and stay out of trouble. I know you've changed for the better and that you were not the one to start those confrontations, but I also know how you can get when upset. I know it will hard on you to ignore them, but please try. It can be difficult when you're young to try and ignore what others say. Just remember that no matter how awful their words may be, they're only just that, words!

'I wonder if she'd still feel that way if she knew what Malfoy said.'

Harry pondered for a second, before going back to his mother's letter.

Also, I was hoping to avoid the subject, but since you asked I won't lie to you, or disrespect you by ignoring the question. Yes, Ivy is still upset. But honey, you can't let it get to you. She's still young and not used to being separated from someone she loves for an extended period of time. Over the summer you became her favorite person. It's only natural that she would be upset at you leaving. I know your father, Iris, and I all felt the same sadness when we parted ways. She will get better with time. And just between you and me, I'm working on something so that you can see her and the rest of us any time you want. I won't say anymore, but expect a package some time soon.

Now that those two bits of nasty are out of the way, I can ask about something that intrigued me in your letter. What's this about the Sorting Hat stopping the sorting to talk to you? I'm so jealous! I sounded like a squealing fan girl when I found out (You will never tell a soul about that! I'm your mother you have to listen to me!). You have gotten to have one-on-one time with an artifact of the founders. I was an Unspeakable, and even I never received an opportunity such as that! The only problem is that when you wrote about it, you only vaguely told us what you two talked about. I need to know more! Details, give me some details!

Alright, now that my small bit of crazy is over, I should probably go. Be sure to write to us often, and know that no matter what, we all love you and miss you.

Sending you all her love

Your mother,

Lily

Harry was beaming after reading his mother's letter. It was a strange thing, how a piece of parchment with a few sentences on it could make him feel so loved. Folding her letter up he quickly unfolded the other. When he saw that it was from Iris, he felt a wave of serenity wash over him and he started reading.

Dear Harry,

First, I just want to say good job on calling out Bigbottom and standing up to the slick haired prat. The first has always been full of

himself, and the other has always given me the creeps, with the way he would always watch Daphne, Astoria, and me. As a reward, the next time you do something that deserves a good thronging, I'll let it slide. But don't get used to it, because it's a onetime only deal. In fact, I want you to stop whatever it is you're doing right now, and go tell Daphne that if you should get out of line, then she is to hit you until you behave. Go ahead, I'll wait here until you get back...

Harry smiled. He could see her sitting at her desk, waiting to continue her letter as if she were here, really waiting for him to tell Daphne what she wrote.

"Hey Daphne," he said stealing the girls attention away from another strawberry. "Iris has informed me that should I get out of line, then you are to hit me until I get me back in to said line."

Daphne's response came in one of her lip twitches and a nod of the head.

Having given the introverted girl Iris's message, he went back to her letter.

Good boy. I may have you trained yet!

So I've got to say, it's weird not having you around. It's only been a day and already I miss you and the time we would spend together. I miss our flying lesions, watching you as made breakfast with Ivy, the time you would spend with me making potions, and the sound of your voice as you would read to Ivy and me. Man, that's a lot to miss about someone, when they've only been gone a day. I didn't realize how much time we had started spending together until we got home from sending you off. I can see why Ivy took you leaving so hard. I wasn't doing much better myself.

This is why you better make the quidditch or duel teams (though I have no idea if you're interested in dueling. You've never spoken about it). Don't tell Dad I told you this, but he said if you make any of those teams, we'll surprise you by coming to watch your matches. So you better make it... you know, for Ivy and Mom's sake. As for me, well I wouldn't mind seeing Daphne again before Christmas.

Joking aside, I'm going to ask you something, and I hope you'll do it for me. I'd like you to keep an eye on the girls that showed up at my

party. Every one of them are close friends of mine, and I know you can watch out for them. I doubt there will be anything they will need protecting from, but just in case watch over them. But more importantly, take care of yourself. I don't want to hear about you getting hurt. If I do, I'll come and show you what it really feels like to hurt.

Be careful and remember to write me

- Iris.

The smile Harry was giving off as he finished his letter would have powered a Patronus as strong as the one from his third year. It was this that Daphne noticed about him.

"Good letter?" Daphne asked softly, so as to not be over heard.

"Yeah," Harry answered honestly, "it was perfect."

~Flashback End~

Fully clothed, Harry stood in front of the exit to the Room and pictured it opening up on the same floor as the library. Feeling a shift in the air, he knew it had to have worked. Pulling up his hood, he disappeared from view and exited the room.

Just as he wanted, when he exited the Room he found himself down the corridor from the library. Seeing two fifth year 'puffs opening the entrance, he ran as silently as he could up to them, sliding in behind them with no one the wiser.

Harry made his way into the maze of bookshelves. Reaching a section of the library that he could tell was rarely used by the amount of dust on the books, he stopped and pulled his time turner out of the mokeskin pouch tied to the belt loop of his jeans. Glancing around one more time, making sure no one was near, he gave the tiny hourglass a single turn.

He had used the time turner at least once a day, for over a week now. He no longer found the sight of the world blurring around him to be fascinating as he once did. Once the world had come back to a stop, Harry made his way to the restricted section while searching through his bag for the gift Remus had given him for his birthday.

As he entered the more populated area of the library, Harry had to start dodging students who were unable to see him. Just as he reached the roped off entrance of the restricted section, he found the blank paged book he had been searching for.

Getting as close to the ropes blocking off the restricted section as he could, Harry tapped the cover of the gifted book with his wand, before reaching out and doing the same to a random book on one of the many shelves in the roped off section.

Straightening himself out, Harry excitedly flipped through the pages hoping to see some kind of text. To his immense relief and total excitement it had worked.

Barely restraining himself from whooping in joy, he looked to see what he had copied. It turned out to be a spell book written by a mercenary. Harry hadn't even aware that the wizarding world had mercenaries, but learning about their presence wasn't a surprise. Taking a closer look, he saw that there were stories of what the mercenary had done, coupled with all types of useful spells. Just flipping through the pages he caught glimpses at a memory charms, a tracking charm, many different wards, and even a spell on how to create illusions to fool your foes.

Smiling to himself, he tucked his new favorite book under his arm, and went in search of somewhere he could turn visible again.

By the time he had found a place to take his robe off (and made his way back out of the jungle of bookcases) Cho had arrived. She was sitting by herself with a book opened in front of her, but instead of reading, she was continuously looking around the room for something. Harry was guessing (and hoping) it was him.

He quickly crossed the room, making sure to make just enough noise for her to hear him coming. He didn't want to pop up out nowhere and scare her. His attempt to announce his presence worked. He was only a couple of feet away from her when the sound of him bumping into a chair caused her to turn.

He felt his stomach squirm when he saw her eyes light up at the sight of him.

"Sorry if I'm late," he apologized. He slid into the seat beside her. "I made it here a little early and went ahead and grabbed my book."

"It's fine," she said giving him a smile. "I've only been here for small time myself. I went ahead and found what I needed as well." She held up a book on potions. "I want to thank you for letting me come with you. I know we're supposed to be silent while here, but it's still comforting having someone to be silent with."

Cho had overheard Harry talking to Blaise earlier in the day about needing to make a trip to the library. Before she had known what she was doing she had asked if she could meet him there.

When she asked to join him, it had come as much of a shock to Harry as it had her; but in a way it wasn't an unwelcome one. He had readily agreed, and had told her to meet him there at three.

"Oh," he said sounding and looking hurt. "Anyone would have done, huh? And here I was hoping you wanted to spend some time with me."

Cho was shocked that he had taken what she had said wrongly. "I-I do, I didn't mean it like tha-" She stopped her apology when she realized he was messing with her.

Sighing she crossed her arms sending him a mock glare. "You're as bad as Katie! You love messing with me!" She jutted out her shiny bottom lip, in a cute pout.

Harry smirked at her as he ripped his eyes away from her lips. "You say that like it's a bad thing!"

She simply rolled her eyes at him, trying to hide her smile. "I seem to only attract the attention of troublemakers."

"That, and the fancy of every boy within at least two years of age of you." Harry snickered as she turned red at his words.

While he enjoyed making her blush, he also enjoyed being able to talk to her. So decided it was best to go easy on her. At least for a little while, anyway. "I saw the notice board this morning. Quidditch tryouts are this weekend. Do you plan on going out for a spot?"

"Yes I am. My friend Marietta told me about them." It would have taken someone with a higher level of skill in reading body language than Cho to notice Harry tense at the mention of Marietta. He still felt anger toward the girl for betraying him and the rest of the DA, but shook it off to better listen to his crush. "I see myself as more of a seeker, but last year's runner up for the spot is trying out again this year, and I don't see myself being able to beat him. So I'm going to try out for a chaser spot instead."

"I hate to say it, but I'm kind of happy you won't be going out for seeker."

"Why?" Cho asked, while going through her bag.

"I'm going to try out as well," he told her. "I'd rather be on a team with you, than face off against you and one of us lose."

A look of concern crossed her face as she stopped digging in her bag. "Just be careful. The boy I told you about before is well-known for being an... aggressive flyer." Her dark brown, almost black eyes bored into his, showing that she was truly worried about his safety.

"Don't worry about me. I'm more than capable of taking care of myself." He said, feeling an overwhelming need to press his lips to hers. Knowing it was too soon to make a move like that, he reluctantly broke eye contact with her.

Needing something to distract himself from her eyes, Harry started searching his own bag for some of the blank scrolls his mother had given him. She had known that he'd want to copy spells and information using Remus's gift, and thought the instant ink drying scrolls would come in handy. "Especially when I'm in the air." He told her.

Having been digging in his bag, he missed Cho's disappointed look when he turned away from her. A look she quickly hid from the world.

"Is that you being overly confident, bravado you're putting on, or are you really as good as you think you are?" She asked in a teasing voice. She had started to dig in her own bag again.

Without looking at her he smiled and answered. "I guess you'll just have to wait and see." He was still digging through his things and

was thinking the expansion charm might have been a bad idea, when he caught a glimpse of movement in her bag. What he saw shocked him. "Is that paper talking about the break in at Grinnigotts?"

Cho nodded her head, pulling out the several days old, copy of the Daily Profit. "Yes it is. I was reading it Friday when it came out, but I lost track of time and had almost read all the way through lunch." She gained an embarrassed look as she spoke. "When I realized the time, I shoved it in my bag and made a mad dash for the Great Hall. I had completely forgotten about it until you just saw it."

"Do you mind if I take a quick look at it?"

Cho handed it over and went to looking through her potions book while he read.

The paper turned out to be the same issue as he and Ron had read back in his first year. Was it just chance that he had happened upon the same paper that had lead to him to trying to protect the stone in his first life? Or did he have the misfortune of having a third god, named Fate, taking an interest in his life? Either way, he wasn't sure what the right move was, or how it would affect the future.

Should he try and protect the stone from Voldemort, or would Neville be the one to save the day? Harry didn't know what action he would be taking, but he was sure one thing. He was going to have to hunt down the Mirror of Erised, and make sure it was placed as the last protection. Without it, getting the stone would be all too easy for Voldemort.

"I feel sorry for whoever the bad timing thief is. He now has a nation, of blood-thirsty goblins after his head. But I'm sure whatever it is they were after was worth it." Harry joked. When he didn't get a response from her, he looked up to see her staring at her book. The thing that was strange about this was that Cho, had a look on her face that spoke of being uncomfortable with hints of fear thrown in. "Cho," he said placing a hand on her shoulder. "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing," she said giving him a forced smile.

"If I did something to make you uncomfortable, then I'm sor-." Before he could say anything else, Cho had started shaking her head.

"No, i-its not you," She said, but winced as she realized she had said too much.

"If it's not me, then who?" Harry asked, almost bordering on demanding.

Cho didn't answer, only glanced across the room, before looking back down toward her book.

Harry followed the direction of her glance, and saw someone he had last seen in news paper articles after his death. Standing across the room, not even pretending to not be watching them, was none other than Cedric Diggory.

The sight of the boy he had once watched be murdered, was like a physical blow to Harry. Memories of the other world's Cedric swam through his mind at a speed that was almost nauseating. Cedric standing to the cheering of all of Hogwarts, him pacing back and forth minutes before facing his dragon, him spinning with a stunning older Cho in his arms during the Yule Ball, and the surprised look on his face as the green light of a killing curse struck him. The cheerful feeling he had gained since meeting Cho for the evening quickly died away, only to be replaced with a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

Harry had closed his eyes as he thought of Cedric, but as he opened them, he received his first good look at the older Hufflepuff. What he saw shocked him more than when he had first seen. Gracing Cedric's handsome features was a look of pure unfiltered hate. So intense was the look that the part of Harry that had been hardened by war, screamed at him to strike down his former friend before the boy had the chance to do the same to him.

Harry swallowed, trying to fight down the taste of bile in his mouth. "Wow, bloke really knows how to stare, doesn't he." Harry joked, even though he saw nothing funny about the situation. The look in Cedric's eyes was unnerving him. He had seen that kind of stare before. But for all Harry was worth, he just could place where.

"Tell me about it!" Cho said, not sounding any more amused than Harry had. "He started watching me toward the end of last year. It wasn't much, just his eyes trailing me as I left a room, or entered.

But since coming back this year, his stare is almost - I don't know what it's like, but it scares me." She turned her almost black eyes on him again, but this time Harry held her stare. Knowing that looking away would be the wrong thing to do.

"Maybe his mum never taught him it's not nice to stare at people." He joked once again. He was hoping to ease her worries by being playful.

She knew what he was attempting to do and her eyes held gratitude for his efforts, but were still shining with nervousness.

"Listen, I can tell you're still upset. If I were you, I'd make sure to be around people at all times. Marietta, Katie, random groups of passers by. Anyone, just be sure to not go off by yourself."

Cho nodded, but threw a worried glance in Cedric direction. "Maybe Katie and the group thing would work, but Marietta wouldn't." She wasn't looking him in the face as she spoke, and once again missed his reaction to her friend's name. "She thinks I should be happy such a good looking guy is interested in me. She would most likely help him corner me," she said not noticing the contempt her voice held as she talked about her 'friend'.

Harry knew she was still upset, so he decided to go out on a limb, hoping he could help ease some of her concerns. Knowing it could very well come back to bite him in the ass later. Pulling out his wand, Cho and Cedric both watch as he flicked it, just before a shimmering dome appeared around Cho and himself, before blinking out of sight.

"Now then, no one can hear what's said between the two of us now." He told her earning a surprised look from Cho. Over her shoulder Cedric seemed to be swelling in anger. Was it possible that he had been able to listen to what they were saying this whole time? It wouldn't have been hard to do. All it would take is a simple charm for enhancing his hearing and he could easily have been listening in. Harry knew he was going to have to be more careful about what he said and where. "Now I'm going to ask you something, and I want the truth out of you, alright?"

Cho's nervousness had died down and was being replaced by curiosity. "I'll try to be honest, but if I don't want to answer something, I won't."

"I would expect nothing less." He paused for a second to think about how to go about his plan before continuing, "Do you think I'm a bad person?"

She seemed surprised by his question, but answered quickly anyway. "Of course not!"

"Even after you saw me pull a knife on someone? Even though you know I most likely have weapons on myself at this second?" He stared at her looking for any signs that she was about to bolt. "Do you still trust me after all that?"

She took longer to answer this time, but still her answer was the same. "Yes."

"Then I want you to take this." Reaching into his bag he quickly pulled out his invisibility cloak. He chuckled at her shocked look, as he dug into the robes pocket, before pulling out the same dagger he had held to Draco's throat. He had made sure to sit in a way that had Cho blocking Cedric's view of what he had.

At seeing the dagger, Cho held her hands to her mouth, trying to stifle her gasp of shock. Looking around to make sure nobody was looking, she grabbed his invisibility robe using it to cover the blade in his hand. "You're trying to give me a knife?" She asked in disbelief.

"Nope," he said popping the 'p', "I'm trying to give you a dagger."

Her look of disbelief only increased. "Why would I need this?"

"Let me answer your question with one of my own." Getting a nod he continued. "When he looks at you, do you feel like he might try something?"

Cho almost glanced at Cedric again, but stopped herself from doing so. "I don't know. I just know that when he watches me - I feel frightened."

"And that's why I'm giving this to you." He placed a hand on top of hers. Both of which were still using the robe to cover the blade. "In all honesty, I don't think he'll try anything, or maybe it's just me hoping he wouldn't. Either way, you might accidentally end up alone

with him, and he decided he wants to try something. If you were to try and duel him to get away, do you think you could win?"

"No," she answered honestly.

"Then you should take the dagger." He told her. "Most wizards think that if they get your wand, they've won the fight. If you have this, then you could protect yourself from any would-be attackers. And if nothing else, it will give you a better sense of protection."

She hesitated for a moment, before uncovering it and taking it from his hands with her own shaking ones. As carefully and as fast as she could place it in her bag. "Thank you."

"No problem," he said, giving her one of his charming smiles he knew girls loved. "Also, just a heads up, but that dagger, is what some might call... uh, how do I say this... " He sighed as he ran a hand through his hair. "It's what some would call a dark object!"

"What?" She attempted to yell, but only managed a weak squeak. She glanced around to see if anyone had heard him. But stopped when he remembered he had put up a sound ward. "Please tell me, why you're trying to give me a dark object?"

"I didn't say it was dark. I just said some people would call it dark." Harry said lamely.

"And why would they say that?" She asked wincing.

"It kind of, maybe, sort of... blinds anyone who gets cut by it." He said rushing the second half.

Cho seemed to be taking tips from Daphne on face expressions. She stared at him with a blank look that had Harry wondering if Daphne had taken some Polyjuice potion with pieces Cho in it.

"However, all you have to do is cut them again, and their sight returns." Cho was still at a loss for words. "If you think about it, it's a lot safer than trying to use a normal blade on someone."

This broke through to her. "How so?"

"If you were going to use a normal blade on someone you'd have to hurt them a great deal to stop them." Cho wasn't in Ravenclaw for no reason. She could connect two and two. "If you use this one, you can just knick someone with it and would be able to get away without causing the other person great injury, or possibly death."

Cho silently watched him for a time. How long it lasted before she said anything else, Harry didn't know.

"The hat was right." Cho stated. He gave her a questioning look, before she elaborated. "When it said that you'd do well in Slytherin, it was right. You're very talented at getting people to see things your way. It doesn't help that as you do so, you flash that charming smile of yours, distracting them."

Harry smiled, "You think I'm charming?"

"And manipulative," she said softly, a smile playing on her lips. "But for some reason, the more I'm around it, the more I like it."

Cho's words made Harry's stomach do the same little flip it had done when she first saw him. He was about to reply, but stopped when he saw that Cedric had disappeared during their talk.

"It looks like your personal fan boy is gone."

Looking over her shoulder, she saw that he was right, and let out a deep sigh. "Thank Merlin, for small miracles."

From that point on the two spent the rest of the time talking and enjoying the time with the other. He copied down spells he wanted to keep, and planned to read about the mermaid's adventures, at a later time. While she continued looking through potion books, searching, for an elusive answer to one of Snape's impossible questions. Before either of the two knew it, it was already six. Leaving them with only an hour time frame to get down stairs for dinner.

"If we're going to eat in the Great Hall, then we better hurry up, and head down." Harry suggested as he packed his things.

"Yeah," Cho said, sighing. "You're right."

"What's wrong, didn't enjoy your time with me?"

"No, that's not it. I've had a great time," she told him honestly. "I just can't figure out this problem Professor Snape gave us."

"Maybe I can help." Harry offered. "My mom and sister both love potion making. So it's only natural they've dragged me into it as well."

"I have to find the missing ingredient in this potion, and then identify said potion." Cho said, handing him a piece of parchment with a list of ingredients, showing what order they were to be used in. There was a blank spot where the missing ingredient went.

Harry recognized the problem right away. Ron had pissed Hermione off when they were given this problem, back in their second year. Meaning she refused to help them, causing them both many hours of free time, spent trying to find the answer. She had eventually forgiven Ron and helped them.

"The missing ingredient is chopped root of Belladonna." Harry told her knowingly. "The potion itself is a weak calming draught, used only to calm nerves before taking test and the like."

Hearing this, she grabbed one of the potions books she had gotten during their time in the library. Flipping through it, she quickly found its section on calming draughts. A look of disbelief found its way to her face. "After all this time spent searching, the answer was sitting right next to me."

"How about I put all these books up, while you check out that one? When we're done we'll meet at the entrance."

"That sounds good to me," Cho said gratefully.

Ten minutes later, and they were making their way down to the Great Hall, side by side.

"Just to let you know, that was pretty amazing back there." Cho said, as they made their way down one of the many staircases at Hogwarts.

"What was?"

"Knowing the answer to Professor Snape's question. I know all the other second years have yet to find the answer. But here you are, a first year, and you knew the answer right off the top of your head." Cho sent him an admiring look that had Harry feeling heat in his cheeks. "It was very impressive!"

"Oh, that's nothing." Harry said fighting his embarrassment. "My sister Iris, is a year younger than me. She would have been able to figure that question out with less information than we had. She takes after mum, and is a genius when it comes to potions."

"I remember, you telling Hermione, Katie, and I about her." Cho said, recalling the look he had when he had talked about her on the train. Cho couldn't help but to think that it wasn't the way most people looked when they talked about siblings. But then again, she could be wrong. After all, she didn't have any brothers or sisters. "Since she's a year younger, she'll be coming to Hogwarts, next year won't she?"

Harry gave a small laugh. "Yes she will." Harry answered. "It's funny, because she was born on August 31. A day later and she would have had to wait another year, before she could attend."

"That would be horrible," Cho said with a smiling along with him. "To be denied entry by a single day. It'd be enough to drive someone crazy!"

As she said this, the two descended the stairs into the entrance hall. Where they found the door to the Great Hall closed.

"Why do they close the doors?" Harry said, not expecting an answer. "It's like they want to make it so that we can't sneak in. It's inconsiderate, is what it is."

Cho giggled cutely. "And here I thought you'd be the type to like making a big entrance."

"Oh, I do!" Harry reassured her. "But all we're doing now is getting something to eat. I hardly call that an occasion to make one of my grand entrances." He glanced over at her to see her smiling. "But then again, I was able to put smile on those pretty lips, of yours. Maybe this does call for a big entrance."

As he pushed the door leading into the Great Hall open, most of the school turned to see who had shown up late, but didn't go silent like they had the tendency to do when focusing on something, or someone.

Cho, who had a light blush from his lips comment, a moment before, was now glowing red at all the attention they were under.

"I think we're late." Harry said loudly and sarcastically.

His comment drew everything from snorts of amusement to despise filled sneers. Harry ignored them all as he made his way to a part of Ravenclaw table with an open spot big enough for two. Cho followed closely behind him, trying to copy his look of indifference, at all the staring.

Just as the two were about to sit, Harry saw that most of the professors were watching them. Feeling cheeky he sent them an exaggerated wave and a crooked smile.

Each professor reacted as he thought they would, to his greeting. Dumbledore, Flitwick, and Sprout all smiled and waved back. McGonagall sent him a disapproving glare but nothing more, and Snape seemed to take it in much the same way he would if Harry had spit in his face. But much to Harry's surprise he didn't start yelling at him. He just seemed to glare at him like a giant bat from across the hall, his black eyes roaming over every detail of Harry, as if looking for something he had done wrong. And as it turned out, Harry had.

"Mister Potter," Snape called gaining the halls attention. Harry was sure he hadn't meant to call him out in front of the entire school. Snape just wasn't that kind of person.

"It is against Hogwarts policy for you to have your bag with you at dinner. It is only allowed at breakfast and lunch to help students be on time to their lessons." Snape informed Harry and the rest of the hall. "Your and Miss Chang's bags will have to be confiscated until the end of the meal." Snape finished in his oily voice. Harry could see he was enjoying being petty, by the light in his onyx colored eyes.

"Sure thing professor," he said cheerfully, seemingly having no problem, with handing over his property. On the inside however, was a different story.

After giving Cho the dagger, she had placed it in her school bag. If Snape was to get a hold of either of their bags, there was no doubt in his mind that the Potions Professor would go digging through each bag.

Beside him it seemed Cho had come to the same conclusion. Harry had to give the girl props, she was hiding her fear well. The only signs he could see of said fear, were her widened eyes, and the trembling of her hands.

Leaning over he placed a calming hand over her shaking ones. "Give me your bag! I have a plan." He lied to her in a whisper.

Harry felt like shit when she calmed down almost instantly, handing over her bag without question. It showed just how much she trusted him. And what had he done? Lied to her! He really hoped he could figure a way out of their current predicament. Because if he couldn't, they would both be out of Hogwarts by curfew.

With a bag on each shoulder, Harry sluggishly made his way past all the looks of pity, indifference, and amusement. Most in the hall had seen, or heard about how the Potions Master, took great joy in embarrassing students. While also trying to get them to over react, so he could take points. When Harry's fellow first year ravens heard this, they had been more than surprised. While Snape had refused to give Harry his rightful points during their lesson, he hadn't shown them any of his vindictive side, and had only come off as grumpy.

At the Gryffindor table, he could see Katie watching him. Her pretty features set in a way that spoke of her dislike of what was happening. Whether it was because he had been called out, Cho being called out, or a mixture of the two, he didn't know. The twins on the other hand, were watching him, as if awaiting something from Harry. Knowing them, they most likely were expecting some big prank, from the one they suspected of knowing their idol's identity. Neville and Zacharias, were both looking pleased with themselves. As if it had been they who had brought about his current predicament. As a whole, the table seemed to be filled with more pleased expressions, than those who felt sorry for him.

If Harry was to be honest with himself, the fact that most of the Lions didn't like him came as no surprise to him. After all, he had run his mouth to Neville on the very first night at Hogwarts. And even though Neville's bigheadedness was clear for all to see, even Harry had to admit that it was not unfounded. Neville was an excellent student, and the Lion's new celebrity. It was only natural that Neville's enemies were now enemies of the Lion's Den.

Harry's own house seemed to have a few more looks of concern for him than there would have been just over a week ago at the beginning of the year. All of his year mates, who Harry could honestly call each one of a friend, looked to be upset about how the Potions Master was singling him out. Percy had taken to glaring at him, as if he had planned all this out just to make him look bad. While beside him Penelope, and a few seats down from her, Alice, looked to be worried about their young friend.

Even in his panic filled state, Harry felt happy to have so many in his house that cared what happened to him.

Hufflepuff was a surprise to Harry. There were by far more looks of understanding than those of dislike. The 'puffs in his year looked on with much the same looks as his own house's first years. Michael Corner was the exception to this. He seemed to be fighting to keep the joy he was feeling off his face. Cedric, who Harry had expected to have the biggest smile of all, had much the same look of loathing as he had wore earlier that day in the library.

Once again, the hate in Cedric's eyes was shocking to him. There had to be something wrong with him. Yes, Harry could see a guy getting upset about the girl they liked being around other guys, but the way Cedric looked at him made him think the older 'puff would kill him if given the chance. Sending Cedric one last look, Harry knew that he would have to not only watch out for Cho from now on, but his own back as well.

Harry didn't bother sending the Slytherins more than a glance. Him saying Voldemort's name at the opening feast had earned him glares from all of those who believed in blood purity anytime they had seen him. He did however almost give a laughing Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle a heart attack when he looked each of them in the eyes.

Needless to say, the three found the table in front of them very festinating after meeting his eyes.

As he drew near the hooked nose professor, thoughts of those around him gave way to ideas on how to hide the weapon. All of them as farfetched as the one that came before it.

The only reason Harry was able to keep his cheerful smile in place as he walked toward what he was sure was his and Cho's expulsion, was that the snail's pace he was moving at was quickly causing Snape to become more and more upset. His pasty colored skin, had a hint of red to it that Harry knew, was one of his many signs of anger.

'Good,' Harry thought, enjoying the man's anger. 'I can't believe I even entertained the thought of this Snape being different. Just like his other self, he loves his power trips.'

Thinking about how unfair the situation was, Harry thoughts crossed what Snape had said. And just like that, he knew how he was going to keep his things away from the greasy haired man.

He knew doing what he was planning would put him on Snape's 'shit list', but from where he was standing, it looked as if he already was. And if he wasn't, well being on his bad side was better than being kicked out. It was only a bonus that he'd get to play Snape at his own game.

Harry's slow march had finally carried him on to the platform, where the professor's table sat. He was only a few strides away from Snape, who already had his open hands out for the bags, when Harry turned on the spot, heading along the table all the way to the other end, where Professor Flitwick was sitting.

"Here you are professor," Harry said cheerfully, "our bags."

The only noise in the hall, was the sound of laughter coming from a group at the Gryffindors table. Harry was almost positive he could hear Fred and George laughter coming from the group.

"Potter!" Snape snapped, before he could hand over their bags.

'Ah! Now that brings back memories.' Harry thought. "Yes, professor?"

"Twenty points from Ravenclaw!" Snape said, somehow managing to sound smug and pissed, all at once.

"On what grounds, sir?" Harry asked innocently. He could feel the glares from Ravenclaw, being split between Snape and himself.

"Disobeying a teacher!"

"Would you care to elaborate, sir?"

"I told you to give me your and Miss Chang's bags." Snape spat. "You may have given your bags up, but not to me like I instructed you to. It's too bad you don't know how to follow simple instructions. If you had, you wouldn't have lost any of those points I've heard about you gaining your house."

It was true, Harry had gained his house quite a lot of points. Harry had impressed all of his instructors by getting perfect scores on all his work, both written and practical.

There were only three classes where he hadn't gained any points. History, because the professor wouldn't notice him, even if he was to sleep through his class. Which he had, much to the shock of his class mates. He hadn't gained any in potions, because Snape was an ass... and because he thought Harry had an unfair advantage. Astronomy, was the final class he had yet to gain any points in. The reason for this being that Ravenclaw had yet to attend a class on the subject yet. He was hoping to rectify that tonight, in their first Astronomy lesson of the year.

When word of all his point gaining reached the older 'claws, it had won over a small portion of those who disliked him in his house. Unsurprisingly, it hadn't changed Percy's view of him at all. But Harry was kind of happy about that. It meant that anytime Percy would try and call him out on something, he wouldn't feel bad about messing with the older boy.

"Actually, professor you didn't!" Snape eyes flashed dangerously, but before he could respond, Harry cut over him. "You said that Cho's bag and my own would have to be confiscated, but you never

specified who had to confiscate them." Snape realized he was right, and he had only made himself look bad.

"You only assumed that I would hand them over to you. Though why I would, when our head of house is sitting just down the table from you, I don't know."

Harry ignored the death glare Snape was sending him and the now louder laughing coming from the Gryffindor table, as he handed his and Cho's bags over to his smiling head of house.

Having parted with the bags, he turned to Professor Dumbledore, who was smiling grandfatherly at him.

"Headmaster, would it be too much of a bother to ask that the points that were wrongfully taken from Ravenclaw, because of someone else's mistake, be restored?" Harry asked, looking head on into the sparkling blue eyes of Albus Dumbledore. "As Professor Snape so kindly pointed out, those points taken were just a few of those I have gained for Ravenclaw. But when it comes down to it, every single one counts."

"I think that could be arranged," Albus replied, looking as if he was about to burst from his mirth.

Harry gave the Headmaster a kind smile in 'thanks'. "If you don't need anything else, I'll be going to get my dinner before its stopped being served."

"I believe we're finished for moment Mr. Potter." Albus told him kindly. "Go ahead and go back to your seat and enjoy your meal."

Nodding his thanks to the Headmaster, Harry turned, heading back to his spot beside Cho. As he crossed the hall, he took in the stares he was receiving. They were much the same as before, but now instead of looks of pity there were ones of appreciation. However, it still looked as if half of the room was sending him contempt filled glares. The muggle saying, 'you can't please all of the people all of the time,' flashed through his mind as he met their looks with those of his own.

Making it back to his seat, Cho gave him a relieved smile as he sat next to her.

"That was close," he muttered, taking a sip from his goblet.

"Too close," Cho agreed. She glanced around to see most of the table watching them. Not wanting to be over heard, she lightly moved his long hair behind his ear, enjoying its soft silky feel, before leaning in to whisper to him. "Do you think the professor will find... 'It'?"

He had to suppress a shudder, when he felt her breath playing along his ear and neck. "No," he answered, turning to look her in the eye. "Professor Flitwick is a good man. He wouldn't search our things unless he had a reason to. We should be fine."

"Uh huh." she replied unintelligently. It seemed, staring in to his eyes from as close as they were, had served to addle her brain.

"Cho."

"Yea?" She answered, still focused on his eyes.

"Eat." He told her gently.

Flushing, she turned back to her meal. Harry on the other hand, looked around the room to see who was still watching them.

Staring at Cho and himself, from over at the Gryffindor table, was Katie. She had been watching them both with a frown etched on her pretty face, a look of jealousy in her doe colored eyes. It took her a few seconds to realize that Harry was now staring back. Quickly she traded her frown for a forced looking smirk as she wiggled her fingers as if tickling him.

Harry sent her a smile of his own before she turned to one of the Weasley twins. As he watched her interact with her friends, Harry had the distinct feeling she was forcing herself not to stare in his direction.

Grinning to himself, he started filling his plate as he made a mental note about spending some time with the brown eyed Gryffindor.

It wouldn't be until later that night that he would wonder what exactly it was he was attempting when it came to his female friends.

S2ndC

Harry awoke with his dorm mates that night with less than an hour to get ready for class. Tonight was to be the night they had their first Astronomy lesson of the year.

Harry could only laugh as he and the rest of the first years made their way to the Astronomy Tower. Harry may have been in an eleven year olds body, but he was more than familiar with having to get up at this time of night for Astronomy. His year mates on the other hand, not so much.

All around him where groaning and moaning first years, who shuffled sleepily through the corridors as they rubbed the sleep out of their heavy lidded eyes. If he hadn't known any better, Harry would have sworn he was the lead in some zombie movie.

Once they reached the top of the Astronomy Tower, their groaning quickly died down as the student buried themselves in their robes. The lesson was to be held outside, on top of the tower. There was no shelter against the icy wind as it lashed at their exposed skin sounding like howling wolves. But even with the frosty wind blowing at them, most of Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were still asleep on they're feet.

Harry who was one of the last to make up, was met by Daphne as soon as he climbed through the trap door. She had pulled her robes up, so that the only part of her that was uncovered was her pretty ice blue eyes. Looking at her, she reminded Harry of the way Middle Eastern women wore veils to hide their faces.

"P-please. Warm. N-now!" She pleaded as her frame shook with her trembling.

His wand was out and casting before she had finished asking.

"I can already tell, I'm going to hate this class," Daphne admitted softly. She had pulled her robe off her head after getting Harry's warming charm, but was still pulling it tightly to her as if to not give the chilly night wind another chance at freezing her.

"You'll be fine. I'm just going to have to teach you a warming charm. That way if you ever get cold and I'm not around. You'll be able to cast one on yourself." Harry told her, before the two fell into a comfortable silence. Both failed to see the person climb through the trap door.

Professor Sinistra was running late. By the time she had made it up to where her class would be held, all of those she would be teaching were there. Seeing her students half awake, she gained a mischievous smirk. Holding up her wand, she gave it a little twist, making a loud Bang come out of her wand.

Harry still had his wand out when the sound went off. He jumped in fright, quickly turning as he landed, his wand held high to fend off what had made the noise. However, as soon as he saw that it was Professor Sinistra who had scared him, her wand still smoking in her hand, his hand blurred from the speed he used to pocket it.

Sinistra looked around at the shocked Ravenclaws, and Hufflepuffs, with a sweet smile on her beautiful face. She really enjoyed messing with student during their first lesson.

"Welcome, to Astronomy," she greeted, ignoring the large number of glares and the two or three love stricken looks she was receiving. "How did you like my little wakeup call?"

The lesson went smoothly after their professors surprise wake up call. Much to the class's relief, she had not gone on and on about her subject, like all the other professors had. A simple warning of 'Don't fall off the tower,' and a quick over view of what they would be covering in their time together and she had them star gazing within thirty minutes of the class starting.

When the class had been told to find a spot to set up their telescope, Harry had taken a spot between Kevin and Hermione, and made short work of the assignment Professor Sinistra had given.

He had just finished, when he glanced over at Hermione. He was surprised to see how distracted she seemed. She would look through her telescope for a few brief seconds, before throwing embarrassed looks at something behind them.

"Hermione," Harry whispered.

Even though Hermione barely heard him, he still managed to make her jump. She sent him a guilty, yet puzzled look.

"I know it must be hard on you always losing to me in class. But that is no reason for you to give up completely! I'm sure if try hard enough then someday you might tie with me."

Hermione glared at him, before a determined look crossed her face as turned back to her telescope. For the remainder of the class, she would only raise her head to quickly jot down answers on her star chart.

Though she didn't see him, Harry smiled at her determination. He had known his words would light a fire under her butt.

Since classes had started, Hermione had been unable to beat Harry in any of their classes. It was clear for all to see how upset she would become when out done by him. Even though he wasn't the only one to outdo her, he was the only one to outdo her in all of their classes. Harry figured it was the fact that the classes seemed so easy for him, while also being a bit of a trouble maker that upset her about being out done by him.

All this added up to her seeing Harry as being the one to beat. This mind set had created a friendly rivalry between the two. And while Harry couldn't call them as good of friends as he once had, Hermione was happy. To him that was all that mattered.

It was very late, or very early, depending on how you look at it. When Harry strolled in to the Ravenclaw common room. Followed by the exhausted forms of his fellow year mates.

As they made their way to the stairs leading to the dorms, and more specifically their beds, Harry was making his way over to see if there were any new notices.

"Hey guys, guess what!" He called excitedly from his place by the notice board. Slowly his year mates turned to him, all with questioning looks. "Tomorrow, we have our first flying lesson."

At once, all of the boys looked as awake and excited as Harry did. As a group they rushed over to see the notice. On the girls side

however, only Su Li and Morag seemed to care about the coming lesson. They too made their way over to the boys, while the rest of the girls either rolled their eyes at the annoyingly awake group, or pretended they didn't exist as they sleepily made their way to bed.

S2ndC

"Aggh!"

"Hey Anthony."

"Yeah?"

"Shut it!" Kevin ordered. Hearing his friend groaning was getting on his last nerve.

It was the morning after their first Astronomy lesson, and all of the Ravenclaw first years were sitting in their common room waiting for ten o'clock to roll around. Normally, they would do what most 'claws with too much time on their hands do, and use the time to read. But the thought of their first flying lesson made attempting to do anything constructive near impossible.

"I'm sorry," Anthony apologized, slumping down into his chair. "I just can't seem to sit still for La Fay's sake. I mean we are going to fly. In the air! On brooms!" He hopped out of his chair and started pacing, back and forth. "How in the name of Merlin am I supposed to calm down?"

"I know, I know." Kevin said waving off his apology. "I'm excited to. I just wish I knew more about what we're doing. Besides knowing we're going to be flying on brooms, I don't know what to expect. It's got me a bit snappy."

Padma, who was one of the few that wasn't hyper ventilating, spoke from behind her book. "If you really want to know about flying, from someone who I hear is excellent on a broom, then you should talk to Harry."

"Huh?" Harry asked as he laid down his copy book. He noticed that most of their band of friends were looking at him. The exceptions being Padma, Daphne, Blaise, and Mandy. All of whom were hidden behind books. Hermione had the all too familiar book 'Quidditch

through the Ages', in her hands but had joined the others in staring at him.

"I told them that if they had any questions about flying, they should talk to you." Padma answered once again from behind her book.

"I have no problem answering anybodies questions." Harry responded, earning himself a round of grateful smiles. "But if you don't mind me asking, how do you, Padma, know I'm a good flier?" He asked staring at the book that blocked his view of the girl.

"Also," he said turning to face the group, "I'm surprised most of you don't know more about flying. After all, most of you are half-bloods and pure-bloods. I would have thought most of you would have grown up flying."

"The reason I know you're such a good flyer is simple." Padma said finally lowering her book. "Iris told me and the other girls how amazing you are on a broom, amongst other things."

"Other girls?" Harry questioned warily.

"Over the summer my sister, Daphne, Astoria, Hannah, Susan, Iris, and myself all had a sleep over." She told him, not caring that the others was listening in. "All Iris talked about was how amazing you are. Which was a big change from how she used to talk about you." She paused to give him an apologetic smile. He returned it with one of his own, showing her it was fine. "But during one of her lectures about how amazing you are she told us how skilled a flier you are. She said seeing you fly made her want to learn."

Harry was beaming as he listened to Padma talk about Iris bragging about him. The fact that he was hearing second hand about how she had talked to her friends about him had made his day. But if he was to be honest with himself it, under all the elation he was feeling, was deep fear and worry.

It honestly scared him how much of a sway she had over him. He didn't know what he was going to do about the longing he felt for his sister. Especially since Kar told him the need he felt for her was a part of his soul and would always be there.

How would he react when she came to Hogwarts and guys started looking at her? What would he do when she started looking back? But even worse that. How would he react the first time he saw a guy kiss her? Make out with her? Some unworthy tosser, trying to put his hands on her? How bad would he be, when she found someone to share herself with?

The thought of a man touching her quickly wiped the smile off his face as a sick feeling settled in the pit of his stomach. It was quickly becoming clear to Harry why he had acted as violently as he had to Draco's words. He had never before thought of his sister in any way that involved sexuality with some other bloke. Yes, he had thought of how beautiful she was many times and had wondered how her lips would feel and taste, but that was as far as it had gone. The prospect of her doing that with anyone made his blood boil.

"Harry," Daphne called out to him in her soft monotone. "Are you alright, you look like you're going to be sick?"

Harry blinked in surprise. "Yeah, I'm fine," he lied. In truth, he was close to losing his breakfast. "I just lost myself in thought. Sorry guys!" He tried giving them a smile to show he was in fact, okay. But all he managed was a strained smirk.

The ravens nodded that it was okay, even though they knew he wasn't. They had watched his face go from joy, flash almost too fast for them to notice to anger, and finally ended with him looking as if he was sick. They knew whatever it was he was thinking about was private and respected him enough to not question him about whatever it was that was bothering him. If he wanted them to know. He would tell them.

"Now then, why is it most of you don't know how to fly?"

"I'm guessing that most have spent some time in the air, they just don't live in places where they can fly when they want." Blaise supplied. "Or they're like me, and haven't ever shown a big interest in flying." Around the group there were nods of agreement.

"I wanted to learn," said Terry, "but my mom is way too protective for me to enjoy myself. The one time I tried riding a broom, she practically spent the entire time hovering cushions under me." He rolled his eyes at the memory as those around him laughed.

Harry nodded as he chuckled along with the others. He understood only too well when Terry spoke of his overly protective mother. The memory of Lily worrying over him after seeing him flying was still fresh in his mind.

"When flying, the first thing you have to realize is that if you let your fear rule you. You'll just end up getting hurt." Harry told them knowingly. "When scared, your body becomes tense and you make bad judgments. Try to keep your body loose and enjoy the feeling of being in the sky."

"Another thing that will help you when flying, is when on a broom, don't look at it as if it's just some magic object between your legs." Harry shook his head in amusement at the few boys who had started sniggering at his choice of words. "Think of it as extension of yourself."

"What do you mean by that?" Hermione questioned, giving him the same look she did her professors. While she didn't agree with him on many things, she could not deny that he had a brilliant mind and was a person to be respected when it came to his power and knowledge.

"When you walk, you don't ask your legs for permission to move, or if they feel like going on a stroll." He smiled along with his audience, all of who were paying him rapt attention. "You just get up and walk. Flying is the same. If you want to go up. Pull up! If you want to go forward. Lean forward. The broom is a part of you! Act like it!" Telling them all he could, he picked his book back up and started reading more about the mercenary's life.

Knowing he was done giving tips, discussions broke out between those who were eager to learn how to fly. Talking about what all they wanted to try. While others voiced the fear they were experiencing and how they didn't know if they'd be able to let it go, like Harry had instructed them to.

When the time finally did come for their first lesson. They made their way down to the Quidditch pitch, where they found themselves standing in parallel lines, facing each other. Like in most of their classes they were having it with Hufflepuff, making it so that both lines were mixed with Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs.

Unlike the Gryffindors and Slytherins, they didn't care if the person beside them was from their own house, or another. This was in thanks in small part to Harry's actions during their first charms lesson. Since that day and his little speech about sitting with whoever he wanted, the two houses would mix with the other, unafraid of making friends outside their own.

As those around him talked and laughed, passing the time. Harry decided to check out the broom he would be using. Kneeling, he saw that his broom was very old, with broken and bent twigs that pointed in all directions. The handle was scuffed and pot marked from years of hard use. Translation, it was a piece!

Throwing a quick look at the others brooms and finding them all in the same condition, he wondered if his advice about not fearing the broom could be safely applied to the relics they were expected to learn on. It wouldn't have come as a surprise to him if the brooms failed to sweep a floor, let alone hold someone up in the air.

His musing was interrupted by the arrival of their flying instructor. She had short, silver hair that looked as if she had just gotten off of a broom after a rather intense flying session. Her face reminded Harry strongly of a bird. Her cheek bones that were quite high for a woman and she possessed sharp intense eyes that darted back and forth above her slightly pointed, beak looking nose. If her looks where anything to go by, Harry would guess that the woman's animagus form to be an American Bald Eagle.

"Alright class, no dilly dallying." She called out to them. "First, I want you to stick your hand out..."

The lesson had gone a lot smoother than his original had. No one was hurt, nor did anyone try breaking the rules. It wasn't long until Madam Hooch had given them permission to fly around as they would like, with a stern warning not to attempt anything out of their skill range.

Harry, who hadn't been on a broom since before coming to Hogwarts, had searched and found a bone white stone the size of his palm on the pitch. Mounting his broom, he flew high above where all the rest of his class had gone and a ways off from them. Not wanting to accidentally hurt someone, he faced away from the

direction of the others and chucked the small stone as hard and far as he could.

He hung in his spot, high above the ground, watching the stone lazily as gravity added to its ever increasing momentum. Just as the stone passed the halfway point between the ground and the height he was suspended at, he laid flat to the broom that, had been used by the school even before his father and mother had attended Hogwarts.

Harry was an excellent flyer and was able to make the broom go at its maximum speed. Pushing it to the point that the handle vibrated painfully in his hand and had started to give off a faint whining sound as he pointed the broom straight down at his target and the ground.

Far faster than he had expected to on the school broom he had caught up to the stone. Casually he reached out and grasped it, pulling it out of its fall before he leveled himself out. As he flew low to the ground, feet grazing the dew covered grass, he gazed pensively at his make shift snitch.

He was drawn out of his musing by the sound of cheering from overhead. Above him were the rest of the Ravensclaws, and all of the Hufflepuffs. From the way they were cheering and flying toward him, Harry guessed that his dive hadn't gone unnoticed by his classmates.

Getting that familiar feeling in his chest that one gets when being praised for doing something their proud of, he raised the stone high in his fist much in the same fashion as he had every time he had made one of his many catches while playing as seeker, for Gryffindor.

He continued flying around the pitch waiting for the group to catch up with him, however. It soon became apparent to everyone that even though he wasn't pushing the broom he was using to its limits, they would be unable to catch up to him anytime soon.

As funny as he thought it would be to lead them around the pitch like a mama duck does her babies, he landed near Madam Hooch, who was giving him a calculating look.

"Mate that was amazing!" Kevin yelled as he landed beside Harry. He was the first of the group of first years to touch down. "I was sure you were going to crash."

"Blimey," said a stunned looking Morag. "Your sister wasn't joking about your skills on a broom, aye."

"Please Harry, teach me how to fly like that," begged Lisa, using her pretty golden eyes as an incentive to teach her.

Just as Harry was realizing letting himself be surrounded by a group of excited first years was a bad idea. Madam Hooch came to his rescue.

"Mister Potter!" She called to him. At once the pumped up group around him parted to give their flight instructor a path to him.

"Yes Professor?"

She came to a stop just a couple of steps away from him, fixing him with the same calculating look from before. "That was some impressive flying you just did. I haven't seen one of these school brooms do any flying as pretty as that since taking post her at Hogwarts."

He blushed at the complement. It wasn't every day that a former pro complements your flying.

"That means a lot coming from you, Professor!" He told her honestly.

"Oh," she said in surprise. "A Harpies fan, are ya?"

Harry couldn't fight the smirk that broke out on his face. "What's there not to be a fan of? Seven pretty women, playing and winning in a male dominated sport. Add good food and a bit of Fire Whiskey and you have a party."

Everyone around the two paled and took a step back as they listened to Harry's response. They knew he was going to be killed and didn't want to be in the line of fire when Madam Hooch went after him. What happened next however, no one expected.

Madam Hooch let out a loud bark of laughter. "It seems like it wasn't only James talent on a broom that you inherited from him," she said as she wiped at her eyes as her laughter died away, "but his charm and sense of humor as well."

"Better those attributes than his looks." Harry stated with a mock shudder. "You have no idea how joyous I am that I take more after my mother in the looks department." Though as Madam Hooch laughed once again, Harry thought about how Iris's looks took more after their father and she had to be one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen (and he had seen Fleur on her wedding day).

"I like you kid." She had forgotten that she was supposed to be teaching her class, and was now more focused on Harry. "Do you plain on trying out for your house team next year?"

"I do, but first I'm going to try out this year."

Madam Hooch gave him a pensive look. Was he being cocky in thinking he could make his house team, or did he have the ability to back up his plan?

"You do know the chances of you making the team are miniscule, right?" She asked him bluntly, not bothering to hide the disbelief in her voice. "You'll not only have to beat out older students, but do so on a school broom." She glared at the brooms in the hands of the first years with contempt. "And even if by some chance you were able to beat the more experienced players, you may still end up getting passed over for your chosen position, by someone who is allowed to have a better broom than you."

"I know all that," He told her, surprising those around him with the confidence in his words. "But it doesn't matter, really. I plan on beating anyone who gets in my way. And if my beating more experienced players, on a piece shite broom isn't good enough for them, then I don't want to be on their team."

Madam Hooch was impressed by the first year. So much so that she didn't care that he had cursed in front of her, a professor. Not that she was the type to get upset about a word being used. She found herself looking forward to the Ravenclaw tryouts, and seeing if he could back up his claims on winning a spot on a house team with one of the 'shite' brooms.

"I'm assuming you're going out for the seeker spot, right?"

"Yes."

"Then it's your lucky day then boyo!" Using her wand she conjured a number of snitch sized balls, of many different colors. All of which hung in the air around her shoulders as if waiting for her command. "I'm going to help you prepare," she said smirking deviously. "Now Fetch!" She yelled as she flicked her wand causing the conjured balls to shoot off in all different directions.

Harry mock glared at her for being treated like a dog before a smile escaped to his lips. In one fluid motion he hopped on the battered, old school broom and had taken off after the pretend snitches, barely missing the head of Michael Corner in his rush after the projectiles.

He knew he was going to make the team. After all, he had played for Gryffindor for six years. How hard could it be to make it on the Ravenclaw team?

AN: This chapter was already finished when the last chapter was posted. That's why this chapter was posted so soon after ch.15. Now as for ch17... well let's just say I've hit a wall. I've been having trouble with writing it. I made some headway with it, but don't expect to see 17 for a while. Sorry!

On my profile, I have posted challenges I'd like to see taken on. They are all story ideas that I myself would like to write, but with how little time I have and the fact I doubt I could find someone to beta them for me, I don't want to attempt them. Now if I could find someone willing to beta them I might take a run at them but I'm having a hard enough time trying to get all of this story beta'd.

Some of you may remember when I said I didn't think the polls I posted were that big of a part of the story. I still don't. This new poll however, is. I admit that I need help and that's why I'm letting a poll decide the outcome. The poll is about Daphne, and whether or not she should be added to the harem. And just to let you know there is more than one option.

Finally I would like to send out a plea for help! Anyone who would be kind enough to beta early chapters of this story please PM me. Even if its only chapter, it would be very much appreciated.

Like always thank those of you who review and I hope to see all of yours soon.

AN:AN: Just to let you guys know, if this story gets the big cut (though why it would at this point I don't know) I'll try editing it and reposting it. And if that doesn't work then I'll start posting on other sites, I'm on yourfanfiction as NaruHarrHaremFan, but I have yet to post anything there. Also if anyone reading this likes Percy Jackson or Naruto fics, I'd like to inform you that I have one of each. Go give them a look, and before you ask, yes they already have betas! ALSO THANK Joe Lawyer FOR THIS CHAPTER. WITHOUT HIM IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSTED!

"Hey Harry!" Kevin called, running up to his long haired friend who had just entered the tower.

Harry had been gone that morning when Kevin and the first years in the boy's dorm had woken. When they had asked Daphne, the only person who spent more time with him than Blaise, if she had seen him, she had told them no, and that he was more than likely off flirting with some girl. "He'll show back up once he's had his fun." She had told them in her usual monotone, before turning back to her book.

"Yeah?" Harry shouldered his workout bag as the entrance swung closed behind him.

"Have you heard?" Kevin asked sounding panicked. Behind him a few of the others were walking up to them. "Neville Longbottom made the Gryffindor Quidditch team."

By now the entire group of boys from his year, Morag and Su Li had joined them. Harry could see that they each knew what Kevin had told him and were expecting him to react to the news.

"Alright... what does that have to do with me?" He was curious as to what they were getting at.

"Don't you see what he's doing?" Kevin was amazed that the smartest person in their year couldn't see what was as plain-as-day to everyone else. "He's trying to take the glory you would have received when you made the team as a first year. I'd bet anything he used his fame to bully his way on to the team!"

He raised an eyebrow at the boy, surprised at the accusation. "I doubt it," Harry replied lightly.

"Why?" Morag asked. She, like the others, had been expecting him to be upset at the news. "Everyone knows he hates you!"

"She right," Su Li agreed to the nods of the others. "He can't stand the fact that the only person outside of Slytherin to call him out on his mouth is also the only person able to best him in all of our lessons."

"That might be, but I can see at least two flaws with your reasoning." Harry told them, making his way to the foot of the stairs leading up to the boy's dorm rooms. "The first problem is Neville had little to no chance of knowing I was going to be trying out for the house team." A few of the group looked to be about to say something, but paused as they realized he was right. "The second problem would be Gryffindor's quidditch captain."

"What about him?" Questioned Terry, who, like all Ravenclaws, didn't like that he might be wrong about something.

"He's kind of quidditch crazy...and I mean that literally." He could still remember the twice and sometimes three time-a-day practices Oliver had put the team through in the keeper's final year. Harry would more than likely have enjoyed the challenge that kind of regimen would have presented, now that he was into pushing his body to its limits, but back then it had almost killed him and the rest of the team. "He wouldn't care if it was his mum who tried out for his team. If she wasn't the best player out on that field for that position, Oliver would tell her he loves her then send her packing."

"Really?" Stephen asked. The look of embarrassment he was wearing was being mirrored by the rest of the group, excluding Blaise, who was laughing at how fast the others had jumped to the conclusion that Neville was out to get Harry. It seemed the dark skinned boy had been enjoying himself, watching their friends work themselves up and was now taking joy in watching the wind being taken out of their sails. It became clear to Harry at that moment that the kid had a twisted sense of humor.

"Yeah, but don't worry about it." He told them kindly smiling serenely at them. "I'm happy to see you guys worrying about me. It shows how good of friends you all are."

He was happy to see his words had eased their embarrassment and had given them peace of mind.

"Listen, I need to put my things away." He had started making his way up the stairs. "Once I do and can grab a book, I'll come back down."

He was up the stairs and back down within minutes. When he made it to the area of the common room where his year mates were gathered, he took up his usual spot next to Daphne.

"You missed breakfast," she said quietly, eyes still trained on her book.

"I grabbed a bite from the kitchen when I realized it was over." Leaning over her placed his head on her shoulder, where he beamed up at her. "Don't worry Daphne, your Harry is here now."

Sparing him a short emotionless look, Daphne turned back to her book, not dignifying him with a response. It didn't seem to bother her that his head was still on her shoulder.

"Mate, one of these days she's going to flip on you." Anthony said grinning.

"Probably, and if she ever does, I'm sure I'll have deserved it, for one reason or another." He admitted, sitting up and opening his book to the section on the illusion spell.

From everything he had read about the spell, he was surprised that there weren't more people who used it. The only real limits the spell had were those of its caster. You needed detailed knowledge of the aspects of what you were attempting to cast an illusion of, coupled with a highly detailed mental image of what you wanted the illusion to appear as. Of course, once he had read more about it, the more he realized why only a small minority could really use the spell for more than just simple tricks.

The first problem came as you were casting the spell. It wouldn't do to have only a vague image in mind if you wanted to produce a convincing illusion. If you were to cast one of a female, but were mainly focusing on certain 'parts' of her, then the illusion would come out with only the strongly visualized areas looking real, while

the rest would be blurry and out of focus. Meaning if you lacked the concentration to picture what you wanted in its entirety, then there was no real reason to even attempt the spell.

Then there was the problem of the tangibility of the illusion. Yes, anyone who was near one could see, hear, and even smell it, if you had focused enough on the illusion, but if they were to attempt to physically touch it, all they would accomplish in feeling would be air. Not to mention, it could not create the heat from a flame, the dampness of water, or even the chill of ice. The spell relied heavily on all of your senses essentially fooling themselves. It went without saying that one could not taste the illusion.

The final problem came once the illusion was up and running. A constant stream of magic had to be continuously fed to the illusion to keep it visible and following your will. And while it would only take small levels of magic to power an illusion, of, say a dog. It would take immensely more power than the average wizard had to create and sustain one of a dragon. Couple this with casting other spells and you could easily kill yourself from magical exhaustion.

Luckily for Harry, even before coming to this world, he would have had more than enough magic to power large sized illusions, for an impressive amount of time. But now that he had the power boost from the magic of this improved body, he was sure he would be able to cast almost anything once he had his already sharper than before mind was improved.

He was lost in thought of ways to use the spell to his advantage in battle, when he sensed someone standing over him. Glancing up, he found Cho standing before him, her hands fiddling nervously with the hem of her shirt, giving him a small glimpse of her stomach. The smile she was giving him was of genuine happiness to see him, but it was her dark eyes that revealed how agitated she was.

"Would you like to sit down?" He patted the open space beside him that was opposite of where Daphne sat.

Cho nodded as she claimed the offered spot. He could see she had come to him for a reason. What that reason was, he didn't know. But as she silently played with her fingers, sending him glances every few seconds, he figured she would bring up whatever was on her mind when she was ready.

Taking a deep breath, Cho blurted out her reason for coming to him. "Are you as nervous as I am about tryouts? I feel like my heart is about to explode from the anticipation!"

Closing his book, he turned, giving her his full attention. "I'm a little nervous, yeah," he lied, knowing it would make her feel better to know she wasn't in her jitters. "But you don't have anything to worry about. I'm sure you'll be golden once you're out there and in the sky."

"Do you really think so?" She asked, her worry shining through her words. It was obvious she needed reassurance and had come to him for it. "I mean you haven't even seen me fly before, let alone play at a position I'm not used to. How do you know I won't go out there and end up being knocked from my broom by a bludger within the first thirty seconds?"

He remembered how awful the Ravenclaw chasers had been in his first year. That, coupled with how gifted a flyer Cho had always been, gave him the confidence that she'd make the team. At least he hoped so, for all he knew there could be future World Cup players trying out for the team in this timeline.

"It doesn't matter why I feel that way, what matters is how you feel," Harry answered sagely. "If you go out there thinking you're going to lose, then you've already lost," delicately he took her hand in his, giving her a type of physical comfort. "But if you go out there filled with the certainty that you're going to go out there and kill it, then no one can stop you."

"And while it may make little to no difference at all," he added a small amount of pressure to her hand that sent a different type of butterflies to her stomach, "know that I'll be cheering you on, no matter what happens."

Cho beamed at him as his words of encouragement washed over her. She had come to him with a small amount of hope that he'd be able to take her mind off the bout of nervousness she had been plagued with since waking that morning. Instead, he had completely banished them from her mind and had replaced them with a far more productive mindset, one in which she knew making the team

wasn't going to be the impossible task that it had seemed to be just minutes before.

"Thank you," she said with a cute, but determined look gracing her face. Before Harry knew what was happening, Cho had her arms around him pulling him into her chest that showed no signs of blossoming anytime soon.

Her lack of womanly assets aside, Harry enjoyed the hug as much as normal man would when being hugged by a Veela. Yes, he had spent the summer being embraced by Lily, Ivy, and when he was really lucky Iris, but he could safely say the novelty of being held by another had not worn off for him yet. After all, he had spent the first seventeen years of his life, only getting hugs every once in a while by Hermione and Mrs. Weasley. The way he saw it, he was entitled to enjoy all the hugs he could get.

Around the embracing duo, the male and female first years were discussing the scene unfolding before them.

"Harry spends a lot of time with girls doesn't he?" Anthony said as he thought about himself being hugged by a pretty girl like the one holding his friend at the moment. "I mean he always hangs out with us guys, but if a girl comes anywhere near us, he tends to zoom in on her."

"He does," Kevin agreed as he gave a grim shake of the head, "but what I don't get is why!"

Kevin, who like most 'claws was a very smart boy, had unlike all of his dorm mates, who had only recently started noticing girls as more than long haired boys who peed sitting down, yet to start seeing any appeal in the opposite sex. As he watched Harry and the nameless girl with him, he failed to notice the incredulous looks he was receiving from both the boys and girls in his year.

Blaise, who enjoyed watching people and studying their nature, snorted at his dorm mate's cluelessness. "It seems someone has yet to reach that special mental plateau when it comes to dealing with the fairer sex!" He drawled to the snorts and giggles of his friends.

"What?" Kevin asked as he finally noticed the laughing coming from his friends. Causing their laughter to renew. "Seriously what's so bloody funny?"

Ignorant to the first year's antics, Harry, Cho, and even Daphne spent the time after Cho's surprise hug talking together. And while Daphne conversed as much as she normally did, Harry could tell the girls liked each other. The group of three would have continued to converse, if they had not been interrupted by the sound of an owl barking.

A familiar snow colored owl flew through an open window across the room from the three, a letter and a package tied to her leg. Gliding through the air she landed package first in Harry's raised hands.

"Have a good flight girl?" He asked as he carefully pulled his feathered friend down into his lap, relieving her of her burden.

Cho watched as her crush interacted with the owl she was sure was his. "She's beautiful," she gasped as she and Daphne ran soothing fingers over her feathers.

Hedwig who loved attention straightened herself proudly at Cho's words, as if she knew she was special.

"That she is," he agreed, proud that his familiar could elicit such responses from people. He quickly finished untying his mail and opened the envelope.

The letter had turned out to be from his father, who Harry had yet to receive any mail from since arriving at school. James apologized profusely for being unable to contact him sooner. As a penance for his tardiness in writing, he had sent Harry a scroll full of spells he felt that could come in handy. While most of the spells were well above the range of a normal first years skill level, he believed in his son's talent for magic enough to know he'd get them down faster than he'd expect him too.

James letter also served to inform him that along with the spells he had sent, there was a copy of the old laws set for the Potters, Bones, Blacks, and Longbottoms he had promised Harry before he left for Hogwarts, as well as a gift from his mother. James informed him that

she had spent a good amount of time on it and that the next time Harry 'saw' her he was to thank her for her hard work.

James had finished the letter by telling him how proud he was of him for getting into Ravenclaw, and that he understood why he hadn't taken any of the youngest Malfoy or Longbottom's words laying down. Lastly, he gave a half-hearted warning to not get 'caught' causing any trouble, before telling him he loved and missed him and hoped to 'see' him soon.

Harry had been sure he knew what his mum was working on since he had received her first letter. After seeing all the hints James had dropped in his letter, Harry was positive he knew what she had sent him and couldn't wait to test it out.

He was brought out of his reverie by the sound of Cho cooing at his owl.

"I can see that Cho and Daphne are still feeding your already majestic sized ego, ah Hedwig."

Said avian was too busy enjoying the attention she was receiving to do anything besides bark weakly at him.

Cho lightly swatted his arm. "Don't be mean to her," she chided playfully. "Such a pretty girl deserves all the attention she wants. Isn't that so, Lady Hedwig?"

Hedwig responded with a blissful hoot that let him know she wholeheartedly agreed with his female friend.

"Brilliant, you've both turned my owl against me." Harry deadpanned, before the smirk he wore when messing with people made its way to his lips. Slowly and sensually, he snaked his arms around both Daphne and Cho's waists, the latter of the two squeaking at the unexpected contact. "But you make a good point, pretty girls do deserve all the attention they want!" Going one step further, he pulled both girls until the space that had separated the three became a thing of the past.

Daphne either didn't notice, or didn't care that her friend had just invaded her personal space as she continued to lightly stroke Hedwig. Cho on the other hand, had lost all the focus that had

previously been on her crush's owl and was now acutely aware of how her side was now taut with his own.

"What's wrong Cho, you suddenly seem very quiet?" His smirk had turned into a devious smile that turned Cho a shade redder. "Sorry," he apologized taking his arms from around both her and Daphne. "I just really enjoy seeing you blush and trying to get reactions out of Daphne."

She nodded light headedly, not knowing how to feel about the guy she liked flirting with the other girl. Sure she and everybody else who had watched him interact with any pretty girl, knew that he was a shameless flirt and that didn't bother her. What did bother her was the fact that the girl he spent most of his time with was a classic beauty. She had even heard third year boys comment on the stoic first year's looks. And the fact that she rarely showed any emotion made it impossible to tell if she saw Harry as simply a friend, or something more. One thing was for certain, no matter what, she was not going to act like those older girls, who made fools of themselves because their boyfriend, or guy they liked smiled at another girl. Cho had too much respect for herself than to lower herself to that level.

"Its fine," she said honestly.

'It's good to see that she's not as jealous as her older self had been.' He thought, feeling relieved. "Do you two mind watching Hedwig until I can run upstairs and get her an owl treat?"

Surprisingly it was Daphne who answered him. "We'll watch her," she told him as she placed Hedwig in her lap, Cho nodding her agreement as she slid into the spot he had just vacated.

The door to his dorm room swung shut behind him as he ripped open the package his father had sent. Sitting on his bed, he laid the scroll of spells and the book of laws beside him, turning his attention on the oval shaped gift that had also been wrapped. Quickly tearing off the plain brown wrapping paper, he found a beautiful oval mirror placed in a frame made of a mix of gold and silver that had been crafted to look like battling waves.

Holding it by its arches, he quietly spoke the words that had been carved into the waves; at what he was guessing was the bottom of the mirror.

"Potter Family." At once a flash of blue light rolled over the reflective surface of the mirror. Harry had been expecting to see the mirror to show him his family right away, but realized how foolish that had been after a few seconds of nothing happening after the initial wave of blue.

He was close to giving up and trying again later, when a voice he hadn't been expecting to hear, greeted him.

"Hello Harry," called the cheerful voice of Astoria Greengrass. Looking up at him from the confines of the mirror was the bronze skinned beauty. Her eyes so much like those of the rest of her family's shining up at him, giving him a glimpse at the joy she was experiencing.

"Hey Tori," he beamed down at the girl whose father wanted to strangle him. "I didn't expect to see you, though I have to say I'm happy I get to. How have you been?"

"I'm great!" She replied excitedly. "Your family invited me over for the weekend. Right now Lily and Ivy are in the greenhouse, James was called into work, and Iris is downstairs getting us something to drink. We've been using her training wand, trying to learn as much as we can."

"And how are you two doing?" He asked, lying back on his bed. "Learning anything?"

"Iris has learned a lot of the spells already and the few I've tried have all come easily enough."

"I'm happy to hear that, maybe you'll end up in Ravenclaw, with me and your sister." Astoria's smile grew at his words. "Speaking of our emotionless flower, would you like to see her?"

"I'd love to," Tori exclaimed as she bouncing in place at the thought of getting to see her sister.

"Alright, I'll go get her. While I do, you can go get Iris and the others and call me back."

"Okay," she agreed instantly. "See you in a minute!"

Harry quickly grabbed Hedwig's treats and dashed back down stairs.

"Daphne grab your things and come with me," he ordered. "I have to show you something."

Daphne listened to him without question as she did Harry saw Cho's disappointed look.

"I'm sorry Cho. That was awfully rude of me," he said sheepishly, running a hand through his hair. "Would you like to come with us? You can meet my mom, sisters, and Tori, Daphne's sister." Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Daphne hasten to put her things away.

"Oh no, I wouldn't want to intrude," Cho responded half-heartedly. She really wanted to spend more time with him.

"Nonsense," he waved his hands dismissively. "If you want to come with us, then do so! I wouldn't have invited you if I didn't want you to come!"

Cho looked at him doubtfully, thinking that her presence would be an intrusion on their time with family. She was going to tell him so, but as she glanced into his excited eyes she could tell his invitation had been an genuine offer to meet his family and not something offered so as not to offend her.

"I'd love to meet your family - that is if it's alright with you Daphne," she asked turning to the quiet beauty? "If you would feel uncomfortable with me there, or simply want some privacy, then I don't want to be a bother."

Daphne was still trying to gather all her things as fast as she could without breaking any of the objects in her bag. Those who were watching the scene unfold had never seen the stoic girl move with such purpose. "Its fine," she answered as she shouldered her bag and turned to her best friend. "Can we go now?"

Harry chuckled at the eagerness she was unintentionally showing. Nodding that they could in fact go; he led the two to the tower entrance, where he held it open for them. As he went to follow them out, he saw Cho's friend Marietta glaring at him. Feeling the anger

and dislike he held for her rise up, he channeled a bit of the hate he knew was the old-Harry's and sent her a glare that would have made any Death Eater proud. He was rewarded by her looking as if he had struck her. Smiling to himself he silently swung the entrance closed.

"Harry, I don't mean to sound like I doubt you," Cho said hesitantly, taking in the dusty room he had led them to. "But I have a hard time believing your family is going to be in an abandoned classroom."

Harry had Hedwig set on the back of one of the few chairs still left in the filth covered room, feeding her a owl treat. "Alright, you caught me," he said in mock-defeat, turning to face the two girls. "I lured you both here, so I wouldn't have to share either of you with the rest of the common room."

Cho raised an eyebrow in amusement, clearly she knew he was joking. Daphne on the other hand looked pissed. Her features had taken on a sharp look even though her face was blank.

"It was a joke!" Harry told her quickly, reaching into the bag he had brought with him, pulling out the communication mirror his mother had sent. "Give it a few minutes and you'll get to see Tori."

Both Daphne and Cho were some of the brightest students in their respective years. So it came as no surprise to Harry when they both zoomed in on the mirror he was holding with a look of understanding in their eyes.

"A two-way mirror?" Daphne asked taking a closer look at said mirror.

"Yup! My mum made it," he said with obvious pride. "Well, she put the enchantments on it. I kind of doubt she made the mirror. The frame itself looks to be goblin made."

"Its breath taking!" Cho had come up to him and had started running a finger along the frame.

"First, Hedwig's beautiful, now my mirror is breath taking," he said giving her an overly dramatic look of hurt. "Yet, you haven't said if you think I'm good looking or not. If wasn't for Katie's words on the train, I'd think you didn't find me appealing."

A blushing Cho looked to be on the verge of saying a comeback, but before she could utter a word she was cut off.

"Harry!"

Harry and Cho both jumped at the sudden calling of his name. From the surface of the mirror was a wild haired Ivy, dirt covering her clothes and face. She looked as if she had been 'helping' Lily in the greenhouse. Standing around her was a still beaming Tori, a concerned looking Lily, and Iris who had an unreadable expression on her face as she glanced back and forth Between Cho and Harry.

"Ivy!" Harry exclaimed. It would have been impossible for him at that moment to describe the amount of joy he was feeling at the sight of his family. However, past all the happiness he was experiencing, in the back of his mind he was hoping that his mum and Iris hadn't heard him talking to Cho, but from the looks they were both sporting, he knew they more than likely had. "I've missed you - all of you!"

"I miss you," the smallest redhead cried out, "when are you coming home?"

"I'll be home at Christmas, but now that I have the mirror mum sent me, we can talk every day. I'll even try and read to you when I get the time." His smile grew as Ivy cheered and did a cute little dance. Turning his attention to his mother and Iris, he could see they were as happy as he was about Ivy's excitement, though Iris was still throwing Cho suspicious looks. "Thank you, by the way mum, I love my gift. I can already tell I'm going to be using it a lot."

Hearing that he enjoyed his gift, washed away the worry Lily had felt when she seen her son flirting with the pretty girl beside him. "I'm happy you like it," she said smiling. "You know honey," Lily said as she watched Astoria and Daphne talking to each other, "If you tap the frame with your wand the mirror will grow. But be warned it's a good size mirror, so be careful when doing so."

After Harry had handed the mirror over to Daphne, he pushed the teacher's desk against the wall. Unshrinking the mirror he propped up on the desk and took a step back. The mirror was as beautiful in its full-size state as it was when it fit in his two hands. It came as a relief that his mother had the forethought to put a feather weight

charm on the now Vanity sized mirror. He didn't know if he would have been able to hold on to it if it weighed as much as it look like it did.

"Mum, Ivy, Iris, Tori, I'd like you all to meet Cho." She smiled shyly at the group of females in the mirror. "Cho, this is my mum Lily, little Ivy, blue eyes there is Astoria, and finally the potions genius Iris." As he introduced each of them, he pointed them out to her.

"It's nice to meet you all." Cho wasn't blind and could see the looks Iris was giving her, nor did she miss how the young girl had blushed when her brother had introduced her. "It's great to finally meet you Iris. Harry's told me a lot about you."

Iris's eyes widened a fraction at that piece of info. She hadn't been expecting this... girl to have been told anything about her. "It's nice to meet you too," she replied evenly.

Before any of the gathered were aware of it, they had spent hours talking. As time had passed Iris's glances at Cho had become noticeably softer, but were still weary. Ivy had spent the time telling Harry all about what she thought of as important while he had been away. While Lily talked with not only Harry, but Daphne and Cho as well. The Greengrass sisters had joined the conversation after having finished their own. In all, the group had enjoyed themselves and would have more than likely continued to do so, had it not been for the sound of the Potter's Grandfather clock ringing.

"Wait a minute," Harry gasped, his eyes going wide. "What time is it?" Not waiting for an answer, he hurriedly used his wand to check. "Ahh shi-"

"Harry!"

"Sorry mum," He apologized as he ran to a window to allow Hedwig out. "It's just that quidditch tryouts are in fifteen."

"Oh no!" Cho exclaimed as she to hopped up worriedly not knowing what to do.

"I know! Listen I'll... um - I guess it would be called mirroring? I'll mirror you guys later."

"Harry," called the monotone voice of Daphne. "Would you let me keep using your mirror? After I'm done I'll bring it back to the tower."

"Of course yo-" Lily started, only to be cut off by Harry.

"No!" He said harsher than he had been meaning to. All noise on both sides of the mirror ceased at once.

"Harry James Potter!" Lily called out sternly. She was appalled by how he had spoken to Daphne. Iris, Astoria, and even Cho were all giving him looks that showed their displeasure by how he had spoken to her.

Daphne who was well known for not showing any emotions, was unable to keep the brief flash of hurt that crossed her face hidden. "Its fine," she said quietly, standing up slowly she made her way to the door. "I'll write to you later."

Harry realizing he had hurt her feelings was across the room faster than any of those watching expected. Her hand grasped firmly in his, he turned her to face him, giving her a look that was miles more serious than any she had seen on him to date.

"I'm sorry - I didn't mean that to come out as harshly as it did." Everyone could hear the sincerity of his words. "I don't care if you use the mirror from sun up to sun down, but I don't want you in an abandoned class room by yourself."

Her features back to what was normal for her, she shrugged her shoulders without meeting his eyes. "It doesn't matter," she replied curtly.

"I know it's stupid of me, but I worry about you," he told her, trying to convey his feelings to her through his voice. Moving so that she was once again looking him in the eye he continued, "You said it yourself, people either love me or hate me. And you and I both know there are many in this school who don't love me. Some may even go so far as to take a chance to get at me by going for my best friend."

He could tell by the look in her eyes, she understood where he was coming from. "But even if that wasn't the case, I still wouldn't want you off by yourself in an empty classroom, where if something happened to you, no one would be able to help. So, I'm sorry that I

was rude with how I said it, but I stand by it all the same. No, you cannot stay here and use the mirror. Now if you'd like to use it in the common room, library, or even your dorm room, feel free."

Daphne was having a hard time keeping her lips from doing that infuriating twitch, they do when she was happy. Over the short amount of time they had been attending Hogwarts, Harry had fast become her best friend. It felt good knowing he cared about her as much as she did about him.

"You're not my father, Potter." She said trying for some heat in her voice, she didn't know why but she felt incredibly embarrassed and wanted to try and hide it from those watching them. "Don't think you can tell me what to do!"

Harry had spent enough time with Daphne that he could easily tell why she sounded upset. It came as no surprise to him that she was trying to mask her feelings from others. Along with being bad with crowds of people, she rarely showed any emotion, making her unused to how to react when she felt them strongly in public.

He smiled down at her, not realizing what all those watching had, that he had yet to release her hand from his own. "I won't, but know this Greenie. I have ways of finding anyone I want in this castle and if I find you off running around by yourself, where I think it might be dangerous for you. I'll come hunt you down and bring you back to where I can keep an eye on you." His smile grew as he leaned toward her. "And if I have to, I'll throw you over my shoulder to do so." The slight incline of her lips were all he needed to know that he was forgiven.

"Guys!" Iris called out, breaking up the moment her brother and friend were sharing. She really didn't like that they were holding hands as they looked into each other's eyes. "Don't the two of you have to be at the quidditch tryouts soon?"

"Bullocks!"

"Harry!"

S2ndC

"Faster," he called over his shoulder, laughing even though they were more than likely going to be late.

In response Cho pushed herself faster even though she was already going at her top speed. Harry had to give her props; she was a lot faster than he had expected her to be, and was definitely in better shape than he had given her credit for.

"I wonder... do you think they'll still let us tryout if we're late?"

Hand on her rib, Cho tried in vain to stop the pain in her side from throbbing. "Doubtful," she answered, trying to control her erratic breathing. "I know you can go faster, why don't you go on ahead?"

"If you're late it'll be my fault." She started to say that he wasn't, but a look from him stopped her. "And if you're late, then I'll be late with you."

She flashed him a grateful smile as the quidditch field came into sight. From the way all those who were already there were standing, the tryouts had yet to start. Both Harry and Cho came to a stop at the edge of one of the many small groups of hopefuls, the latter of the two panting from the run down.

"I'm not going to lie," Harry said, ignoring the dirty looks and whispers he was receiving, "I honestly thought we were going to be late."

Cho snorted, trying not to laugh. Her hand flashed to her horrified etched face. She was mortified at the sound she had just made in front of the boy she liked. The blush that had appeared on her cheeks could have lit the darkest of caves.

She was saved from further embarrassing herself by the arrival of Ravenclaws quidditch captain and keeper, Carter Kirkwood.

"Alright you lot, gather round and shut up!" Now it was Harry's turn to snort. Something told him this guy wasn't going to be as light hearted as Oliver was. "As some of you know, this is my seventh and final year here at Hogwarts. For the past five years I've wanted to be a part of the team that gets to hold the quidditch cup high above their heads at the end of the season. And each and every

year, I've been left disappointed. So this year, we'll be doing things differently than those who have lead this team before me."

There was muttering to break out at his words. Harry could tell the man before him may not have been goofy like Oliver, but he was just as obsessed with getting the cup as Oliver had been in his final year.

"I said shut up!" Carter roared, getting what he wanted at once. "Now unlike in years past, where if you played the year before then you automatically made it the next, this year all spots are open, even those that have returning players from last season." Once again talking broke out amongst those in attendance, most sounding cheerful, while two or three looked to be upset about the new rule. Harry assumed they were the returning players.

"Damn it! For a group of Ravenclaws, your all about as smart as potion addicted troll. I remember telling you to shut up, but since you all seem to be slow on the uptake, let put it in a way I know you'll hear me. Next time someone talks without my permission, they will be turned away, no matter how good they are!"

"That is one stressed bloke!" Harry whispered to wide eyed Cho, who simply nodded her agreement.

"I want you all to sort yourselves by what position you're going out for." Carter instructed. "If you're all able to accomplish that, we'll start with beater tryouts, then chasers, and finish up with the seekers. Line up in groups in that order."

Wishing Cho luck, Harry made his way to the smallest group by far. Standing at the end where seekers were to gather, was one lone player. The reason this young man stood alone was the reputation he had garnered himself the year before when he had tried out for the same spot.

From how the gossip around the common room told it, he was a ruthless player, who would do anything to catch the snitch. He was said to be the standard for all Ravenclaws to stand by when on the ground, but when he entered the sky he turned as ruthless as any Slytherin. And if that was true then Harry knew he was going to be having a hard time with him.

The sixth year's name was Gillian Lockwood. He was a shaggy haired, stocky young man, who in Harry's opinion was built more along the lines of a keeper or beater, than he was a seeker. And while most of the time, Gillian's size would be an advantage for anyone playing seeker against him, it was a major disadvantage for Harry. Not only would his size help him push Harry around, but he also had a broom that would far outshine the school broom Harry was clutching at the moment.

Harry smiled internally as a look of shock crossed Gillian's face when he approached the older boy. Coming to a stop in front of him, Harry had expected to be sneered or glared at, but not to receive a smile and a nod of the head.

Nodding back Harry turned to face Carter and wait for further instruction. "Wow," the Potter heir deadpanned. "I had expected you to tell me to beat it, or laugh in my face when you saw me trying out. Happy to see I was wrong... for once."

Gillian chuckled. "I'd say that your expectations were unfounded, but in all honesty you were right to be worried." Stepping forward, so that they would have been shoulder to shoulder had Harry been a little taller, Gillian glanced down at the bold first year. "Once I get in the air - I become a completely different person." Harry nodded his understanding, respecting the sixth year for being upfront with him. "I'd like to apologize ahead of time, if I get too carried away up there and hurt you - I'd like you to know it's not personal."

"No problem," Harry said innocently. "Quidditch is a rough game, emotions get high, adrenaline gets to pumping, and people end up hurt. Just know this, I won't take anything you do up there lying down. I live by a policy - if someone gets you, don't get even, get them better!"

"Now that's a policy I could get behind," Gillian said with obvious approval in his voice. Both he and Harry had taken to watching the stands fill with Ravenclaws wanting to watch the tryouts. "It's very Slytherin in its nature, don't you think."

Gazing up at the older boy, Harry gave him a look that told him that he was not someone to cross. "They do say Slytherins prosper!"

Gillian and Harry stared at each other for over a minute before both broke out in laughter. Harry had thought that he would dislike the boy, but so far he could see himself becoming good friends with him.

"Oi! You, the girly looking firsty!" The voice of Carter Kirkwood called, breaking Harry out of his good mood. He sneered at the Quidditch captain as most of those trying out for the team howled with laughter, some going as far as to make cat-calls at him. "What are you doing out here? You can't even have your own broom on school grounds! What would possess you to make think you had a chance at making the team?"

"I saw how shitty the quidditch captain looked and thought that if you're the standard then I could easily make the team," Harry called back without missing a beat. He smiled at the renewed laughter his words had drawn.

Carter looked taken aback for a second, before he schooled his features into a scowl. "Think ya funny do ya? Well let's see how funny you are as you make your way back up to the tower. You're banned from tryouts!" Sending Harry one more glare he turned his focus back to the remaining hopefuls. "Now that the trash has been taken care of! I wan-"

"Hey captain," Harry yelled in a mocking voice.

"You're still here, aye? I thought I told you to scram!"

"Oh you did," he said in mock seriousness, "but I have an offer you won't want to pass up!"

Carter stared at the firsty with a mild interest in his eyes. "An offer ya say?" All those on the on the field were paying rapt attention to the back and forth of the first and seventh year students. "And what kind of offer do you have for me that's going to keep me from dragging you off this field by that pretty head of hair of yours?"

Harry had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from cursing the asshole. Harry was more than aware that he leaned more toward looking like a girl than he did a boy, and if he was to be honest about it, he liked it. But to hear someone mock him about it pissed him off.

"It's more of a bet than a offer, really." Harry sent him a bored look, he knew that would piss the boy off.

"What could you have to bet that I would want?" Carter sneered, the look on the kids face was really getting to him.

"A brand new Nimbus 2000," Harry said, watching as a hungry look entered the eyes of most of those on the field, Carter included.

"I'm listening," Carter smirked.

"You let me fly against Gillian here," he reached up and smacked said boy on the back, "for the spot of seeker. If I beat him to the snitch, I get the seeker spot on the team and get to keep my broom, but if I should lose, you get my broom."

An evil smile crossed the captain's face. "Let's say on the off chance you do win," Carter said looking as if he thought the idea of Harry besting Gillian as laughable, "what about your broom situation? I'd love nothing more than to take that fine broom off your hands, but if you were to make the team, I'd end up with a seeker on a school broom. A team with a seeker on a broom like that can't win me my cup."

"What if I told you I know of a way that I could use my Nimbus in each game, and still be well within the school rules?"

"I'd say you have yourself deal," Carter announced with victory in his eyes.

Harry glanced over at Gillian and had a brilliant idea come to him. "I only have one request!" Carter waved his hands impatiently, telling him to go on. "Let the seeker tryout go first!"

Sighing deeply Carter asked, "Why do ya want to go first?"

Harry sent him the cockiest smile most of those watching had ever seen. "Because after I win my spot on the team, Gillian will be able to try out for one of the beater spots."

Carter shook his head in disbelief at the first year. He was suddenly feeling as if the deal he had made wasn't his smartest move. "Whatever - fine! Seekers get ready; you have five minutes to prep!"

Excitement built quickly amongst those in the stands and on the field. Somehow those in the cheering section had heard what all had been said and were looking forward to the coming seeker battle as much as those who were waiting to try out for the team. A number of them wanted to see the cocky first year eat his words and the look of loss on his face when he had to give up his broom, but just as many of them wanted to see if the first year could back up his words.

Standing across from each other already mounting their brooms, were Gillian and Harry. The case restraining the snitch set an even distance between the two. Carter walked cat like up to the box as he sent both boys looks that spoke of him taking in the measure of them. Kneeling he sent them each one last look, before releasing the tiny golden ball. "GO!"

Both seekers shot straight up into the air, the nose of their broom pointing to the sun. Harry who was looking for the snitch, wasn't ready for it when Gillian slammed the bottom of his broom against Harry's, the hard wood of their mounts smashing into both their hands leaving both boys fingers bloody.

Gillian who had initiated the blow was able to recover easily enough and had straightened out to go look for the snitch. Harry however, had to wrap his legs around the handle to keep from falling off his suddenly upside broom.

'Damn they were not kidding about this bloke!' Harry thought as he righted his self gracefully to start his own search for a small flash of gold. 'He'll kill me if I'm not careful.'

For a time both boys flew in circles as they scanned every inch of the sky for their goal. Harry had thought he had seen something gold when he felt, rather than saw, Gillian behind him. Relying on his trusted instincts, he swung himself as hard as he could into a barrel roll, avoiding being rammed out of the sky by the stocky boy, by barely a second.

Coming full roll, Harry shot forward on his broom catching up to an unexpected Gillian, who had gone back to looking for the snitch. As soon as his broom was in reaching distance, Harry used his seeker reflexes and grabbed the tail end of his opponent's broom almost sending him head first to the ground well below them.

Cackling evilly, Harry shot away from the arm flailing boy. It just happened to be his luck that as he sped away from Gillian that he caught sight of the snitch as it speed across the front of the opposite goal posts. Taking advantage of his competition's distraction, he laid flat to the shaft of the broom he was on, using all of his natural talent and numerous hours of training gained skills to push the broom to its absolute limit.

He was more than a third away from the rapidly direction changing ball when he felt the wind being knocked out of him as the stocky form of Gillian smashed into his side. It was a testament to his flying skill that Harry was able to hang on to his broom and in the air after taking the hit he had.

Lying flat to his broom once again, Harry took in deep gasps of breath as he trailed the older boy, trying to use his slip-stream to help him catch up. Slowly, but surely, Harry inched closer to his abuser, all the while thinking that had he been on a decent broom the match would already be over.

Sooner than he had expected and Gillian had hoped, Harry was once again neck and neck with the other boy. He was thanking Merlin, God, Buddha, and anyone else he could think of for the older boy's size and how it had slowed him enough that he could catch up. Had he been built in a more stream-lined fashion, the snitch would have already been caught.

However, Harry learned at that second to keep his head in the game when playing against Gillian Lockwood. Out of nowhere Gillian lashed out sideways with his elbow catching Harry right above his left eye giving him a nasty cut that poured blood, robbing him of his vision in his left eye.

No matter how good Harry was on a broom had he not grabbed Gillian's broomstick a moment before his elbow made contact, he would have been thrown off his own. As it was he had slowed both himself and Gillian down as he continued to hold on to his broom for all he was worth.

Gillian knowing Harry was holding his broom to both slow him down and to keep himself from falling to the ground below, tried prying the first years grip off his broom, but to no such luck. All he could do

was steer them after the snitch and hope that the boy would let go soon.

Harry who had already recovered from the vicious blow, was biding his time, until he had a chance to strike back. His moment came as Gillian let out a frustrated growl as he looked longingly at the snitch. Taking a page from the older boy's book, Harry put all of his body weight into swinging his elbow into Gillian's waist, causing him to let out a loud grunt of pain as Harry speed forward toward the snitch.

Gillian not wanting to lose his dream of playing seeker, pushed through the pain , focusing on Harry and the snitch. Watching the first year following the snitch into a wide right turn, he saw his way to end it. Laying flat to his broom in much the same way his new friend had done multiple times against him, he aimed his broom so that he'd hit Harry, knocking him out of the sky, while it would also put him back on the trail of the snitch.

Harry was only a couple of feet behind the snitch when out of the corner of his eye he saw the shaggy haired teen on a crash course with him. Pulling back on his broom with all his might, he tried avoiding his opponent, but was only half way successful.

As one, all those who had been watching the amazing match, gasped in horrified shock as Gillian was catapulted off his broom, while at the same time the first years school supplied broom front end was snapped off. Everyone was torn between seeing if Gillian would be okay and the suddenly faster broom the first year was on.

Harry hadn't known what to think when the front of his broom was sent flying with Gillian. But his broom speeding up somehow, hadn't crossed his mind. Fighting for control with the still speeding up broom, he wrestled it in the direction of the snitch, following it in to its steep dive. He caught up with it in seconds and was holding it a second later, but that wasn't important at the moment. The rapidly approaching ground had his full attention.

Using the last bit of strength his exhausted arms had, he once again pulled up with all his might, but it was for naut. leveling out just a few inches above the ground he thought he was in the clear, until his feet slammed into the ground snapping both his ankles from the impact. Crying out in pain he inadvertently let go of the severed

broom and was sent tumbling to the ground at speeds unknown, where he blacked out from pain.

He was woken moments later as half of those who had been watching the match surrounded him, the others standing at the other end of the field over what he was guessing was Gillian.

Cho was the first to reach him, tears falling freely from her beautiful eyes. "What were you thinking you idiot?" She yelled in a choked voice. "I thought you were dead when you hit the ground!" She looked as if she wanted nothing more than to throw her arms around him, but every time she reached out to him, she would quickly draw her arms back to herself.

Harry went to speak, but started coughing violently before he could say anything.

This was the scene a red-eyed Daphne came upon. In her hand was the mirror his mother had sent him, its surface showed an empty Potter family kitchen. Seeing this Harry felt his insides turn to ice.

"Daphne please tell me you didn'-" He started, but that was as far as he got before she cut him off.

"Shut up!" She growled in a voice that was the bi-polar opposite of her normal tone.

All those who had come to check on Harry took a step back from the now shaking girl. The only one to not budge was Cho who was still fighting with herself over whether or not she should wrap him in a hug.

"How dare you do that to me, Harry James Potter?" Harry felt his dread deepen when he saw tears fall from Daphne 'Ice Queen' Greengrass's eyes. "You have the nerve to tell me what is and isn't safe for me, then you run off and try and get yourself killed? I thought I meant more to you than that! What about your mother, Ivy, Iris, and Tori, huh? You know they were watching you on the two way mirror right? Do you have any idea what it was like to watch you dive toward the ground like that? Or what it felt like to see you hit the ground like a rag doll dropped off the Astronomy tower?"

The first year Ravenclaws who had shown up a few seconds behind Daphne would have voiced their agreement to everything she had said so far, had it not been for the feeling of the girl's magic rolling off her. No one, including Harry had any idea she had such a large amount of magic in her.

Harry was snapped out of his awe and dread filled musing by Daphne stomping toward him and grabbing him by the front of his now ripped cotton shirt. "The second you get out of the infirmary, I'm going to make you pay and you're not going to run from me, but sit there and take it. Aren't you?" He nodded dumbly as she released his shirt.

An air of awkwardness settled over those who had gathered around the downed first year. None daring to break it, for the fear of drawing Daphne's ire.

"Potter!" Yelled the pumped-up voice of Carter Kirkwood, soon followed by the man himself. "That was amazing flying! I can say with full confidence that you deserve the seeker spot! But man, if you're able to do all that on a school broom, I can't wait to see what ya capable of on a Nimbus! The quidditch cup, after years of chasing it, only to be left disappointed, I'll finally get it, and it's all thanks to you!"

It wasn't until he finished his speech, he realized he was on the wrong end of two very angry looking witches' glares. Daphne and Cho both stood with their hands on their hips giving the seventh year death glares.

"Right, uh, well Madam Pomfrey is on the way... so I'll just be going then." He was half way across the field before he put his wand to his throat, seconds later his magnified voice washed over the two crowds. "RAVENCLAW'S TRYOUTS ARE HERE BY PUT ON HOLD TILL FURTHER NOTICE!"

Harry was avoiding looking Daphne in the face by watching Carter's retreating figure when Professor Flitwick showed up looking about as worried as one would expect him to be.

"Mister Potter, how are you feeling?" The short professor squeaked in concern. "Are you experiencing any shortness of breath?"

"Na, I'm fine! Just a bit banged up." He answered shrugging his shoulders.

Cho by now had had stopped glaring at the Carter and had turned back to Harry, her features softening as she eyed his bloody and bruised body. Daphne on the other hand scoffed at his answer as she directed her glare at him.

'She's really going to make me pay,' he thought wearily.

"That's good then," Flitwick said sounding happy that it wasn't as bad as it looked. Flicking his wand he healed the cut over Harry's eye and vanished the still wet blood from his face and neck. "You look to be in no condition to be walking. I'll be levitating you to the infirmary if that's alright with you?"

"Be my guest," Harry said as he winced from shifting his weight. "Normally I'd refuse such a thing, but at the moment both my ankles are shattered."

Had the emotions that crossed Daphne's tear streaked face been different, Harry would have enjoyed giving her a light ribbing. But when the rage that had marred her features was washed away by that of worry to the point of looking sick, he knew he had majorly screwed up.

He had been attempting to make his female friend show her emotions ever since they had become friends, but now that she was he didn't think he could stomach much more. Sure Hermione had been upset every time he had received an injury, but to see Daphne who rarely showed how she felt, looking as if she was about to cry over him again, made him feel like he had broken her trust and spit on their friendship.

Glancing over at Cho, he sighed in defeat as he saw she didn't look to be taking his injuryies any better than Daphne was.

"Don't worry you two; this isn't anything Madom Pomfrey can't fix in one sitting." He said trying to reassure the two who seemed the most worried about him. "I'll have to spend the night in the infirmary at the most, and if I do I'll be out in time for breakfast in the morning."

"He's quite right ladies," Flitwick confirmed. Both girls relaxed, if only a small fraction at the tiny professor's words. "Now then off we go Mister Potter, I have to contact your parents about th-"

"Oh no," Harry groaned falling back with his hands covering his face. "Daphne is it true that my mum and the others saw all that?"

"Yes they did," she responded, the heat that had been in her voice earlier making a reappearance.

"We better hurry then." His words drew many a questioning look. "If I know my mum, she'll be storming the castle gates any moment now, if she isn't already on the school grounds."

He had been right in his assumption of Lily's actions. Flitwick with a floating Harry, worried Cho and Daphne, who was so worked up she didn't know what she was feeling at the moment, hadn't made it through the infirmary doors before a panicking Lily followed by Astoria, and Iris, whom had Ivy on her hip had rushed them. All of whom were firing off questions and talking over one another, each too worried about Harry to realize that their words were little more than gibberish.

"Alright calm down!" Waving his hands, Harry was able to calm them. "First off, I'm fine! Secondly," he said as Flitwick floated him onto a bed, before leaving to give the group some privacy, "I haven't seen you girls in person for a while, I think I at the very least deserve a hug, don't you?"

Instantly Lily had swooped in, latching onto his right side careful to not hurt him any further, while Ivy who had wiggled herself out of Iris's arms, had struggled to climb onto the bed and claimed his left, where she hugged herself to him as tightly as her little arms would let her.

Harry enjoyed the contact with them. It had been far too long since he had last received a hug from the two. As Lily pulled away, he looked expectantly at Iris who had watched her mother and little sister hug him wistfully. Now that it was her turn to hug him she an air bashfulness around her.

Growing impatient waiting for the hug that he would never admit out loud that he had been looking forward to the most, he held his arm out motioning her to him.

Iris didn't need any more of an incentive. Racing across the room she launched herself at him, following Ivy's lead in pulling him to herself as tightly as she could at the same time he wrapped his arm around her. Like her, he too tried to lessen the distance between them, craving to be close to her.

Harry ignored the pain he was in, as a wave of Iris's scent washed over him. Breathing in deeply, he pulled her body still closer to his, enjoying the feeling of her against him as she buried her head into the crook of his neck, breathing just as deeply as he was.

Those watching the siblings, misjudged the intensity in which they were holding each other, for the worry of a sister who witnessed her brother become injured and the happiness of an older brother reunited with his younger sister. Unknown to all, even the two that were a part of said hug, were the intense feeling being spurred from the contact they were sharing with one another.

Iris, who knew what sex was and had only recently started the changes that would turn her into a woman, knew only that she felt things for Harry, things she had never before experienced for another. As she basked in the feeling of being in his strong embrace, Iris was sure of one thing, Astoria had been right. She did have a crush on her brother.

He knew it was wrong, especially with those around them watching, but couldn't help enjoying having Iris's body taut with his own. Her nonexistent chest pressed to his side, head buried in his neck taking deep rhythmic breaths that sent chills down his spine as her warm breath played across the skin, exposed by his tattered shirt. Her own scent of wild strawberries filling his head as he rubbed her back in a way that bordered on being sensual.

He felt his euphoria shatter as his body starting to react to the sensations and desire he was experiencing. Panicking, his mind raced for a way he could hide his rising problem without drawing more attention to 'it'. If the group of women around him, all of whom possessed a high leveled intellect, were to witness his reaction to

Iris's hug, then it would be all too easy for them to figure out his secret feelings for her.

Iris in an act showing she planned to stay attached to Harry, innocently placed her leg over his as she pulled her head from his neck only to lay it on his chest. She did so unknowingly of how the placement of knee so close to his groin was effecting him, nor how her center being pressed to his thigh was driving him crazy with need.

Just as he was about to throw caution to the wind and both Iris and Ivy (whom was still snuggled up to his left) on to the floor, so he could cover himself, the door slammed open scaring the groups attention away from him.

Madam Pomfrey entered the room with a floating Gillian in tow. Harry seeing an opportunity to save himself from ridicule and shame, used the healer's entrance as chance to slide from a laying position to a sitting one, while at the same time reaching around the small redhead to readjust his shorts.

He breathed a deep sigh of relief at having avoided a very bad situation, not paying attention to a word the healer was saying to him and the rest of his group.

Unbeknownst to him, his assumption of his problem going unnoticed couldn't have been farther from the truth. In fact two of the females in the room noticed his body's reaction. Both of their young sharp minds going into overdrive as they used all of their willpower to hide the reactions they were feeling, from bursting free.

"Mister Potter!" The healer said raising her already strict sounding voice. "I asked what possessed you to push yourself to such lengths for a position on team that would be meaningless if you were to get yourself killed?"

"I wasn't trying to kill myself, maybe break my back, but not kill myself." He answered cheekily earning himself a punch in the arm from Iris and hisses from the gathered females. "Bloody hell," he squeaked as he rubbed his shoulder, "it was a joke! Merlin, do you find it to be a good idea to hit an injured man?"

"Man my ass, more like a git," Iris mumbled, leaning back on the bed beside him instead of on him like before.

"Joke or not, even magic can't heal a broken spine, and from what those who witnessed your and mister Lockwood's little stunt say, you both could have very easily ended up that way, or worse!" As she lectured him, Madam Pomfrey waved her wand in complicated patterns over the still unconscious Gillian.

Looking satisfied she nodded at the still unmoving sixth year, turning she made her way across the room giving Iris and Ivy a shooing gesture with her hands. Iris looking reluctant got up right away. Ivy however, gave the stern looking witch a fierce glare, or as fierce of a glare that an adorable redhead four-year-old could give.

"No! You're being mean to my Harry!" Ivy yelled as she unhooked herself from him so that she could stand on the bed in front of him with her arms crossed over her chest.

Madam Pomfrey features softened as she looked at the little girl who was willing to stand up to an adult to protect her brother.

"Ivy! You don't talk to people like that," Lily chided her daughter, walking over to her she gently picked her up as to not disturb the bed her injured son was laying on. "She's just trying to help your brother, honey. I'm sorry Poppy, she's very protective of him."

"But she's being mean!" Ivy pointed out looking to everyone trying to appeal to them, but only received smiles that stemmed from her cuteness.

"Ivy baby, don't worry, Madam Pomfrey isn't mad at me, she's just worried about me." Ivy gave him a look of disbelief that caused her to look like a confused kitten. "After she's done making me all better, you can come sit with me some more."

Ivy gave Madam Pomfrey one more glare before nodding her agreement.

Madam Pomfrey knew firsthand how fast a child's mood could change, with this in mind she quickly set to work diagnosing all the damage the boy before her had reeked on his body.

"Every bone from your ankle down, broken. All of the ribs on your left side bruised, two of which are cracked. Eight fractured fingers and over seventy percent of your body is bruising as we speak." She announced to those gathered, earning him looks of sympathy. "Count yourself lucky Mister Potter, that you're not worse off. I'll be back in a minute to set all of your damaged bones right and with the potions you will need to help you recover."

As the aged healer left them, the two youngest Potters made their way back to Harry's side, at the same time as Lily, Cho, Daphne, and Astoria moved closer to his bed.

Lily sighed as she watched her precious son interact with the group of young girls around him. She felt a headache coming on as thought of how he could very easily end up acting like James had, with both quidditch and the opposite sex. She pulled herself out of her musing, intent on getting to the bottom of what had given him the idea that he was allowed to act in such a reckless manner.

"Harry," she said pulling his and those around his bed, attention. "What - why - how could you be so reckless? You could have died over a stupid little ball. I know for a fact that you have a brilliant mind, so why didn't you use it?"

Feeling very small, Harry stared at his clutched hands, afraid to look his mother in the eye. "I wanted to prove myself," he told her honestly. "I don't like to lose... at anything. Whether it be sports, academics, or anything else. I know I'm the best and want to prove it to everyone. I want to be able to, at the end of the year, look back and see time not wasted with foolish nonsense, but of me leaving, having left my mark. I want you, Iris, Ivy, and dad to be proud of me. After I wasted so much time by being a monster, I wanted to prove to you that all of you letting me back in to your hearts wasn't a mistake."

By the time he had finished talking Iris had once again wrapped him in a hug. The girls around him all looked to be upset by his words, but understood where he was coming from. Cho, who didn't know anything about Harry's past behavior, had many questions running through her mind, but held her tongue. She would have to ask Daphne later what he had been talking about, but for now all that was important was that Harry was going to be okay.

"Oh honey," Lily said softly, her eyes moist with unshed tears. "No matter what we'll always be proud of you. We would rather have a son who was average, than one that got himself killed by being vain. But I think we all know how amazing you are, and we all love you. And not a one of us regret letting you into our lives. You've completed our family, making it better as you did so."

Harry smiled at the sincerity of her words. Not for the first time, he realized just how lucky he was to get a second chance at life.

"Lily," Madam Pomfrey called out giving his mother pause. "Do you think you could help me administer these potions to young Mister Lockwood?" Lily nodded she could before giving Harry a look that made it clear they were not finished talking.

Feeling the day's events catching up to him, he tiredly laid his head on Iris's, who still had him wrapped in an embrace. Closing his eyes he practically hummed in content as both of his sisters snuggled into him.

"You two look more like a young couple, than you do brother and sister," Astoria commented, serving to turn both Harry and Iris red and reminding him of her habit of saying whatever popped into her pretty head.

"Astoria," Daphne said in her monotone. While her voice had returned to what was the norm for the girl, her face was still set in a scowl. "Mouth filter!"

Astoria looked abashed as those gathered around her shared a small laugh. It didn't escape any of those around the bed that even after the youngest Greengrass's words the brother and sister had yet to part from one another like most siblings would have after being told they looked like a couple. Many a question flowed through the minds of the three girls watching them, though none of them dared voice them, whether it be for fear of what answer they would receive, not caring, or that they knew they would get their answers later.

"Alright young ladies I'll be needing you both to move once more, so I may fix those bones of his."

After many obscenities had passed his lips and being reprimanded by his mother for each one, Harry was once again in possession of fully healed body. Though he had made it very clear to all in attendance, he would have preferred the pain and soreness that accompanied the bruising over the taste of the potions he was forced to down.

Lily silently mused over her next course of action as she stared her nervous looking son in the eye. "So what should I tell your father about what happened here today?"

"I'm just throwing it out there, but maybe you could tell him, his first year son beat out a sixth year for the spot of seeker on his house team, all the while looking dashing as he gallantly flew through the air!" Cho and Astoria had giggled as he winked at them, Ivy in her innocence had laughed along with the two older girls. His momentary playfulness was squashed by the three sets of eyes glaring at him. It was clear, Lily, Iris, and Daphne found nothing amusing about his current situation.

"Maybe I shouldn't give you the permission you need to play quidditch? Since obviously you don't know when you should be serious!" Lily had projected an aura that said she meant her threat, however, on the inside she was fighting with herself. Even though he had told her himself to not hold back from showing her displeasure for his actions, she was terrified that she would end up pushing her son away again.

Harry's reaction to her threat was comical as he had nearly fallen off his bed. "Please no," he begged as he crawled across his covers to his mother. "I promise I won't do anything as nit witted as that ever again, just please don't stop me from being on the team! I've been good the whole time I've been here. No pranks, no fights - well not since the day of the sorting, but I told you about all that, so it doesn't count. Let's see what else... oh, I'm top of all of my classes, I go out of my way to help others in their studies, and if you don't let me play I won't get to see you, dad, Ivy and Iris in person until Christmas."

Lily tried to keep her serious expression in place, but slowly it slipped as her son listed reasons he should get to play quidditch. He was so much like James at times.

"Alright, alright, you can play, but if I see you getting hurt like that again then it's no more quidditch for you. Understand?"

"Yes ma'am," he gave her a mock salute making the girls snigger.

"Now then since Poppy has cleared you to leave as long as you come for a checkup in the morning, why don't we all go for a walk on the grounds?"

S2ndC

"Before you all leave, I'd like for each of you too give me your opinion of Mister Longbottom," Albus Dumbledore asked his staff, "and how he has been doing in class!"

It was Sunday night and the second staff meeting of the year had just come to a close.

"He has an ego the size of this castle," Snape drawled, looking bored. "I wouldn't be surprised if he had Mister Smith clap every time he wipes his as-"

"Severus!" McGonagal snapped heatedly. "I will not have you talking about one of my lions, nor any other student that way!"

"She is correct Severus, you are a Professor of this school." Dumbledore said sounding disappointed in the potions master. "As such you will refrain from making such remarks. Do as the muggle saying goes 'If you don't have anything nice to say, then say nothing at all!' "

Snape sneered, but said nothing else as he leaned against the wall, looking as if he wished to be somewhere else.

"Mister Longbottom is a very gifted student." Supplied Flitwick, paying no mind to the childish acting professor. "He has so far been able to cast any spells I have given to him, by the end of the lesson. However," hesitation had entered the diminutive mans voice, "Severus isn't wrong. He has as you would expect from one who has grown up in the lime light, a very large head. Even though he isn't the top of his year and is outdone in several classes by several different people, he still proceeds to act as if he was Merlin himself."

There was many a nod coming from the gathered professors in the room. They had all seen and talked to one another about his behavior. It was a joke amongst them all about how atrocious his actions would become if he were to be the head student in his year.

"As I said, a huge ego, one that has only grown now that he has been given permission to join his house's quidditch team." Snape said in a bored tone, ignoring the glare McGonagal was sending him, in favor of looking at the high vaulted ceiling.

"His being on the Gryffindor's quidditch team is not what's being called into question, but his behavior." McGongal looked as if she would like nothing more than to box Snape's greasy head. "Besides Gryffindor is not the only house to have a first year as seeker. Am I right Fillious?"

"You are correct my dear, but unlike young Neville, Mister Potter earned his spot during tryouts. Where as Longbottom got his while breaking school rules by flying against young Malfoy, when they both should have been on the ground waiting for Madam Hooch." Flitwick said, his voice laced with his disagreement at how the rules had been bent for the boy. "I do wonder... how badly Neville will take the news that young Harry has outdone him again?"

"What do you mean Fillious?" Albus questioned, he was interested in hearing more about the Potter heir.

"After the event of the sorting took place, Neville feels as if Mister Potter has taken his thunder." McGonagal said rolling her eyes. She sometimes wondered why she dealt with children in the first place. "These feelings have only increased since Mister Potter has become, hands down the brightest student I and those in this room, have ever had the pleasure of teaching." She received many looks of surprise at the tone of dislike she had used when talking about the youngest male Potter.

Albus sat forward, steeping his hands in front of his face as he took in this information. Glancing over to Snape he saw the barest of hints of anger on the man's face.

"Severus, what do you think of the boy?" He asked his friend.

"I thought you said to keep quiet if I had nothing nice to say?" He asked as a cruel smirk played across his lips.

"Severus," Dumbledore chided.

"He is talented in potions, though that can be credited to him having studied the subject with his mother before attending Hogwarts," he said as he finally graced those in the room with a bored look. "If he's been given early lessons on potion making, then it's likely he has been in all of his subjects. I could see it now, the great James and Lily Potter giving their spawn an advantage over others so as not to look bad."

"No," McGonagal spoke up. "I am certain that the Potters were not giving him, or any other of their children advance lessons. In fact they were barely able to stay in the same room with him the last time I visited them."

"Would you be opposed to elaborate, Minvera?" Albus asked, trying to encourage her to tell more about young Harry.

"Every time I have visited the Potters over the years, Harry has been nothing short of a monster," she said her lips thinning. "He had the nerve to call me an a wrinkled old bint the last time I saw him outside of Hogwarts."

Those in the room shared shocked looks at this piece of information. They could not believe that the kind helpful boy they knew from their classes would say such a thing, the only exception was Flitwick who was nodding as she spoke and Snape who had snorted as he attempted to keep from laughing as he imagined the look on the cat animagus's face when the boy had spoken to her that way.

"Surely you jest Min?" Asked an incredulous Sprout. "He's always been such a charmer in my lessons. Going out of his way to help those around him, after he's done his assignment. It's adorable seeing all the young ladies blush as he kindly asks if they would like any help."

"She's right," Flitwick said agreeing with McGonagal, much to the shock of the others in the room. "The relationship between Harry and his parent's was strained for the longest time. He once called me the bastard child of a street walking hag and a retarded goblin."

However," he called over the cries of outrage and a single snort from a lockjawed Snape, "when I last contacted Lily, she informed me that after certain events this summer, Harry had completely changed for the better, and I have to say I agree."

Gaining control over the laughter that threatened to burst forth, Snape fixed a sneer onto his face. "He's just like Longbottom, full of himself."

"Severus you're mad because he outsmarted you," Professor Sinistra accused. "But while we are talking about it, it was petty, even for you, to bring up that obscure rule about bags being in the Great Hall during Dinner."

"If it was so petty then why did none of you stop me?" Snape asked, his sneer going full force.

"Because we try to not undermine our fellow Professors in front of the student body," said an exasperated McGonagal.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we are all adults here, let's try to at least act like it," Dumbledore's words instantly quieted the room. "Thank you all for allowing this old man to keep you a bit longer. You're all dismissed, good night!" As the last of his staff left the room, Albus pondered the enigma that was Harry Potter.

From everything he had learned, the boy was brilliant, even going as far as reminding Albus of himself and two others he knew. And that's what scared him most, that he reminded him of three boys who had all made choices that had caused others to lose their lives. Tom for his charm and power. Gellert for talent with magic and dashing good looks. And himself, Harry was so like him in his raw power and talent for all branches of magic. One young boy who had the best of the three most powerful wizards in modern history. It was as alarming as it was fascinating.

Dumbledore sagged in his chair, feeling his hundred some years of life catching up to him. What would he do if Harry turned out to be a Dark Lord in the making? Albus only knew one thing for certain. No matter what the future held, he was sure young Harry would be in the thick of it!

AN: So how was this chapter? I know that even though there is a lot here that not a lot happened. Next Chapter things will start moving in the right direction and those of you who think his life is hunky dory will see not everything is golden for him. Next chapter most of you may HATE me for how it ends. Also what were all of your thoughts on the last part of the chapter and the quidditch scene? I had a lot of fun writing it.

ANsorry: A lot has happened to me and this story in the past month since it was last updated. Know it will never be dropped, but there will be times that I won't be able to update. The next chapter is already done, but I will not be posting it for at least two weeks. The reason for this is because in case I'm not able to get another chapter out of me, or for some reason I can't get to a laptop then It won't be as long a wait as this time.

AN: First off, let me start out by saying that this story WILL contain incest, So all of you out there who have been leaving reviews about not wanting it, or ways to stop, can QUIT! Secondly, Harry will be a bit emo at times in this chapter, but by the end he won't have time to worry about such things. So if you plan on bitching like some of you did last chapter about him being a push over, DON'T! I'd like to thank Joe Lawyer for betaing this chapter and just being an all around awesome dude to talk to. Now Then before we start, I'm not done with 19 yet (just started less than 400 words so far) and before I post it I'll be needing someone to beta it for me. PM me if you want to do that for me.

Harry sauntered through the hallways projecting an air of cool indifference to the whispers and looks he was receiving. All those who stopped to watch him, unconsciously making room for the boy who seemed to radiate power and an aura that said 'you may not like me, but you will respect me.'

Entering the Great Hall, he briskly claimed a solitary spot at the Ravenclaw table, where he blocked out the festive Halloween streamers and decorations hanging in the room, along with the looks he was accustomed to receiving after years of being in the center of attention. However, rather than seeing and hearing the stares and whispers of gossip mongers that he was having trouble with, they were the concerned gazes of those who considered him a friend.

Not knowing, nor caring what he filled his plate with, Harry brooded over the past couple of weeks as he served himself.

Everything had been going fine for him up until the day of the quidditch tryouts. Maybe that should have been his first clue that things were going to be going wrong for him; everything was going all too easily for Harry Potter.

As Iris and the others left after coming to see if he was alright after his crash, he had expected for Daphne to tear into him. He had been ready for anything, from another bout of yelling from the quiet girl to being hexed and cursed. Anything would have been better than what had actually happened.

Daphne had simply looked him in the eyes, her breathtaking icy-blues staring into his Avada Kedavra-greens. Moments passed in which both Harry and Cho, who had walked around the grounds with

the group, both started to squirm waiting for something to happen. But much to their surprise, Daphne shook her head at him, an unreadable look in her eyes before she walked away without a single word of parting. Since that day Daphne hadn't so much as looked at, or even spoken to the green-eyed boy, and it was driving him crazy.

If the fact that his closest friend wasn't speaking to him wasn't devastating enough for the youngest male Potter, he also had to deal with his conflicting emotions over his reaction to Iris.

'What kind of sick bastard gets off on hugs from their ten-year-old sister,' he thought scornfully. Dropping the fork he was holding on to the table, he closed his eyes trying to stomp out the memory of how soft her skin had felt against his own, and the mouthwatering scent that had accompanied their embrace.

He lowered his head as a sneer crossed his face and a feeling of self-loathing filled him as his body reacted to the memory of her being in his arms. as it always did when he thought about the moment they had shared.

'God I'm sick,' he thought as his eyes burned with unshed tears. 'She trusts me enough after all this body has done to her, to hug me like any normal sibling should, and I turn it into something so... perverse.'

Harry was unaware that many were watching him. That the masses could see him hunched over as his long curtain of hair hid his face from view. His hands placed on both sides of his plate, balled into fist that were shaking along with the rest of his body. Nor did he know how in his despair that power was rolling off of him.

Had a professor been in attendance they would have forced him off to Madam Pomfrey, for a strong calming draught, but it was the unfortunate luck of those in the hall that they were all absent at the moment.

But if the combined assault of missing his best friend and dealing with his self hatred wasn't enough of a strain on his mind, he also had to fight his wounded pride and ego that was craving revenge on those who had made him show weakness to the masses.

The thought of what had happened that day passing through his mind was like a switch for the still emotionally overloaded boy. His anger and disgust for himself, flaring into hate for whoever it was that had gotten the best of him.

'If I ever find out who it was, they'll pay dearly,' he vowed mentally, a cruel smile playing across his lips that was thankfully unseen by all.

FLASH BACK

A giddy Harry practically skipped through the hallways on his way downstairs for a late lunch.

With Daphne having nothing to do with him as of late, and his random burst of self-loathing over being turned on by his sister, Harry had few things to be cheerful for, but that had changed earlier in the day.

Just a couple of hours prior, Harry along with all of the other first year ravens, had tried out for their house dueling team. And much to the joy of Harry and the captain of both the quidditch and duel team, Carter Kirkwood, Harry had effortlessly beaten Mandy, Terry, Kevin, and Padma for one of the three spots on the team, with Blaise and Daphne calming the other two.

Thus why he was experiencing a euphoric high at the moment. Besides the time he had been spending with Cho and on occasion Katie, Harry had very little to be happy about since his accident, but now that he had joined the duel team he was hoping to be able to unleash some of his tension by hexing people. It was only an added bonus that the training sessions held for the team were divided by year, meaning he would have more of a chance to get Daphne talking to him again.

As he jumped down the last six steps of the grand staircase he couldn't help but to feel relieved that he hadn't had to duel Daphne for his spot. Something told the boy that even though she wasn't giving him any attention, she wouldn't have had any problem setting his ass on fire.

Landing on his feet with the grace and skill of a cat, Harry took in his surroundings. All around the Entrance Hall were random groups of students, some joking and playing around, others taking their free

time to spend with the opposite sex, while a few had even conjured tables and chairs to sit at as they played games or studied.

Harry had begun to move on, his stomach letting him know of its need for nourishment, when Katie and her two older friends, Angelina and Alicia, drifted through the entrance from outside. All three girls looked to be walking sluggishly and were covered in filth and grime, making more than just Harry wonder if they had been out on the quidditch pitch practicing.

A smile worthy of any prankster slithered its way on to Harry's face as his prankster side reared its head. The three beauties had yet to become aware of his presence, much to the first year's pleasure. With his newfound cheerfulness he slinked up behind them.

"- know he's a good flyer, but it doesn't change the fact he's an ass," Katie grumbled, running a hand through her sweaty hair.

"Ass, or not, Oliver wouldn't get rid of him now for anything," Angelina replied as she used her wand to clean some of the grime off the other two and herself. "Though he was pissed that Longbottom was running around school telling everyone he had made the team."

Alicia burst into laughter, shaking her head in mirth. "He should have kept quiet, but I laughed so hard when our, oh so lovable captain, started going on and on about losing our secret weapon."

"So," Harry said interjecting himself into the trio's conversation, taking joy in the fact that he had startled them in the process. Giving the girls a disarming smile, he draped his arm around Katie's shoulder pulling the girl into his side. "Having trouble with your new seeker?"

"Potter, I know that you're a pervert," Katie told him bluntly, ignoring what he had said, "but if you haven't noticed I'm dirty at the moment and I will not be held responsible for any of the smells you inhale as a result of you invading my personal space!"

Harry knew she was uncomfortable about smelling after a workout and wanted to give her space, but even more so, he wanted to mess with her as had become custom for the two. In the end, the latter of the two wants, won out!

"Don't worry Bells, you always smell good to me." Katie's eyes doubled in size as he leaned into the bend of her neck, his long blood stained looking hair, giving her goose bumps as it fell across her skin.

Taking a deep breath that was mixed with her scent, he sighed in content, "Even when covered in sweat, you still manage to smell of fresh cinnamon." Just as he was about to pull away, he ever so lightly brushed his lips against her collarbone, earning himself a small squeak from her.

When he finally did resurface from the curve of her neck, he was rewarded with the sight of Katie's face sporting the same color red as her house colors.

"Besides Bell," he said as Angelina and Alicia laughed at their young friend, neither knowing how far the boy had gone. "You have yet to tell me that you hate my perverted nature," he teased.

Reaching up Katie smacked his chest lightly. "Sick pervert," she muttered, without any real heat to her voice, nor did she remove his arm from around her.

"Now then, getting back on point," Harry announced more to the third years than he did the scarlet-shaded Katie. "Longbottom being more trouble than he's worth," he stated knowingly.

"Something like that," Alicia grimaced nodding her head. The three girls along with Harry entered the Great Hall, with none of the former being all that surprised when the first year raven joined them at their table.

Unseen by either Katie or Harry was the figure at the Ravenclaw table that saw them walk in with his arm around her. Their almost black eyes narrowing in both anger and hurt.

"Let's just say he's very sure of himself," Angelina answered dryly.

Before anymore could be said between the foursome they were joined by the redheaded menaces known as the Weasley twins.

"Hello lot," Fred greeted from beside Alicia, pulling a plate of sandwiches toward him as his brother sat beside Angelina.

"Why Fred, I do believe there is something here that doesn't belong," George said jokingly, he had taken up a thinker's pose as he stared at Harry, who was oozing smugness back.

"How are you Mister and Mister Weasley?" Harry could feel that he was going to have fun messing with the two of them on this day.

"Great!"

"Fabulous!"

"Superb!"

"Wonderful!"

"We get it!" The trio of chasers chorused with varying looks of annoyance. It appeared that they had dealt with the twins enough times to know when they would need to be cut off.

"What about yourself, Mr. Potter?" One of the twins asked as the other leaned over the table toward him before asking, "Have you been living everyday like a Marauder?"

Harry smiled, knowing what the two were getting at. "All I can tell you is, I solemnly swear that I'm up to no good!" Harry was only barely able to keep himself from breaking out in an evil cackle at the way the twins paled at his words. "And that I will continue to do so until my, Mischief has been Managed!"

The girls had started staring at the three boys in bewilderment. The only thing weirder than the way the young raven was talking was the way the smiles and blood had drained away from the faces of the twins.

"How?" The one that had been called Fred before asked, Harry though knew them well enough to know that the chances he was really Fred were slim.

"How is simple," Harry replied smugly, enjoying how the twins were torn between excitement, and being hesitant about the unknown in

front of them that had knowledge about one of their most prized possessions. "The creators told me about themselves."

"You have to tell us who they are," Fred demanded. Harry was starting to worry that the two brothers were going to pass out if their faces became any paler.

"First off, calm down! You both look like you're about to start humping legs!" The girls giggled at his choice of words even though they didn't know what was going on, while the twins looked at him expectantly, neither having paid any mind to his words. "Now I know you both want to know who they are, but I'm willing to go one step farther. I'll introduce you to them."

The twins gasped and were about to start in on him when he cut them off. "However, I'll be needing something in return," he stated mysteriously.

"What is it," George whimpered as he squirmed in his seat, drawing an incredulous look from the girl beside him.

"You have to give me 'it'," Harry informed them.

"No! Absolutely not!" Both Twins shrieked.

"You can't just expect us to hand it over," Fred objected, he was shocked the firsty would even suggest such a thing.

The look on the twins' faces was what Harry imagined they would look like had they walked in on their parents going at it. 'This is going to be a harder sell than I was hoping,' he thought, resigning himself to the long battle ahead of him. But if he ever wanted to get the second copy of the map, then he would just have to deal.

"What are you guys talking about?" Angelina inquired, voicing the question that had been plaguing not only her mind, but the other girls as well.

"Nothing!" Harry and the Twins answered together, causing them to smile at each other despite the fact they were bartering at the moment.

Alicia raised a menacing eyebrow at them at the same time Angelina crossed her arms expectantly. Katie who had been silent up to this point set back intent on watching the coming storm her two mentors were about to unleash upon the boys.

"Gred, Forge," Alicia protested. "We know that when you don't tell us what's happening, is the time that we should know exactly what's going on!"

"She's right," Angelina agreed. She was pleased to see the worried look on the twins' faces.

Harry chuckled internally as he remembered many scenes just like this in his past life. It was a blessing to be able to see the love birds bickering again. Leaning over to Katie he stage whispered to the girl, "Remind me to never become as whipped as those two."

Katie, who had been taking a drink of her water when Harry had spoken to her, found her airway blocked as she choked on the liquid. Coughing in a very unladylike manner, she glared at the boy beside her as he rubbed circles on her back attempting to sooth her.

"Oi!"

"We're not whipped; we just know a lost cause when we see one!"

"Correct dear brother –of-mine," George nodded in agreement. "But just wait until you get to the age where you want to... touch things! I bet you'll be as whipped as any other guy!"

Harry and Katie broke out in laughter as Angelina and Alicia smacked their respective twin in the back of the head before telling them off for 'trying to corrupt innocent minds'.

Harry took the distraction of the four across from himself and Katie as a chance to tease her. "If what the twins say is true, then you should probably start training me now," he commented as he gave her a long once over. "I think I already want to... touch things!"

Katie could sense her cheeks reddening as an affect of his words and gaze lingering over her body. She had always been known as the person to mess with others and wasn't used to being on the other end of the joke. To make matters worse, he was teasing her

about sexual things, a line she herself had never crossed when messing with someone other than him. Not that she minded his words, or his touches, but she did mind being the only one to tense up. She fully intended to show him she could get him as easily as he could her.

"I'm sure you do," she said sarcastically, rolling her eyes at the first year. "I remember how flustered you were on the train when you thought you might see a pair of shorts."

Harry took the smug look on Katie's face as a challenge he couldn't let pass. "What can I say; it's not every day that you have a doe-eyed beauty try to show you what's up her skirt. Though if the offer is still on the table, I'd be more than willing to catch a glimpse or two."

Flushing once again Katie opened her mouth to respond, even though she wasn't sure what she was going to say back, when the twins cut her off by wolf whistling at the two.

"What is wrong with the youth of this day and age?" Fred questioned as he shook his head in mock-disappointment at the red faced first and second years. "Back in my day we didn't start flirting like that until at least the second semester of second year."

"It's not their fault dear brother," George informed him knowingly, patting his shoulder. "I blame that darn Teen Witch Weekly. It's corrupting them, it is! But as the two responsible adult-like folk we are, we can't let them go on like this without at least educating them."

"You're absolutely right," Fred nodded to his brother before turning back to Harry and Katie. "So do you two want to do this together, or separately?"

Both Katie and Harry were on high alert for whatever it was that the two were about to try. "What do you mean?" Harry questioned.

"Why were going to teach you two about the wand and its holster!"

Harry had been there with all of the other boys in his year in the last time line, when the twins had dragged a bound and gagged Ron in

front of them, and gave him the same talk as they were about to attempt to teach Katie and him. Harry recalled Dean saying it was a lot like when he had received the talk about the birds and the bees from his uncle, the only difference being his uncle hadn't said as much or gone in to anywhere near as much detail as the twins had.

"You know what," Harry exclaimed nervously standing up. "I think you should just give it to Katie at the moment, since I have that thing at that one place to take care of at this very moment."

"Traitor," Katie yelled at him as she jumped up to follow him. Unfortunately for the two, the twins saw it fit to follow along too, spurring Angelina and Alicia to chase after them.

Harry, who was fighting with himself, to keep from outright running away from the group trailing behind him, turned out into the entrance hall, and walked straight into someone, knocking them both into the floor.

"Fool, watch where you're going," Neville hissed at him from his spot on the floor.

Harry was more than aware that the two most well known first years running into each other would draw attention, so he decided to make a fool out of the boy before him. "I don't see what you're upset about," Harry remarked as he easily picked himself up from the ground and started to dust himself off. "With all that fat of yours I'm sure that your landing was a hell of a lot softer than my own!"

Neville's face turned puce as he came to the realization of who had not only knocked him over, but had just insulted him. "Watch your mouth Potter," he warned venomously. "I'm more of a man than you'll ever be!"

Harry snorted as he and those who were gathering around the two watched the Boy-Who-Lived stand up. "The measure of a man is not decided by the amount he eats, Longbottom!"

Puce gave way to red as Neville's anger grew. "I know you're jealous of me," he sneered. That's why you became the seeker for Ravenclaw! You want to be like me," he accused, earning nods of agreement from some of his supporters in the crowd.

Harry laughed mockingly, causing more than a few raised eyebrows from what appeared to be at least half the school gathered around them. "What do I have to be jealous of from a fraud like you?" Harry asked sarcastically, his laughter giving way to his own sneer. "I'm better than you in every way! I earned my way on to my house team, against a brilliant player who just so happens to be a sixth year, while on a school broom."

"If I recall correctly, you were breaking school rules flying around like an idiot when your Head of House came and brought you to Oliver Wood." His sneer had turned into something even Draco would have been proud of as he talked down the boy before him. "How messed up is it that you not only don't get punished for what you did, but then you get on your house team without even trying out."

Neville hadn't expected him to know how he had made the team, nor had he wanted too many to know about it, wanting to claim he had won the spot and try to pass off the rumors the Slytherins were passing around about him as lies.

Feeling his anger rising still more, he latched on to one of the things the boy he loathed had said. "How dare you call me a fraud, I earned my spot on the team fairly!"

"Who said I was talking about quidditch when I called you a fraud," Harry questioned? He was starting to feel on edge being surrounded like they were. He could see a lot of Slytherins and others who didn't like him glaring at him, and once or twice he saw Cedric circling them.

"Then what were you talking about Potter?"

"I'm talking about how you run around this school acting like it was you who defeated Voldemort," Harry flung the words at the boy, enjoying when he and the rest of the crowd flinched as if they had been hit at the mention of 'that' name.

Having gone pale at the mention of the Dark Lord's name, it took Neville and many others a minute to gain some composure and to fully realize what had been said by the Potter heir.

"What do you mean," Neville growled, too upset by the long-haired boy to hear the angry buzzing coming from the crowd. Many, even

those who liked Harry did not like where he was taking the conversation. "Everyone knows I defeated the Dark Lord!"

Harry performed a fake cough that did nothing to cover his muttered call of "Bull shit!"

Neville seethed in anger, wishing for nothing more than to curse the boy before him. "If I didn't then how did I get this," he yelled as he lifted his bangs showing off a scar that looked like a cloud. "This proves that I killed him!"

"No that shows you survived a killing curse," Harry countered, it was just too easy to squash all of the boy's explanations when he knew more about that night than any other person bar Voldemort. "Though I doubt if even that was your doing."

Blinking owlishly Neville asked, "What do you mean?"

Harry smiled at him victoriously. "Well let's answer your question by asking those gathered here another." Turning to the group at large, Harry was faced with looks ranging, from amusement, to worry, all the way to hate.

"Which is more likely to have defeated the Dark Lord? A boy who isn't even the top of his school year, somehow having the power to beat old Voldy, or a retired ex-head of the Unspeakables doing something in the last seconds of her life that not only stops Voldy, but protects her sorry-ass grandson at the same time?"

As one the entirety of those gathered went silent as they processed what had been said. Harry could see that his words made sense to a lot of those around him, while others looked on in complete denial. But it was Neville who was the most fun for him to watch.

The-Boy-Who-Lived looked close to passing out as he realized Harry's words not only made sense, but were plausible. Harry couldn't imagine what it would feel like to have something you've believed all your life, a fact that you had boasted about more times than you could count, turn out to possibly be a lie.

Having enough of watching the emotions playing across the faces in the crowd, Harry made to leave, pausing only long enough to stop beside the shell shocked Neville to speak. "But in the end it doesn't

matter which one you're talking about, whether it be Voldemort, or The-Boy-Who-Lived, both are nothing more than fools who thought of themselves as gods that walked amongst us lowly mortals."

Saying his peace he continued on, those who were blocking his way parting for him to leave. He was feeling very pleased with himself as he felt most of those watching him start to question what had always been preached to the masses. What he had said would be seen as blasphemous by most of Neville's strongest supporters, but he also knew that those who didn't follow the media blindly would see the truth in his words.

He was past most of the still shocked, silent crowd when screams pierced the air. Harry had only just started to turn around when a bolt of energy surged into his back, sending him through the air. As more and more screams reached his ears, Harry only had enough time to register the agonizing pain in his back as his consciousness slipped away.

Flash Back End

Many felt what happened to him was someone giving him what he deserved, whether it be justice served for talking down to the almighty Longbottom, or punishment for speaking the Dark Lord's name, while others were simply appalled that somebody had the nerve to attack him from behind. All Harry knew was that if he found out who had attacked him, he was going to make life hell for them.

The professors had questioned everyone about the attack, but all had claimed to have seen nothing. Harry could believe that in most cases, as jammed packed as the area had been it was understandable to not see what happened, but for not even one single person to see what had happened was pretty unbelievable by any stretch of the mind.

Harry groaned to himself, still unaware of his fluctuating aura as he recalled how upset his family had been. His mother and sisters had been in a right state when he had come through later that evening, in the medical wing. It had taken more than a few hours of reassuring them and hugs (much to Harry's dismay) that he was alright, before they finally calmed down.

And while the girls' reactions had been predictable, his father's had not. Harry was wrapped up in a group hug with his sisters, Lily sitting at the foot of his bed, her hand placed on his leg, wanting some kind of contact with her beloved son who for some reason drew danger like a magnet, when he heard his father's voice go off like a bomb in the next room. James had been so upset about his son being hit in the back by a borderline dark cutting curse that he had threatened to dose the entire school with Veritaserum, just to get some answers.

Harry had spent as much time trying to calm his father down as had his sisters and mum, but James had refused to listen to reason. The youngest male Potter was finally forced to ask his mother and sisters to leave, before he was finally able to calm James down. And then the only reason he didn't go after the whole school was because Harry informed him that he was going to get his revenge the Marauder way and that he would never forgive him if he ended up making him look any weaker in front of the school than he already did.

Harry's emotions were still on full blast, his mind, despite the meditation he had been using, was a swirl of shame, anger, and regret, when he felt a soft hand run through his hair.

"Harry," Katie called softly, her voice and face both laced with concern. "Are you alright?"

Plastering on a fake smile, he replied, "I'm fine, Bells, why wouldn't I be?"

She grimaced at his answer. "Well I don't really know how to tell you this, but... I guess you could say that your magic is whipping around wildly." Katie informed him with a small laugh; she found the way his eyes widened very cute, even though the situation was anything but funny.

"Damn, give me a second!" Before Katie could ask what he was doing he had closed his eyes and had relaxed his body completely.

As she waited for him to stop whatever it was that he was doing, Katie took a seat beside his still unmoving form. Glancing up and down the table she was relieved to see that Cho wasn't in attendance.

She would never say anything to Harry, but the friendship between her and Cho had become very strained over the past couple of weeks. They were of course still best friends, but nonetheless whenever one of them was around the long haired first year neither of them could help sending resentful looks at the other.

'We're going to have to talk soon, before something happens to blow things out of proportion.' Katie thought as she experienced a stab of panic at the thought of losing her best friend Cho.

"Are you alright?" Harry had come out of his meditation to be greeted by the sight of his Gryffindor friend looking anxious.

Pulling a strand of hair behind her ear she fixed him with a caring look. "I'm fine," Katie told him firmly, "you on the other hand are not!"

"I'm fine," Harry started only to be cut off.

"No you're not! People who are fine do not attempt to smother those around them with their magic," she informed him sternly. "If you don't want to talk about what's upsetting you, well that's your right! But don't lie to me!"

Giving her a searching look, Harry wondered if he could confide in her without coming off like an idiot. Since he was attacked the amount of time he spent with her had increased. And though they spent most of their time together flying, trying to make the other blush, or just simply hanging out with mutual friends, he was worried that he would scare her off by talking to her about how messed up in the head he was.

Sighing audibly he gave her a tired look. "Just me being as my mum calls it 'vain'."

Katie didn't say anything, settling on giving him a look that said "Go on!"

"Well it's not just the vain thing, it's a number of things," he explained. "Daphne still won't give me the time of day, I'm having... problems with my sister, I still want to kill whoever it was that attacked me, and my classes are putting me to sleep!"

"Wow," Katie said quietly, concern filling her eyes. "You're really messed up, huh?" As soon as she said it she burst out laughing at the surprised look on his face. "I'm joking Potter," she had grabbed a hold of his robes to keep from falling as she had laughed. "You have every right to be upset about all those things!"

"First off, if Daphne can't get over whatever it is that's bothering her, that's her fault, not yours."

Harry looked to be about to come to her defense, but Katie cut him off once more. "I'm not saying anything bad about her. From what Cho has told me, she's a great girl." Harry calmed down as he realized she wasn't talking down his friend. "All I'm saying is if she can't accept your apology," here she paused to fix him with a stern look, "you did apologize, right?"

"More than once," he admitted sheepishly.

"Well then it's up to her to make the next move, and until she does there's no reason for you to worry over it," Katie assured him. "Now as for your sister, it's common for siblings to fight from what I hear. I'm sure you'll work out whatever problem it is that's between the two of you."

'She has no idea what the 'problem' between us is,' Harry thought as a wave of guilt made itself known to him, like it had many times over the past couple of weeks. "You're right, I'm sure we'll be okay!"

Katie beamed, happy she was being a help to him. "As for being angry about being attacked, well that's only natural," she stated. "It was so scary seeing you cut open like that. When I saw the blood pouring from you as you hit the floor, I was sure my heart was going to stop."

"I'm fine," he assured her with one of his charming smiles. "I've had much worse in the past. No the only thing that was really hurt that day was my ego, which if you're wondering is still very much bruised." He had started chuckling half way through reassuring her, but when her normally soft brown eyes, turned as sharp as any of his beloved blades he stopped at once.

"It's not funny," Katie hissed venomously. "A lot of people were upset - it didn't help any when Pomfrey wouldn't let anyone see

you," at the mention of the school healer a sneer made its way to her pretty face.

"Hey it's alright, I'm fine and I can assure you, I will get whoever it was that attacked me!"

She looked as if she wanted to wrap him in bubble wrap, when he told her that he would be getting his attacker back, but said nothing to dissuade him from his goal.

Clearing her throat she continued. "Let see, we gotten past Daphne, the sister, and the ass that attacked you, what else was there?"

Harry watched her as his insides did a weird sort of wiggling as her nose scrunched up as she tried to remember what else was bothering him. She was just too cute for words.

"Oh yeah," she exclaimed loudly as she recalled what his final problem was. "Your classes are too easy! You'll have to forgive me if I don't pity you on this one. I wish my classes were easy for me!"

Chuckling Harry replied, "Yeah well, not all problems can be world class ones!" He smirked evilly at her before continuing, "Now that I think of it, I was awfully rude to bring up how easy lessons are, to you of all people, a Gryffindor." Shaking his head in mock-regret he gave her an apologetic smile. "Sorry Bells!"

"Ass," she hissed without any heat in her voice smacking him on the shoulder. "See if I help you again, you bookworm! Gryffindor is way better than Ravenclaw," Katie boasted loudly.

"You do realize, you just yelled that Gryffindor was better than Ravenclaw, at the raven's house table right?" He asked shaking from his attempt to hold in his laughter as most of the table had turned to glare at her.

Blushing from head to toe, she ducked her head into his shoulder. "You ass, you made me do that on purpose, didn't you?" She asked, her words muffled by his robes.

"Listen Bells, if you don't stop talking about my ass and worm in public, people are going to start thinking you're some kind of scarlet woman," Harry told her knowingly.

"Ughh, I can't win with you can I?" Katie asked sounding both annoyed and amused at the same time. She resurfaced from his shoulder her face redder than before.

"I don't know if you'd want to or not," he told her smugly. "First prize is a kiss, but... if you really want to win so badly, I'd be more than willing to throw one of our little games sometime!"

"That's it, I give up," Katie exclaimed, throwing her hands up in exasperation. "You're incorrigible!"

"Harry, Katie," Cho greeted, appearing across from them, grabbing an apple before sitting down. "How are you two?"

"I'm fine, but Bells over here won't stop talking about my-" Katie's hand cut him off before he could continue.

"Don't mind him," Katie told her friend, both girls giggling from the eye smile Harry was giving them. "I think your team practices are being too rough on his delicate little head."

Cho felt uncomfortable with how close the two were, but couldn't help laughing along with them like she always did when the three of them were together, even though the three of them together rarely happened.

"Is that right," Cho asked eyeing Harry who still had Katie's hand over his mouth, he was vigorously shaking his head with a scandalized look in his eyes. "I see what you mean Kat... maybe I should have a talk with the captain about getting Gillian to take it easy on him."

Harry seeing a lost cause, sighed from behind his human version of Silencio, sending both ladies a half-hearted glare much to their amusement.

Pulling out her wand Cho used it to check the time and nearly choked at what she saw. "Katie if we don't hurry, we're going to be late for DADA," she said jumping to her feet.

"So," countered Katie as she stood up to follow her, "it's not like Quirrell will do anything if we show up late. He has to be the least frightening professor we have."

"Frightening or not I don't feel like dealing with my housemates shooting me dirty looks because I was late because I was trying to make sure my best friend actually shows up to class," Cho stated in one breath. Katie and Harry gave her amused look that made the girl turn crimson. "Guys," Cho whined weakly as her friends started laughing at her.

"You better go pervert," Harry told Katie from his spot at the table. "She's too cute to deny, I might just end up throwing you over my shoulder to get you there on time."

"Yeah, because you getting a chance to put your hands on me will be all Cho's fault right?" Katie asked knowingly, doing a good job of keeping how much the comment about Cho's cuteness bothered her.

"You know that's a good idea," Harry nodded. "You know I think I'll carry you both to class!" Both girls took off running leaving behind their giggles as Harry stood up. "Oh come on," he shouted after them, "you know you want a ride!"

Harry was unaware of just how loud he had been until a call from the Gryffindor table caught his attention.

"After they're done can we get a ride," Fred yelled across the hall as George nodded his head vigorously from his side.

S2ndC

Harry's mood had taken a noticeable upturn since early that morning. It seemed the time spent with Katie and the few minutes with Cho had done him some good. He was in such a good way that he was once again hanging out with his year mates.

"Why can't I beat you," hissed Blaise. Said boy was sending a laughing Harry a stink eye as they made their way to the Halloween feast. "I try reading your movements, but every time I think I have you, you start moving like - like I don't know what! It's like your dancing or something, it's as infuriating as Peeves when he's terrorizing someone."

"What can I say," Harry said mockingly, "I was made to move!" He winked at a group of third year girls that broke out in giggles as he shakes his hips. "See, even the ladies think so!"

"Very funny," Blaise remarked dryly. "And here I was wondered why I couldn't hit you, when the answer was here before me all along," he said not trying to hide the contempt in his voice. "In your hips!"

Harry smiled cheekily at his friend, patting him on the shoulder. "Well, as long as you now know, I've done my part."

Blaise shook his head feeling exasperated by the boy's whiplash like mood swings. He was happy that his friend was feeling better; he just wondered how long the playful Harry would be around before moody, emo avenger Harry would poke his head back out.

"Have you found anything," Harry asked in a subdued voice. They had just reached the entrance hall and Harry had his eyes focused intently on the area he had been attacked.

Blaise silently cursed himself for jinxing the situation. "There are... rumors going around that the attacker was a Slytherin. But for the time being, my contact doesn't have anything to report on who it was that attacked you."

Harry nodded absentmindedly as they drew closer to where he had landed. "Who is your contact and what does 'rumors' mean?"

"As I've told you on more than one occasion, I won't betray who it is," Blaise answered forcefully. "Just know she is trust worthy. As for the rumors - well let's just say that in the Slytherin common room more than one person is claiming the crime."

Harry looked thoughtful for a moment before he again spoke. "Well then, if many want to claim responsibility for what happened to me, then they should all take part in the punishment." Blaise actually felt sorry for the house of snakes. He wouldn't have wished any one to be on the wrong side of those eyes at the moment. "Oh and by the way Blaise," Harry said gaining his friends attention once more, "tell your lady friend, the 'contact', to keep her head down. Things are about to get messy for the snakes... and maybe for the lions as well."

"What do you mean lady friend, I never said-" Blaise began.

"Yes you did," Harry cut him off giving him a look that left no room for argument. "Don't worry about it; your secret is safe with me."

The boys took up residence mid-way down the table. Passing the time until Dumbledore's speech, the two talked about how they could read their opponent during duels.

As Dumbledore addressed the hall in his normal cheerful manner, Harry kept getting the feeling the man was watching him more than he usually did. Had he messed up again without somehow noticing?

As Dumbledore finished his pre-feast speech and was taking his seat his eyes met those of the young Potter's. Normally, Albus would never intrude upon someone's mind as it was an illegal act and downright rude to do so. But for some reason that was beyond his brilliant mind, he found himself trying to enter the boy's mind. An action that would later on cause him a great deal of remorse.

He could feel the magic laced probe leave him. But as it reached those emerald like eyes the probe was obliterated, leaving nothing, not even the magic from the mind attack behind. Dumbledore felt himself blinking owlishly as he wondered what had happened. And though he was happy that he was unable to enter the child's mind, not wanting to be the type of person who invaded people's privacy, he couldn't begin to fight the onslaught of questions that appeared in his mind.

Harry had been more than a little shocked when he felt the rune covered earring in the helix of his ear start to buzz with magic. Harry didn't have time to react before he started to feel a deep regret as if he had done something without meaning to and that it was very wrong, but at the same time a jolt of excitement passed over him as if he was going to appreciate what was about to happen.

'What the hell was that,' Harry thought as his eyes turned wild giving him a dangerous, almost animalistic look.

He hadn't felt foreign feelings as he just had, since Voldemort had enjoyed playing with his mind. Could he still have some of the madman in his head? Was some of the old Harry resurfacing? Or

had he really been crazy all this time and he was just now figuring it out?

"Harry," Blaise called sharply. He flinched when his friend's eyes turned on him. They were so sharp that they bordered on crazed. "Ar-are you all right." He asked in a shaky voice.

"I'm fine," Harry snapped, his teeth snapping against each other loudly. As the emotional high took him over he failed to dig up any remorse for barking at his friend. "Why wouldn't I be?" He questioned his voice full of accusation.

"I-I don't know," Blaise stuttered out. Feeling more than a bit of fear, he tried to slowly reach for his wand, but stopped when Harry narrowed his eyes. "It's just that you're fine one second, staring up at Dumbledore, then the next you're completely on edge."

His eyes widened as realization hit him like a bludger. Dumbledore was one of the strongest mind-magic users on the planet. His earring was made for the sole purpose of protecting the wearer's mind. It would make perfect sense for the sensation he had experienced to be coming from the piece of jewelry sheltering his mind.

His demeanor slowly changed from enraged to one of a person contemplating something solemnly. 'Why would the earring expose Dumble's feelings to me?' He pondered as those around him focused on their meals and conversations. The exception to this being Blaise, who was watching him warily, waiting for another outburst and Harry himself.

The CRACK of the entrance doors slamming open startled many, none more so than Harry and Blaise. Harry, who had been brainstorming over reasons why he received the old man's feelings, had been ill prepared for such an intrusion. Blaise had pulled his wand when the noise had reached him, having been expecting he would have to defend himself against the wrath of his friend.

Both boys, along with the rest of the Great Hall, watched as the turban wrapped Professor stumbled through the doors that were still vibrating from the amount of force they had impacted the wall with. The man himself looked like he was only seconds away from having a heart attack.

"Th-there's a troll in the dungeon," Quirrell shrieked. Falling to his knees, he clawed at his chest taking deep painful breaths.

Harry felt the all too familiar rage, which seemed to always be ready to burst forward these days, surfacing once again. All around him chaos had broken out, yet he kept his eyes trained on the DADA professor, who hadn't pretended to faint like last time, but had continued to pull at his robes as if doing so would allow him to breath.

'It looks like his acting is better in this world,' Harry thought grimly, and yet for a reason he could not explain a highly amused laugh escaped him. Thankfully only Blaise heard him over the yelling and wide spread panic. Harry didn't worry about the boy hearing him, because he was sure the kid already knew he was messed up just from the way he had acted in the past few minutes.

Loud bangs being let off in rapid succession silenced the room instantly.

Dumbledore held his smoking wand high above his head as he slowly looked around the room, giving them all an intense look that made those who met it, feel calm. "You will all follow your prefects and Heads of House to your common rooms where the feast will continue, while the Troll is being taken care of," he announced continuing to spread his gaze over the mass of frightened students.

During this time, Harry had taken to looking down his house table looking for Hermione. He released a breath he wasn't aware that he had been holding when he saw her nervously clothing the arm of Morag who was in the same state as the former. Knowing she was safe from the Troll Harry split his attention between the still acting man and the conversation happening at the staff table. Even with how silent the hall had become it was still difficult to hear Snape speaking to Dumbledore.

"Albus that plan of yours won't work," Snape informed him without his usual air of smugness. "McGonagall and Flitwick both failed to show up for the feast. Nor did Hagrid, Kettleburn, Vector, Sinistra, and Babbling make an appearance. All the others who are not here left the castle for other dining arrangements."

"That is troubling," Albus replied. His gaze went to each of the staff members in attendance as he assessed the situation. A grim look passed over his ancient face before any but the most perceptive could witness it. "There has been a change of plans," he called out to the attentive crowd. "You will all remain here until the situation has been seen too. Do not fear the problem will be taken care of with haste!"

Whispers broke out once again as the few professors in the hall grouped together at the head table. Harry was beyond surprised to see Quirrell pull himself together and head to the group that was developing a course of action, and if from the look of suspicion on Snape's face was anything to go by, he was just as shocked as Harry was.

'Shouldn't he be going for the stone?' Harry thought as his eyes narrowed to near slits. 'What is he planning?'

Before he had too much time to ponder over the DADA professor's plans, he heard his name being called from across the hall. It took him a few seconds to find who it was that had called out to him as the hall had slowly become a mash of emotional, talking students. Finally the people calling Harry found him.

A hand placed on his shoulder turned Harry, so that he was facing the twins, Angelina, and Alicia. All of whom wore scared and worried looks.

"Harry, have you seen Katie?" One of the twins asked as the others moved in closer to better hear him. "We haven't seen her since earlier today when she was with you and Cho."

"We would have asked Cho, since we saw them leave together, but she seems to be missing too," supplied the other twin.

Harry felt a chill run down his spine at the same time a thought he had in the past crossed his mind. Or did he have the misfortune of having a third god, named Fate, taking an interest in his life? Had he jinxed himself, or worse Katie and Cho?

"Do you have the map on you?" He demanded scaring the group of Gryffindors and Blaise who had come up to them to see what was going on.

Not getting anything out of the two besides a flinch, Harry pulled out his wand and without caring who saw what he was doing, summoned the map from the two. Snatching the floating bit of parchment out of the air, he quickly unfolded it and muttered the saying, activating the map as the older students gaped at his spell use.

Locating the bathroom where he and Ron had saved Hermione from the Troll at on the map, he saw that both girls were in fact there. But what made his heart nearly stop was that the Troll was just down the hall from the bathroom. It had moved there faster than it had last time.

"FUCK!" He cursed nearly ripping the map in two as he turned on the spot and took off for the exit of the Great Hall.

In his haste to save the two girls who he had become so close to in the past few weeks, he failed to remember the highly curious group of students behind him that would undoubtedly give chase. It also escaped him in his panicked state that had he gone straight to Dumbledore then and there, he could have informed him of what was happening so the aged Headmaster could have called his Phoenix and been by the girls' side within seconds.

As it was now, Harry was climbing stairs at a rate that should have been outside the abilities of an eleven year old, with a group of Gryffindors and his Ravenclaw friend chasing behind him calling out to him.

"Harry, what in the name of Merlin has gotten into you today," Blaise roared from his place at the back of the group. "Damn it, answer me Potter!"

The dark skinned boy questioned his need to study people for the first time in his life as he tripped, banging his knees painfully against the steps. Quickly pushing himself upright, he continued on chasing after the boy who fascinated him.

While Blaise was by no means ready to start dating, he knew for a fact that he wasn't gay... or at least he thought he wasn't. Ever since meeting the long haired boy, who drew attention like a niffler to gold, Blaise had found himself watching him more than was necessary.

He knew it was weird and that if anyone found out, he'd be labeled gay and rejected by his peers, but he just couldn't help himself.

The way Harry would act one way, one second, then do something that was the complete opposite of the way he should the next, was what drew Blaise to him. It was almost like two different people were in control of one body. Harry actions today alone proved how much fun the boy could be to watch, even if he did come off as a bit dangerous. And that was exactly why Blaise would never report his friend's strange behavior to anyone - they were just too entertaining for Blaise to give up!

They were now on the second floor racing through the winding hallways as paintings from inside their frames yelled for them to slow down. The twins and the others had ceased in trying to get the young boy to answer them and were now focusing solely on trying to keep up with him.

"Do you think this has anything to do with where the girls are at, or are we losing at a game of tag," Fred panted as he took a corner he had seen Harry disappear around seconds before. "And what in Le Fay's name is that smell?"

The smell, the prankster spoke of was at first nothing more than an unpleasant, yet mild discomfort. But slowly, the farther they traveled the stronger the smell became.

"The Troll is just up ahead, and has more than likely cornered the girls," Harry called over his shoulder. He had only realized he was being followed when Blaise had called out to him. As the turn off for the hall the bathroom was in came into sight he had thought it would be a good idea to warn the others what they were following him into.

Harry smiled to himself when his words didn't deter them, but instead spurred them into moving faster. They would make good allies when the war started up. Even Blaise who had little to no interaction with either girl pushed his already tired body faster.

Harry's musing was smashed by a dual set of screams that pierced the air as they turned into the hallway. For the second time in his 'life', Harry watched as the Troll entered the girl's bathroom. But unlike last time when the creature had slowly ambled its way into the

restroom, this Troll smashed through the double doors as if they weren't even there.

Without slowing, he pushed himself toward the beast as a single terrifying thought crossed his mind. 'The damn thing is bigger than last time!'

"HELP!" Katie and Cho screamed together as Harry pulled his wand, the others mirroring his actions seconds later.

Just as they were about to cross the threshold and enter the bathroom the entire hallway shook. The impact was so strong it nearly succeeded in knocking them off their feet. Grabbing the frame where one of the doors once stood to steady himself, Harry pulled himself into the bathroom just in time to see Cho and Katie dive under the swing of the monster's club as it tore the stalls off the wall.

The bathroom was a disaster zone. The walls and floor were covered in huge spider web like cracks that spread all throughout the stones that made up the room up. Water pooled across the ground from where all but one of the sinks had been smashed, by the large creature, causing the smallest pieces of debris to float.

The troll roared his anger over having missing his targets as he turned, cornering both girls as he did so. Raising his mighty club he made to bring it down on the two frightened girls, both of which were helpless against the creature.

Harry without thinking about what would be most effective against the Troll's thick hide called out the first spell that came to mind.

"Aqua Flagellum!"

Out of his wand burst a highly compressed rope of water. Seeing the spell he had chosen without thought, he immediately lashed out with it hitting the creature in the back of its neck leaving a long nasty gash in its wake.

The Troll voiced its pain through an ear bleeding roar as it dropped its club, where it landed behind it. With a hand pressed to its wounded neck it thundered around to focus its beady eyes onto an impressed looking Harry, a cocky grin on his face.

When he had first started using the spell he had actually hit himself with it. The difference had been that while it had hurt, it had done nowhere near as much damage as it had now.

"Mate that was a really cool, really advanced spell, but I - uh - think you might have pissed it off," One of the wide eyed twins whispered.

The Troll while being stupid did have superb hearing. So when he heard the whispered comment he turned his attention from Harry to George before charging at the redhead.

"MOVE!" Harry yelled sending those who had followed him into their current situation scattering. He himself stood his ground and started the needed wand movements to cast the spell he wanted to attempt.

"Haurientes Vinculis!" He yelled his voice full of excitement at the promised battle. Black, glowing chains shot out of his wand and at the troll. The glow from the chains intensified as they wrapped around the beast, pinning its arms to its side.

Even with its small mind the Troll could tell the chains were bad news and that he needed to get away from them. However, every time he would attempt to break them, the glow would intensify and for a reason it could not comprehend he would feel weaker.

"Cho, Katie, move your asses while he's distracted," Harry called. Both had been holding one another as they stood transfixed at the sight of what he had done. "And be careful, I have a feeling he's about to get pissed."

Neither needed telling twice, moving as fast as they could while still holding onto each other, they made their way over to where the rest of the group had gathered to watch what was taking place.

Meanwhile, the Troll had been growing steadily madder with each failed attempt to escape. In its rage it started to spin and bash itself into walls to break the chain, destroying the bathroom to what looked to be beyond repair.

"We're all together now; let's grab boy wonder and bolt!" Angelina ordered getting nods from everyone except Blaise.

"Wait," he placed a hand out stopping them all. "Look at Harry, he wants to fight it!"

Alicia grabbed the hand blocking her way, giving it a squeeze that almost brought Blaise to his knees. "So what, we let him get killed, because he wants to fight?" Her tone at that moment would have been more than enough to freeze the black lake.

"Do you really think he's going to die after what we just saw?" As he had spoken he had tried turning in place to lessen the older girl's grip, but to no avail. "He conjured those chains! That alone is a what, forth - fifth year spell? Then add in the fact that they're glowing and that means they're more than likely a spell from above NEWT levels!"

The group still had worried looks on their faces, especially Cho and Katie, but Blaise, a person who loved nothing more than observing people and their actions, could see that all of them were as curious as he was.

"Now add in all you know about him, the way he acts, his grades, the effect he has on people, anything you can think of." Blaise stopped here as the Troll gave its loudest roar yet as it collided with the wall. They could all see the links in the chain starting to pull apart under the troll's constant assault, and the way Harry was eyeing the creature. It was almost like he was hoping it would get free. "Look at him, he's not normal!"

"I thought he was your friend," Cho said in an accusing tone her eyes forming into slits as she prepared herself to defend her savior.

"I didn't say anything was wrong with him," Blaise said trying to back away from the girl. He failed to do so, on account of Alicia still being in possession of his arm. "I just said he wasn't normal! That's not a bad thing! I'm sure many a great mind was seen as abnormal during their youth. Take Dumbledore for example, he's as damn crazy as they come and yet he's still as amazing as he is."

"What are you trying to say?" Katie asked, speaking for the first time since being saved. "That he's the next Dumbledore?" She questioned with a hint of disbelief.

"I'm not saying that, nor am I saying he won't! All I'm saying is that we watch and see what he can do," by the end of his sentence there was more than a little begging in his voice. Seeing the looks of their uncertainty weakening, Blaise pounced knowing he would get what he wanted. "If things get out of hand we can always step in! Multiple spells from the seven of us would be more than enough to stop it long enough for him and us to get away to safety!"

No one said anything as they considered the possibilities. But in the end the choices they would have made, whether positive or negative, wouldn't have mattered, for at that moment the Troll with a bellow that seemed to hold all of its power, broke its chains, sending large metal links flying in every direction.

Harry felt his excitement rise at the sight of the troll freeing itself before a mood killing thought hit him. 'Great, I'm turning into Bellatrix.' Dismissing the thought as soon as it came, he focused on what he wanted to do next.

"Rullante Acqua!" He screamed out in Italian, it was one of the few spells he had mastered that used a different language as it incantation. Giving his wand a corkscrew twist, the water from around the room converged on the troll's ankles trapping them together and angering the creature further.

Wasting no time to admire his work, he slashed his wand downward then straight back up as he let out a cry of, "Adustum!" The water around the troll's feet slowly turned to ice that was unbreakable for even the troll.

The troll by now had completely forgotten about the humans it wanted to crush and was focusing solely on trying to stay upright. With strength that was common for its kind, but outrageous to most other humanoids, it effortlessly dug hand holds into the castle walls.

Harry taking the creatures distraction as a blessing and a disappointment, chose to end it before the creature was gifted with a burst of luck.

"Caeli Sphaera!" From his wand flew a large ball of compressed wind that flew into the back of the troll's head, slamming it, head first, into the stone wall. There it lost consciousness and as the full weight of its gigantic body pressed against the wall, the group of on lookers

only warning that the wall was about to give in was the long dragged out moan it gave just before it crumbled.

Harry allowed himself a small smile as he gazed at the motionless body of the colossal creature. He knew that it wasn't much of a fight, but it still felt good being able to take out a large, even by troll standards, troll, without crediting the finishing blow to luck. And to top it off, he had gotten all of those high level spells off without even the smallest of hitches, and without even putting a dent into his magic.

"Cho, Katie, are you two alright - is everyone okay?" He asked turning to the stunned students. Seeing them looking between himself and the troll made his smile widen. "You know if you don't answer me, I'm going to think you're all brain dead."

"Mate, where did you learn those spells at? Are you studying to become an Elemental?" A flustered George queried, his eyes alight with mischievousness.

"The spell you used to trap its feet wasn't in Latin," Fred pointed out. "It sounded more like French... I think."

The young Potter didn't receive a chance to answer either of their questions as both Alicia and Angelina turned on them with murderous looks marring their beautiful faces. Harry could only chuckle as the twins were torn in two by the girls. Blaise seemed to be trying to escape their war path, but Alicia still had a hold on him.

"Help me damn it!" Blaise hissed under his breath as Cho and Katie made their way to Harry's side.

"Sorry mate, but I know when to fight and when to take what's coming to me." Harry apologized, though Blaise could tell he wasn't the least bit sorry from the smirk plastered on his face.

"Harry," Cho and Katie had each taken up residence on either side of him, both of them keeping a constant eye on their attacker. "How did you do all that?" Cho asked in a small voice as if speaking loudly would rouse the beast.

"I've spent a lot of my time here at Hogwarts training," he confessed getting nods from them both, neither pushing the subject. He took

this time to look them both over and saw how rough they both looked, dirt and grime staining their flawless skin, torn and wet clothing, hair wildly splayed across their shoulders. And yet, he could honestly say he still found them as attractive as ever. "There's no reason to look so upset, it's over now and he can't hurt you," he promised, taking them both by the hand.

Cho beamed at him with tears in her eyes, being as close to being killed as she had been finally catching up with her, making her misty eyed. Katie was too busy wiping at her own eyes to notice, not wanting to show weakness to anyone, before giving them her own smile. At that moment Harry felt complete, but at the same time it felt as if something was missing. A something, that had he figured out whom else he was longing for, would have had sent him spiraling back into his own pool of self loathing.

"Good Lord!" At once, all of the occupants of the bathroom stiffened. The call had come from out in the hallway, but they all had recognized it as belonging to Professor McGonagall.

Harry wasn't at first all that worried; he had after all gotten away scot free last time, why shouldn't he this time? But as he gazed at the troll that had been used as a distraction by his DADA professor, he saw something that made his breath hitch. He had forgotten to melt the ice.

Letting go of the girls' hands, he grabbed his wand before hitting the chunk of ice with an over powered counter curse. The ice melted right away, but Harry felt his knees weaken beneath him. He had placed more magic in that one spell than he had all the rest since entering the bathroom.

The others watched wide eyed as he cast the spell, none of them saying a word. They didn't understand why he wouldn't have left his spell work around for the professor to see, had it been any of them they would have readily taken credit for it.

As the last of the ice melted away turning the floor once again into a mini pond, a ruffled looking McGonagall entered the bathroom. When she caught sight of Harry using the two older girls as support and all the rest of their group she clutched at her chest in a way that reminded Harry that he was going have to figure out what Quirrell was up to during all this.

"What happened here," McGonagall screeched. Harry had to fight back a moan as every eye in the room turned to him. McGonagall seeing this sent him the same look she had been since day one. "Well, I'm waiting!"

"It started when Professor Quirrell told us there was a troll in the dungeon," Harry told her trying to think up a lie so he wouldn't have to tell about the map, or his use of spells. "I knew that Katie and Cho had spoken of going to the library before the feast, but had failed to show up."

"I was worried about them and knew that the troll was in the dungeon, so I went to warn them about it." Harry didn't look at the others as he told McGonagall the lie, hoping that they would not only go along with what he was saying, but also have the common sense to not look surprised by his story.

"The twins and the others saw me leaving the hall and were worried about me and gave chase." Even though he wasn't looking straight at them, he could see those who had followed him tense out of the corner of his eye. "I know we should have contacted one of the Professors, me about the girls' whereabouts and they about my behavior, but we were caught up in the moment and didn't think." Much to his and the others in the room shock, McGonagall's eyes had lost a bit of their hostility as he talked.

"I respect bravery when I see it Mr. Potter, but do you mind telling me why the bathroom is destroyed and how exactly it is that the troll you were so sure to be in the dungeon came to be in the wall here?"

"As we were heading upstairs we heard screams and went to see if we could help who ever needed it," Harry told her flawlessly. "When we got here it had Cho and Katie cornered. Thinking fast we all started to pelt it with the debris from the smashed stalls and sinks. In the confusion, the Troll dropped its club. I saw this and sent it at the troll's head knocking it out, which was when it hit the wall making a new, and might I say very lovely, new entrance!"

Besides when her lips thinned at the 'lovely' part of his story, McGonagall sent them all grudging looks of approval. "Well I must say that I'm impressed with the bravery you've all shown here today," she said as her gaze turned to the sleeping creature. "I wish

I had received the Headmasters message sooner. I might have been able to help had I gotten here just a little sooner."

"You'll all receive ten points for looking out for fellow students." McGonagall allowed herself a small smile that lasted all of three seconds before her frown was back in place. "Just be warned, if any of you are to pull something like this again I will personally see to it that you are expelled!"

S2ndC

"Potions must really suck if you're a Hufflepuff," Blaise said to Harry and a few others who were leaving the dungeons together.

"You have no idea," Susan replied as the other puffs nodded their agreement. "I had thought people were being dramatic when they said Snape was evil, but I'm really starting to believe it."

"How Harry, a person he hates beyond all others, can avoid his wrath the way he does I'll never know," Hannah said turning the group's attention on the boy himself.

Harry had been too busy watching Daphne push her way through the mass of students to pay them any attention. The dungeons were always packed at this time a day by students leaving potions and the Slytherins making their way to the snake's common room.

"Harry!"

"Huh?" he replied, looking surprised at being called. "Oh sorry, I was just... thinking."

"She still not talking to you," Susan kindly asked, laying a comforting hand on his shoulder. She, along with many of the other girls Harry called friends, had become comfortable enough around his flirtatious habits that they could now come into contact with him, without turning into an overripe tomato.

Harry sighed before smiling at the concerned girl. "No, she isn't."

It was mid-November and just a week after the Gryffindors crushing defeat over the Slytherins. The game had played out just as it had during Harry's reign as The-Boy-Who-Lived. The only difference

being he had learned what it must have felt like to have been Malfoy during the last timeline, as he had taken to joining the Slytherins in cheering for the boy to fall.

In all the time since the troll attack nothing really good had happened; sure he was closer than ever to Cho and Katie, the twins now practically worshiped the ground he walked on, and he was faster and stronger than ever thanks to the time spent in the ROR, but other than those few positives, everything else had been bad or just plain boring.

His broom had yet to show up as Carter was more than willing to point out every time they saw each other. The Professors were watching him closer than ever before as if they expected him to go find more trolls to fight. Daphne was barely even willing to stay in the same room as him, making him start to wonder if he had done something to offend her further than just endangering himself. His mediation was going nowhere. The little sleep he did get was riddled with dreams featuring his sister. And to top it off Cho and Katie seemed to be at each other's throats as of late and he was getting the feeling it was his fault.

"I'm sure she'll come around soon," Megan Jones told him confidently. "You're both too good of friends to stay apart for too long."

Harry nodded she was right, while inside he was thinking that if that were true then why had it then been over a month since they had last spoken. If she didn't ever want to talk to him again, he was sure she wouldn't.

The small group of friends had almost made it out of the dungeons when off in one of the many passages, one of the most beautiful women Harry had ever seen waved for him to come to her.

Harry, like any other straight male would, stopped where he was with a look of surprise on his face. Blaise who had seen the girl waving his friend over looked to be having a panic attack. Turning so that his back was to the girl and the hall she was in, he pretended to be looking for someone, when in fact he was trying to give Harry a warning.

"Mate," the dark skinned boy said, sounding genuinely scared. "I have no idea why Vega Royce wants you to go down that hallway, but when you do, watch your step."

Harry scoffed eyeing the blonde. "I'll be-"

"No," Blaise hissed over him. "Her family is very old and very dangerous. There are rumors that her family is tied to every illegal ring, besides the sex slave trade. And the only reason that they're not in that business is because the family is, and always has been, ruled by women."

Harry's cockiness died away at once. Royce, he had heard that name somewhere before, but he didn't know where. He knew it wasn't the past timeline... he would have remembered the reputation and not to mention the goddess calling to him now.

"When you talk to her, do so respectfully, and pray to Merlin that she doesn't want you dead!" Having given his warning, Blaise left, not wanting to be anywhere near a member of the Royce clan.

Harry watched his friend leave with a growing sense of dread passing over him. 'Who knows, maybe I'll get lucky and she'll be into young boys,' he thought humorlessly.

He walked cautiously up to her, and before he had even reached her, she turned and left. Not knowing what else to do, he followed trying to be alert in case anyone tried anything, while at the same time he tried to keep his eyes away from the heavenly sway of her hips.

She led him to one of the numerous abandoned classrooms the castle held. As he stared at the dust covered room and the number of over turned desks, he idly wondered if this was the place Tonks had been attacked during her first year.

The snap of the door closing and being locked, knocked him from his thoughts. Vega turned to him her sweet and charming smile from before, turning cruel and haughty as she eyed him hungrily, her tongue darting out to moisten her perfectly shaped lips. If it hadn't been for Blaise's warning he would have thought he was finally going to be able to release some of the stress his dreams of Iris had brought him that he had been unable to get rid of himself.

"Harry." She said his name in a way that sounded like she knew him well, almost like she cared for him. "It's been too long, how are you?"

Harry was forced to crush his rising panic as he realized this person knew the old Harry. How was he supposed to act toward a person he knew, but didn't know at the same time? "I've been better," he answered in a smooth voice giving her a handsome smirk. "How have you been Vega?"

She batted her blue eyes at him as she made her way over to him. "I've been missing the Royce family's number one customer," she said coming to a stop right in front of him. "Why haven't you ordered anything as of late? Were the poisons we got you, not to your liking? Or maybe that special trunk we got for you isn't working right! Perhaps that cursed dagger we found just for you doesn't work so well?"

"No, no they are all more than satisfactory!" Harry had wondered where all of the non stolen items had come from, and now that he knew, he wished that they had been stolen. "I've just been rather busy as of late."

"I'll say," she said mockingly, backing away to sit on a desk. Harry didn't try attempting to pull his eyes away from her short skirt and her finely muscled legs. "You've put a twist in a lot of people's knickers Harry, especially those little girls always chasing you around."

Harry didn't say anything, he couldn't. The girl before him honestly scared him. The way she held herself, the air around her, her whole being screamed of being a predator. To a lesser extent, it was the same way people felt when dealing with Harry's darker side.

"But my jealousy of your future cum dumps isn't why I'm here."

'This girl is really pushing the limits of my self-control,' he thought as his teeth ripped the inside of his cheek open in an effort to keep from hurting her.

"I'm here because we've found just what will be needed to get through the Potter wards," Vega announced looking excited. "And as

an act of good faith, I've already sent them to the woods outside your family's manor. They'll complete the job tonight!"

Harry's tanned skin turned pale, a thin sheen of sweat covered his body, and his mouth had turned bone dry. The way it sounded... it sounded like he had-

"By morning the job you spoke to us about will be done," she stated, her eyes sparkling as she spoke. "Your... 'family' will be no more!"

AN: So how was that for a cliffy? Did I do okay on the fight with the troll? Joe Lawyer commented on it, but how do you all feel about how I'm pulling things from the past that were only briefly mentioned in earlier chapters. And I will tell you I have done the same thing more than once in past chapters.

Also some have been talking about Harry and him having sex and that he's too sexual. I'm going to be straight up, there will be no sex in first year and honestly I don't know about second year. This however doesn't mean he won't enjoy some one-on-one time with some ladies. But all that aside, let me ask you this, and don't answer this question because more than likely you all will give the answer that society deems correct. If you were a seventeen year old boy who was thrown back into a younger body that many females seemed to find attractive, would you try and get laid? Or would you wait until you and the girl(s) you like were of age before doing something?

Now like I said earlier Harry won't be emo like he was in this chapter again. Between Katie's words, and what's going on with his family he won't have the time, nor patience to worry about getting the silent treatment.

So leave a review and I'll try and get chapter 19 out... sometime before chapter 20.

AN: Joe Lawyer + Beta = Epicness! I'd like to say thank you to all of you out there that offered to beta this chapter and many of you offered to do so full time. If you sent a PM about becoming my beta and didn't get a response it was because I got so many. My inbox was flooded with them. So thank you all for the offered help, it means a lot. And once again I have no idea when the next chapter will be up, if it gets to be too long of a wait check out my profile.

Long, luscious blonde hair hung down to her shapely hips. Full pouty red lips that begged to be chewed on. Blue eyes so intense that they seemed to do the impossible and pulled attention away from their owner's valley of creamy white cleavage. All of this put together and so much more was what made up Vega Royce, the fifth-year Slytherin that was sitting across from Harry Potter.

Harry, a boy who could be described as being just as beautiful as the young lady seated before him, felt as if his heart had been ripped out by the stunning creature. If he had understood the words that passed those oh so tempting lips correctly, then the soul who had controlled this body before him may have very well done the unthinkable.

"I see that you're surprised," she reckoned, mistaking his inaction as a good thing, spurring her to continue. "I know when you signed the contract; my mother stated that you would have to work off a portion of your debt to us before we took care of your family. But, it took little effort on my part to sway her decision."

And there it was, all the confirmation he needed. The sick thing that ruled this body before him, had struck a deal with the devil. He had put a hit out on his own family. The monster had loathed them, the perfect family, so much that he wished for the death of two outstanding people, James and Lily Potter. Why the thought crossed his mind he wasn't sure, but at that moment he felt disgusted with himself when he realized that if he was forced to choose between them both - to pick who would live between his mother and father - that there would be no hesitation, Lily would be the one to live.

But worse than the thought that he could so easily choose for his father to die, was the fact that his parents weren't the only ones that were in danger. 'Ivy... Iris...' The thought of these two names were what saved Harry's mind from snapping. His sisters' names were what redirected the crippling fear that had been overwhelming him

seconds ago to anger so intense that it made his head spin and feel sick to his stomach.

Crossing the distance between them Harry came to a stop after pushing his way in between her legs. At first Vega mistake his actions as sexual and the intensity in his eyes as lust, but as his hand rose shakily up to wrapped around her neck she came to the sudden realization that pleasures of the flesh were the last thing on his mind.

"You're going to tell me everything," Harry ordered in a whisper that held all of his anger and flowed with a power that begged for a release. Vega, who had never been ordered or threatened by anyone in the entirety of her life, had chills running down her spine as a result of his actions. "And if you lie or leave one thing out that I should know about..." he let his words trail off as he tightened his grip around her neck.

Ignoring the thrill of excitement that had suddenly overcome her, Vega glared unflinchingly in to the boy's jewel-like eyes. "Who the fuck do you think you are to touch-" She halted in her words as he flexed his hand digging his nails into her dainty neck drawing small beads of blood that trickled down disappearing into her collar and cleavage leaving behind trails of blood stained skin.

Pulling the flustered, wide eyed girl in close he placed his lips softly to her ear mistaking the shudder that traveled through her body as one inspired solely by fear. Had someone walked in at that moment and had failed to see the placement of his hand, they could have easily mistaken the scene unfolding before them as intimate or even one purely of passion.

"Did I not make myself clear?" He whispered to her in a voice that screamed of insanity, unintentionally grazing the lobe of her ear with his teeth. "I have no problem showing you a world of pain that even the most twisted of demons would run from in fear."

Vega's emotions were a maelstrom as she felt him rip into her skin. Never before had anyone sans her mother had the nerve to raise a hand to her, let alone hold her the way the redhead was now; she had killed for lesser offences in the past. Once she had blinded a man, robbing him of the use of his right eye for the remainder of his days, just for glancing at her in a way she didn't like. She was the

heiress to the Royce family, a modern day princess and future queen of her family's empire. She would be shown the respect she deserved and all would learn to fear her name, more so than even her family name of Royce.

She knew all this to be fact, and yet, never before had she felt more alive than she did now, trapped in his grasp with no way of escaping. Not that she wanted an escape she realized. There was something about having the power she had held since the day of her birth, ripped away from her as it was now that made her core heat up unlike it had ever before. She had never felt so frail and weak as she did at this moment. How she wished he would take a step back, allowing her to rub her now quivering thighs together, to be able to ease her growing need even just a fraction.

"Y-you won't harm me," she gasped defiantly. The words had barely left her lips when his hand flashed out catching her across the cheek; she released a small whimper that was a mixture of pain and pleasure as her head snapped violently to the side. It took her a second to fight off the dizziness that accompanied the blow he gave her, but she managed to look up and glare into his eyes once again, uncaring of how her cheek now held an angry red welt on it or that a new trail of blood was escaping the corner of her mouth.

Harry made to speak, but as he opened his mouth the blonde he was abusing took the chance to spit in his face and mouth. As the sweetness of her saliva mixed with the metallic flavor of her blood on the surface of his tongue, he knew it was time to up the stakes.

Vega became excited when she saw him reach into his closed robes her mind that was a flurry of different emotions was over taken by lust, but as he pulled his hand out what she saw made her stomach feel as if it had dropped through the floor. In his hand was a deadly looking green handled knife. For the first time since he had started interrogating her she felt her lust die away only to be replaced by soul crushing fear.

"One. Last. Chance." With each word he would tap her uninjured cheek with the knife, each time getting closer to her sapphire colored eye. "If I don't get answers this time," he pressed the tip of the knife to the rim of her eye. "Well, we'll just have to see, won't we?" He asked giving her a cruel smirk.

Defiant to the end she sneered at him to cover the fear that was coursing through her. "I'll tell you on one condition," she spat.

"Why should I agree to anything you say? I could just cut the answer out of you if I wanted."

"Because without me, you'll never save your darling family," she said in a mocking voice. Her forced sneer easily becoming a gleeful smile. "And think about it like this, my mother knows I've come to you to talk about what's taking place tonight. If I were to disappear, she'll call off the hit, but only long enough for her to find you."

"When she discovers why you hurt me and believe me she would find out, she would make you watch as she destroyed your family," Vega laughed as his grip on her throat loosened. "I can see it now, all the pain they would go through. It wouldn't surprise me if she were to break the long-standing tradition of keeping away from the sex trades." Leaning down she placed her lips to his ear in the same fashion he had her; "Your mother and sisters are all very beautiful. I bet they'd fetch a hefty sum."

Harry had no way of knowing if what she said held any truth to it, but he was happy he hadn't followed his first instinct and had just killed her. "What's your deal?" He asked through gritted teeth.

The smile that crossed her pretty face was the type he had only ever seen before on the faces of the sickest of individuals. Bellatrix, Greyback, and the Carrows had all worn that same smile as they fought in the Battle of Hogwarts.

"I'll make it possible for you to stop the hit on your family, keep quiet about how you treated little ole' me, and will make sure there are never any future attempts on your family's lives through the Royce family."

The last part of the deal was more than enough for him to take any deal she was offering, no matter the cost. If war was to break out again and her family sided with Voldemort he wouldn't have to worry about them aiming at his family. "What is it that you want of me - the price for doing so much for one who harmed you as I have?"

"As I'm sure you know, even if you do succeed in putting a stop to what's waiting to get at them, you'll still owe a years worth of

servitude to my mother. A full year that if she calls on you, you must come and obey any order given to you."

Harry nodded along as if he knew of this all already, but on the inside he couldn't believe the idiocy of his former self. The contract, or at least how she was telling it, was made in a way that if they asked him to do something then he had no choice, it was either do it, or... What were the consequences if he didn't follow their demands? He would have to find out.

"What I gain is that during that years time you will also obey me." Harry didn't know what to say to that, all he knew was that roughing her up the way he had was going to bite him in the ass now. "Whatever I ask! You do!"

Harry was silent as he thought over her offer, trying to find a way to get what he wanted without having to sign away his freedom to one more person. "Why don't you just call your people off instead of making me go stop them?" He asked stalling for time.

"People," she repeated looking bored with his question. "There's only one person there, the handler."

Harry gave her a puzzled look as he mouthed the word 'handler'. "I thought you said that there were going to be a group of people getting through the wards."

"I said no such thing," Vega sighed as she examined her nails. Had Harry not been worried out of his mind for his family, he would have freaked out at the sight of the blooded beauty looking at her nails as if she always looked as she did now. "It's impossible for a human to bypass the wards at your home without being detected. Knowing this we searched for any way to break them without alerting ourselves to your father and mother. Then it came to us, the Potters have some of the strongest ward stones ever created, like many of the old families do. And that was our way in."

Harry found himself wishing he could lash out with the knife that was still present in his hand, at the girl before him as she spoke of killing his loved ones. "Go on!"

"The Potter's wards and many of the other old families were made in a time before the founders rose to power. A time when brooms had

yet to take to the skies, Portkeys were an unheard of thing, and the first bout of intentional apparition hadn't even taken place." As she spoke she became more and more engrossed into the story she was telling. She loved seeing the redhead squirm as he waited for her to finish. "As a result they were only aware of those creatures they had come into contact with. Leaving a wide margin of, as of that time, undiscovered dark beings that could slip through those unsurpassable wards without anyone being any the wiser."

"But that was then and this is now," he shot back sneering. "I'm sure they've taken care to cover any of these new dark creatures crossing the wards."

"Oh, they have," she replied smiling brightly. "Your family and all the others who have the same type of wards have refused to change them for the fact that the methods used to create them have long since been forgotten, not to mention they easily outclass what is taught and used now."

"So instead of changing them, they've added on to those same ancient wards. Most families, yours included, added a simple rune that alerts any that are connected to them of the presence of any creature that gives off an energy that is classified as dark." Harry knew that this was where the part about his family's safety came in to play, just by the way Vega leaned forward and the hungry look in her eyes. "This works for all dark creatures with the exception of one. It has been rated a level five dark creature by the Ministry, the same rating given to Dragons, Chimaera, Nunda, and even Basilisk."

"Enough theatrics," Harry snapped. The more she talked the more worried he became. "Just tell me what I'm going to be up against!"

"Fine," she smiled, happy to have gotten to him. "We have four lethifolds ready to attack as soon as night falls."

Harry felt numb at those words. He knew all about Lethifolds, the original Hermione had seen to it. They were creatures that looked like a living breathing cloak that lived only for the taste of human flesh. It was said that most spells passed right through them, while the only known ways to fight them off were the patronus charm, other dark creatures, and high-level spells that Harry had no way of knowing yet.

He was pulled from his musing by Vega taking him gently by the chin and forcing him to make eye contact with her. "There, there, no need to mar that pretty little face of yours with such a grim look," she chided. As she spoke she continued to tighten her hold on him until her nails broke the skin. "You won't have to fight them, just kill the handler and your family will be safe once more."

Harry glared at her trying to figure out what her angle in this was. "Why do you want me to kill one of your men? Wouldn't your mother be upset if she knew you had him killed off?"

Vega's gloating smile gave way to a scowl. "No one will miss that... freak!" She spat, the disgust in her voice took Harry by surprise. "My mother will have no qualms about my involvement in his disposal."

Harry scoffed at her before a smile made its way to his lips, unintentionally causing her nails to dig further into his skin. "What could he possibly have done to make people like you and your mother hate him so?"

"I don't know his name, but those that know of him, call him by the nickname, Necro."

"Necro," Harry repeated cautiously, the mental picture of his family being turned into inferi popping into his head making him feel sick. "Like necromancer, those who raise the dead?"

Vega fixed him with a look of bewilderment, surprised that the muggle hating boy would know of such a word. "Isn't that the term used by muggles who like to play pretend witch and wizard? You know what, it doesn't matter," she said cutting off his reply, letting his chin go. "And no it doesn't stand for necromancer, it stands for necrophiliac." Harry's eyes widened as he realized the implications of the man's nickname. "He wasn't even supposed to know about the job, but just happened to overhear us discussing it. When he found out that Lily Potter was to meet her end he begged, and I do mean begged, to be allowed to carry out the job."

"But that's not important," she said drawing his attention away from the twisted man who literally wanted his mother's body. Reaching into her pocket she withdrew a shiny blue stone covered in strange looking runes "To reach him you will need this, it will give you access to the wards set up just outside the Potter's own, a couple of

feet inside the tree line. Without this, you wouldn't even be able to see him or the beasts he has with him."

Harry eyed the stone then glanced at the girl holding it, "What's to stop me from simply taking the stone from you?"

Vega gave him a knowing smile that said she had known what his question would be before he had even asked it. "Just give it up, there's no way out of this," she told him smugly sliding the palm sized rock back into her pocket. Seeing that he still looked defiant she decided to end any ideas he had brewing. "If you hurt me, my mother will find out and hurt your family in return. If you take the stone to try and stop Necro, I'll just inform my mother of what happened here today. If you try and leave here without agreeing to my terms I'll send Necro a message letting him know to go ahead and unleash the Lethifolds. No matter what plan you come up with, there's always a counter to it. We've been doing business like this for generations; do you really think there's anything you can think of doing that we don't already have contingencies in place for?"

Harry could think of at least one plan involving his time tuner, which was in his workout bag upstairs inside the Room of Requirement, but there was still a chance the Royce's would continue to aim for his family. He didn't want to sign himself over to a second person, but what choice did he have? In the past he had vowed to always do what he must to protect his family - and now he would. At least now he wouldn't have to worry about people going through them to get at the rest of the Potters.

"Alright, I'll do it," he said cringing when she squealed like a school girl. With a start he realized that she was a school girl. "You give me the stone, and make sure that no Royce or any who work for you will ever go after my family again, and in return I'll obey you for a year's time."

Vega's tinkling laughter bounced off the stone walls of the abandoned classroom. "Cam, to me now," she called out at the same time she clapped her hands.

A loud pop announced the arrival of an old, bare chested house elf that from the look of its muscled physique seemed to be on the elf equivalent of steroids. "Mistress Vega has called for Cam." Croaked the elf, bowing to his master.

"Bring me Potter's contract and the required tool to make changes to it," she ordered the elf, who bowed once more before popping away. Harry set back and watched as she conjured a mirror to examine her face. Shaking her head she tsks'd sending him an annoyed look. "You of all people should know better than to mess with perfection."

Harry went to put his knife away as the vain girl tended to her injuries using her wand when her hand shot out catching his wrist. "Keep it out; I'm sure I'll be able to find something for you to do with it."

Before she could go into any, of what he was sure were going to be unpleasant details involving him and his knife, Cam reappeared holding a snow white piece of parchment and what looked to be a thin black bone that had been sharpened to a point. Handing over what his mistress had called him for Cam once again bowed. His nose dragging against the floor as he popped away without standing up.

Harry followed the now healed Vega over to a desk of her choosing. Before laying down the contract she gave a wave of her wand clearing away the dust that had been covering it. He groaned internally when he saw her use the bone to write without the use of ink. 'Damn, blood quills were bad enough,' he thought disdainfully as he eyed the bone that had now taken on a faint blue glow.

With a jolt Harry realized he could now inspect the contract, leaning forward he started reading. Blurring through it all, he had been happy for a small second before becoming upset at what all he would have to do. It appeared that he wasn't going to be their human house elf and forced to do menial chores, but would be more of a hired thug and thief, and if the occasion called for it, an executioner.

For just a second, Harry had the strangest feeling when he realized that it wasn't that he minded that he would be expected to kill. The only problem he had was that they could ask him to kill anyone, even a small child. He knew he would die before he took the life of an innocent child, but he did wonder if it was a choice between him ending a good person's life or his family dying, how would he feel after he killed that person. Giving his head the smallest of shakes, he turned his attention back to what the contract detailed.

He knew that for any of those three types of jobs a child would be the best to execute them, for the simple fact that people tended to over look and ignore children, whereas an adult would draw attention. But what had Harry puzzled was how the old Harry had gained enough recognition from a crime family like the Royces that they wanted him - an eleven-year-old boy working for them.

Standing up Vega took a step back from the desk and the contract sitting on it, holding out the bone-quill for Harry to take. "Read it over and sign it."

Taking the offered bone Harry took his time reading over the entire contract a second time. Seeing that he hadn't missed anything during his first read through and that the parts she had added were all in order he gave her one last look to see her smiling at him like the devil. Sighing, he cursed his own stupidity for what he was about to do as he pushed the bone to the parchment.

As the bone flowed across the contract a faint green glow appeared from under his fingers that slowly spread to the rest of the bone. It was at this time that he realized there was something pulling on his magic. The bone-quill was using his magic to bind him to the contract and his word.

No sooner had he finished with his signature did Vega attempt to push him aside, but the part of Harry that knew she was going to abuse the hell out of their agreement, refused to budge. Vega glared venomously at him for his refusal to move, without warning her knee slammed into his groin doubling him over making him gasp in pain. Reaching down she gave him a light pat on the cheek as she walked by him.

With Harry no longer obstacle she picked up the contract giving it a fond look, not unlike one given to a child from its mother. It was a certainty, she was going to enjoy the next year.

Rolling up the parchment she placed it in her pocket then turned to the heavily breathing boy who had both hands clasped to his still throbbing private parts, his knife laying on the floor beside him all but forgotten. "Oh," she cooed in a baby's voice, "did I hurt you?" Walking up to him she once again took him by the chin. "They say

the best way to forget about a certain pain, is to replace it with another."

Harry only had enough time to brace himself before she tore into him.

Drawing back the same hand that had been holding him by the chin, she lashed out with her hand in a claw like manner, digging deep cuts into the side of his face. Stumbling slightly, Harry gritted his teeth as he balanced himself.

He had to deal with this. To protect his family from the old Harry's actions, he had to take this beating and many others that he knew he would receive over the next year. Partly this was his current selves fault. Had he gained a better control over his emotions before now he may have never attacked the girl that was now doing the same to him. But if he was truly honest with himself, he was astonished he hadn't killed her straight away.

Pulling her wand Vega pointed it right between his eyes smiling at him from behind the long thin piece of wood. "Diavoil Atingere!" Harry was only just able to process that the spell she had used wasn't Latin, before his entire world gave way to pain. James, Lily, Ivy, and even Iris all disappeared in the wake of the spells effects. Had he been able to move, had any sort of control over his body; to be able to force it to do something other than jerk and spasm, he would have taken his own life.

When the spell was finally lifted Harry found himself on the floor, his head lying in a puddle of his own slimy sickness. As the putrid smell filled his nose he let out a painful dry heave, but his body's reaction came up with nothing. He was thankful there was nothing left in his stomach that could escape. He felt that even the smallest of things at the moment could push him over the edge and the thought of throwing up seemed as much a torture as the spell he had been hit with.

'What the hell was it that she used on me,' he thought as he struggled to get away from the floor and the spilled contents of his stomach. It was as he reached his knees that Vega walked up to him stopping just before stepping into his vomit.

"Well, well," she smiled down at him, dipping the toe of her shoe into the sickness. "I'm impressed - not only did you take the 'devil's touch' in silence, you refrained from soiling yourself. Both of which are a first for me to witness." Taking her toe she raked it through his puke flinging onto the front of his robes.

"Let this be a lesson to you," she said crossing the last of the distance between them. Grabbing him by his vomit matted hair, she forced him to stare at her with his still sharp eyes, "If you ever touch me again, and don't have my permission, you can go ahead and count yourself amongst the deceased."

"The stone," Harry muttered weakly, grabbing for the pocket he saw her place it in earlier. "Give me the stone."

Vega stared at the determined boy as he struggled to reach for her pocket in which the ward access stone was held, a look that asked if she had underestimated him on her face. For a fleeting second she wondered if she had made a critical mistake - questioning if she had made the wrong person her enemy on this day, but quickly shook it off as nothing more than the part of her that had lusted for him before, rearing its head once more.

Not that he was anywhere near as attractive now as he was when she had first led him into the room. His chin and right cheek now were both covered in deep bloody scratches. His long beautiful hair was now coated in a thick layer of sickness that had matted it together. His smell, a mix of vomit and sweat, where it had been an oh so tantalizing scent to the point of mouth watering. But the worst was his once tanned skin. Now his body was covered in dark purple spots, the same way the whites of his eyes were now marred by splotches of red, both signs of ruptured blood vessels caused by the Romanian torture curse she had exposed him too. Thankfully, all the damage she had done was reversible. After all, what good would he be to her if he wasn't pretty anymore?

"I guess you have earned it," she admitted pulling the stone out of her pocket, dropping it carelessly into his hand. "You're lucky, considering the state you're in. The main rune stone connected to the one you hold now, will not only keep what happens inside those wards a secret from anyone outside them, but are also what's keeping the Lethifolds restrained."

She watched in amusement as he gave the stone a squeeze before placing it in his robes. When he reached for the knife she quickly grabbed it giving it an appraising look. Noticing that he was glaring at her she tossed it at him.

"It's a little before one o'clock now," she informed him as she used her wand to disappear any trace of puke from her shoes. "I suggest you get a move on, the way you are now it may take you some time to kill Necro." And with those parting words she turned and left him there, kneeling on the floor and covered in his own sickness.

Many things passed through his mind after she had left; mainly he was plotting ways to get away with killing her. He'd be counting the days until the contract expired. When it did he was going to make the bitch pay for what she had done to him. He didn't often embrace the new level of anger he had gained since coming to this world, but now was different. Now it was sharpening him for what he must do, giving him the strength to stand.

His anger was directed as much at himself as it was for the daughter of Royce. True she had gotten the better of him, but had he had some control over his poisonous anger, his situation would be nowhere near as bad as it was at the moment.

Giving a resigned sigh, Harry pushed himself the rest of the way off the floor hating himself for whimpering as he did so. Pocketing his knife, he shuffled slowly to the door using the desks to stand upright and when there wasn't one for him to use then the wall to walk. It was going to be a long trip up to the seventh floor...

Harry had just reached the staircase in the entrance hall when he heard his name being called out and what sounded like a herd of people coming his way. Cursing his luck, he turned to see all those who had been in the bathroom during his fight with the troll, along with Daphne, heading his way. When they saw the state that he was in, their hurried pace turned into a full out run.

Letting out a groan that had nothing to do with the pain he was experiencing, Harry pulled on the banister trying and failing to run away from those coming to help him.

"You ran your mouth to her, didn't you?" Blaise commented as he came up next to him, putting Harry's arm around his shoulder in an attempt to help the injured boy in walking. "You just couldn't hold your tongue, could you?"

Harry was going to speak, but was cut off by Angelina giving orders to the twins. "Fred, George, help carry him. We need to get him to the infirmary!"

"Yes to the help, no to the infirmary," Harry said, resigned to the group finding out more about him than he intended to tell anyone. He had never been in as much pain as he was right now. The spell she had used on him had cut through him in a way that even Voldemort's cruciatus hadn't achieved. The thought of Riddle getting a hold of that spell made Harry's already weak knees, more so.

"But-" Started Alicia only to be cut off by Harry.

"I'm not going," he snapped surprising them all with the exception of Blaise, he had become used to such outbursts back before the fight with the troll. Since then he had been in better sprits, until today that was. "You two," he said to the twins who had taken him from Blaise, "take me to the seventh floor. Once we get there I'll answer some of your questions."

The group looked to each other, silently trying to figure out what course of action to take. His pain making him snappy, Harry broke the quiet that had fallen amongst them. "If you want, you can all think it over while I crawl up there. All I ask is that you lay me down here, I don't much feel like falling at the moment."

It appeared that he had chosen his words correctly, helping them make up their minds, for at that moment the twins started leading him upstairs with the others following closely behind. When they reached the top floor he had the twins walk him back and forth in front of the tapestry of Barnabas teaching a group of trolls how to dance as he thought of his workout room. When the door appeared Harry ignored the gasp of surprise, motioning the group forward.

Paying the group of fascinated students little mind, Harry untangled himself from the twins and stumbled over to one of the many benches placed around the track and where he had placed his bag earlier that day. Grabbing his mokeskin pouch from his things, he

pulled out the black rune covered trunk that he now knew his old self had went through the Royce family to obtain.

The group surrounded him in a loose circle as his trunk cut into his palm, searching for blood to verify his identity. It was as he was doing so that Harry caught a glance of his hand and how it appeared to have dark splotches all over it, disappearing up into his robes. Pulling back on the sleeves of his school robes his eyes doubled in size at what he saw. Acting quickly, he started throwing his top layers off onto the floor and when he had finished he along with all the others gasped at the state his body was in. All over his chest and stomach - both of which were showing the early signs of a well-trained body - were covered in the same sickly looking dark marks as his hands and arms were.

"Bloody hell," he muttered, realizing why they had wanted to take him to Madam Pomfrey. Thinking he needed a mirror one appeared next to him on the bench, picking it up he examined his face and eyes both of which were as bad as the rest of him.

"Harry," Cho said softly, taking a seat next to him. Reaching out she lightly ran a finger over one of the dark marks on his chest. "What happened to you? All Blaise said to anyone was that you had gone off with Vega Royce. That's not true is it?"

Harry grimaced at the look of concern she was wearing for him. Running a hand tiredly through his hair only to flinch at the pain it caused him to do so. He wasn't sure how to proceed when it came to those around him. They were all people who he could call his closest friends and he knew he could trust them, but to lay so much on them so soon would be in his mind, ill fated.

"Mate, I know Vega and her family are powerful, but we saw you take out a full grown troll with ease," Fred stated looking as worried as all the others did. "How could she have done this to you?"

Harry made to speak, but Daphne who had been silent until now spoke over him sending an accusing glare his way. "What does he mean you took on a troll, and why would you go off with a Royce?" Her voice held just a hint more emotion then what was normal for the girl and yet her tone sounded almost dead compared to how she was right after his wreck.

"I don't have time to deal with your mood swings at the moment Daphne," he said, giving a long dragged out sigh. He was more than a little resentful of his best friend at the moment and didn't feel that he owed her an explanation. Daphne was angry with his answer, but chose to stay quiet for now. Wanting to make sure her friend would be okay was the more important thing at the moment.

Not paying attention to what he was doing Harry tossed the mirror carelessly over his shoulder before he opened his trunk to the compartment that held potions, not noticing when the mirror disappeared before hitting the ground. Taking out the inventory list that was exclusive to the potions he had stored in the trunk, he quickly searched it from top to bottom. With the exception of a few vials of pepper up potion and a small container of yellow paste that when rubbed into the skin eased soreness, there was nothing in the trunk that would be of use to him.

Katie seeing what he was holding walked forward and took the container from him. "Here, let me help you with that," she offered setting the paste between her legs, holding it with her knees. Dipping her fingers into the yellow substance she placed some on the palm of her hand before using the other to gently rub it into his back.

Harry, who had been on the verge of objecting to the attention, saying he hadn't the time to sit around for something as insignificant as a healing salve, was halted from speaking when he felt the nasty looking medicine take effect. It didn't come anywhere near stopping the pain, but it did succeed in dulling it by a small fraction. Having his pain eased a little was enough to clear his head and let him think clearly. He had to kill a man; a full grown wizard who had been chosen by the Royces to work for them. He would need to be as close to perfect as he could be if he wanted a chance of winning and surviving.

Cho was happy to see the paste helping her crush with his pain, but when she saw the way he was leaning into Katie's touch and the victorious look her brunette friend was sending her; she felt her anger and jealousy rise. Leaning around the now moaning boy, Cho dipped her fingers into the yellow medicine before taking to rubbing it into his chest and stomach. She was thrilled when his moaning increased as she moved her hand over his torso. The fact she could help ease his pain made her feel as if she wasn't useless to him, it

was only a bonus that she got to piss Katie off and feel up the beautiful boy she had felt her feelings only increase for over the last few months at the same time.

Fred and George seeing the boy's treatment at the hands of the second years looked to each other and started communicating in a way only magical twins were capable of. Having come to a silent agreement they pulled up their shirts and took out their wands as one.

Angelina and Alicia, along with the rest of the group, had their attention torn away from the threesome - in what was rapidly becoming an erotic moment - to see the twins hopping up and down in place holding their lightly freckled middles moaning in pain.

Coming down from the pain induced high, Fred quickly made his way over to stand in front of Angelina holding his shirt up exposing a sore looking red spot just above his belt buckle. Next to them George had done the exact same thing to Alicia who looked as confused as Angelina did.

Giving their most charming smiles the two Weasleys said in unison, "We'll have some of what he's having!"

The two third year girls couldn't believe the nerve of the boys they had somehow come to find themselves liking over the past three years. Alicia, not knowing what else to do, scoffed at her twin. Rolling her eyes she made her way around George and over to Harry. Angelina made to follow her sister in all but blood, but not before she made sure to smack both twins where they had been hit by the other's stinging charm.

"Harry," Alicia called softly, gaining his attention at the same time Fred and George's twin screams of pain pierced the air. "What happened to you?"

Shaking himself out of the momentary bliss he had obtained at the hands of the two girls, Harry downed two vials of pepper up potion before he slid on the long sleeved dress shirt that was a part of his school uniform back on, not bothering to refasten it. "In the past, I wasn't the best person in the world," he stated, as he dug through

his bag for his invisibility robe. Finding it, he slid it on where it disappeared from view.

Katie, Cho, Alicia, Angelina, Daphne, and Blaise all recognized what he had just put on, but chose not to bring it up. The two older third year girls were just pleased the twins had failed to see what the younger redhead had. If the twins were to get a hold of something like that, the consequences would shake the very foundation of Hogwarts.

Grabbing his vomit covered robes he had been wearing before; he started transferring his knives and the ward access stone into the non-visible one he was now wearing. "The mistakes I made back then are catching up to me now. Vega has dirt on me that has me placed well under her thumb." He had chosen to go as close to the truth as he could without giving them anything more. Hopefully, nothing would come back to bite him in the ass after having done so.

Hearing this, the group of Gryffindors and Ravenclaws exchanged looks of worry. It was never good news to be on any of the Royce's radar and from the way their friend looked after just one meeting they couldn't help but wonder what she had on him that would allow her to put him in this kind of shape.

Cho and Katie both inched closer to him trying to give him some type of comfort from their closeness. Not caring that his looks weren't what they normally were, nor of the smell of sweat and sickness coming off him. They just wanted to help in any way they could.

"Where are you going now?" Blaise, like all the rest had noticed how Harry looked to be preparing himself for something. "You look like you're about to go do something incredibly stupid."

"That's private," Harry answered earning upset looks all around. Checking his mokeskin pouch, he was relieved to see that his time turner was where he had last left it. Closing the pouch he placed it around his neck before throwing his bag in his trunk, shrinking it all down and placing it in his pocket.

Standing up he gave them each a firm look that had them all squirming from the intensity in his damaged eyes. He did this knowing that if a person displays dominance over others they're

more susceptible to listening to what you have to say and less likely to disobey your orders.

"I'm leaving the school grounds and don't know when I'll be back." A few made to ask once again where he was going, but he cut them off before they had a chance to start. "Not a one of you will tell anyone that I have left, or about the state that I'm in and how you found me. If you can keep quiet, I'll tell you more about this room and see if I can't teach you all a bit about defense and dueling."

"About that," George said, looking around the room that could compete with the Great Hall in size, "I've never seen this room in all the times I've looked over the map." He failed to bring up that the injured boy had yet to return said map to him and his brother. He didn't think pointing something like that out while he looked like he did would earn him any points with the two irritable chasers.

"It's unplotable," Harry told him as he made for the door. It was the only entrance and exit to the Room of Requirement at the moment.

Between the pepper up potions he had taken and the paste the girls had given him, Harry was able to move a lot easier than he had before, though from the waist down there wasn't any difference and it still caused him a great deal of pain to move. Each step he took toward the exit - the others following behind him without question - caused him as much pain as it had before.

Despite the great amount of pain he was in Harry easily managed to beat the others to the exit. By the time the group had reached him he was already holding the door open for them, motioning for them to pick up their pace.

"Come on, I've already wasted enough time as it is." The group complied with his request; his tone had taken on a deadly feel to it that had all of them trying to not piss the hurt boy off. The cause of his sudden tone change was the fact that Harry was preparing himself mentally for what it was he had to do.

As the group crossed the threshold of the magically created room, Harry snapped the door shut behind them. They all watched in silent fascination as the large wooden door slowly melted into the stone wall, leaving behind nothing that would indicate what secrets the empty stretch of wall hid inside.

"Harry if you won't tell us where you're goi-" Cho started, turning away from the blank span of wall to where she had last seen him, only to stop speaking when she found no one there. The others too had noticed the absence of the long haired boy, spurring them all to go searching for him.

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Harry groaned as he came out of his apparition with a small pop, landing a ways down the dirt road that led to his family home from the town of Godric's Hollow. He had been worried that had he apparated too close to his house that someone may hear him or somehow detect his presence, which was the reason behind his apparition destination.

Grimacing, he knelt down, bouncing on the balls of his feet in an attempt to loosen up the muscles in his legs. He quickly found his actions to be futile and gave up on any relief from his pains and took off running down the road to the Potter family home, making sure as he did so that the hood of his invisibility robe stayed up. It would be true to his luck as of late that his hood would fall at his time of need and reveal himself to not only Necro, but to his family as well.

When his family home came into view, Harry slowed to a jog making sure that each time his foot connected with the ground they did so as lightly as he could manage. As he moved along the long, wooden fence he searched the house for any sign of activity from inside, hoping that he would get lucky and his mother and sisters would be away somewhere for the time being.

Pulling out his wand and the sapphire color handled knife, his vision was assaulted at once by the blindingly bright colors of the Potter wards. They were a multitude of swirling bolts of energy that managed to somehow look as powerful as a tsunami while at the same time look as calm as a babbling brook. The energy domed over the Potter property stopping just outside the tree line that boxed in three fourths of the property.

Stepping into the woods, he crept along, being sure to watch out for any sign of the second set of wards belonging to Necro, while also attempting to see if his family was anywhere in their massive back yard. The only sound around him was that of his gentle steps

breaking twigs and crushing leaves. The further in he went the more the silence bothered him. Normally at this time of day you could hear all types of animals in the woods playing, whether it was the playful songs sung by the many different birds that occupied the woods, or the sound of squirrels crashing through the leaves playing with one another.

He had covered all of one side of the forest and was moving on to the part that faced the back of the house when off in the distance he saw a large dome made up of black violent light. Crouching low he edged his way to the glowing black wards, being sure to watch the ground and the surrounding area for any type of extra magical security that his knife would help alert him to.

As he inched closer to the Royce family's ward, he could see a man that was colorfully dressed in bright orange robes, standing in front of a strange pin that appeared to be made solely from the same black energy as the wards were made up of. The male was of normal height and weight, and had a fine layer of stubble on both his jaw and head. His beady eyes were a dull green color that seemed to mock Harry's own emerald like ones as they darted around rapidly trying to take in everything at once.

Harry felt his mouth dry out and his palms turn sweaty as he looked past the walking traffic cone and caught sight of the four shroud looking creatures floating no more than an inch off the ground inside of their energy pin. They were as black as midnight and had he not known before hand what he would face, could have mistaken them for a set of robes that a violent wind had caught.

What surprised him most about them though were the speed with which they were moving with. The pin they were trapped in was so small and yet the way they moved over one another without hindering one another made him happy that he wouldn't have to face them. If they were to get out in the open there would be little to no chance he would get away from them.

Just as he was about to cross into the black dome he stopped where he was, examining the layout inside the surprisingly empty area. Besides the pin and the man standing in front of it there was only a head sized stone that looked almost identical to the one in his pocket, jagged edges and all.

Taking care not to make any noise Harry crossed over into the ward, and felt his heart stop as he did. For as soon as his beloved cloak passed through the dark energy of the dome it started to flicker, turning him visible and invisible before settling on visible, turning the robe as black as the ward he was standing in was and revealing himself to the Royce family handler.

Necro was shocked at first to see a robed figure blinking in and out of existence, but as the flickering stopped revealing a person in a robe the same color as the darkest of nights, he felt a thrill run through him at the sight of a long strand of hair that was the same color red as blood spilt from a freshly cut wrist. It appeared he wouldn't need to go in search of someone to tide him over until he got what he truly wanted later tonight. Some entertainment had found its way to him.

"Hello young one," Necro said in an accented voiced that sounded like the wind. "What brings you to Necro this fine day?"

'Great, I get the type of freak that screws corpses and talks about himself in the third person,' Harry thought as he tucked both his hands into the sleeves of his now visible robe hiding his knife and wand from view. "Just thought I'd go for a stroll through the woods," he replied. The only part of him that Necro could see was the one long strand of hair that had escaped his hood and his white teeth bared in a predatory smirk.

"For some reason, I don't believe you," Necro chuckled, sticking his hand into his goldfish colored robes. "I find it more believable that you're here to spoil Necro's fun. You wouldn't try and do something like that... would you?"

"Unfortunately yes," Harry replied, barely catching the clenching of the man's jaw.

In an effort to get a better lay of the clearing they were in, Harry started to walk casually around on his side of the dome, being careful not to bring himself any closer to Necro than he already was. He couldn't explain why, but something told him getting any closer to the man before him would set him off, and he couldn't afford to fight this man head on. It was too risky and he didn't know enough about him to make any type of strategy against him. Rushing in would get

him killed and the last thing he wanted was to become the sex doll to some crazed freak.

"I've been sent by Vega to put a stop on the hit on the Potters." This time Harry focused on Necro more intently than he had before, and was rewarded with the sight of the man twitching uncontrollably. "So, sorry about that," Harry apologized, his voice tinted with amusement.

"Where's your proof that Ms. Royce sent you?" Necro asked taking a hostile step forward. It was clear he didn't like the prospect of losing out on getting at Lily.

Reaching into his robes Harry skillfully stored his knife away at the same time he pulled the stone Vega had given him out. Holding it up, he smiled cockily at the now glaring man. "She gave me this."

Necro chewed on his tongue, glaring at the stone in the, what he was guessing was a boy's palm. He had been so close to tasting the perfect woman in the perfect way. Her beauty frozen and unmoving, not a single breath passing those rosy lips, no chance of her speaking and ruining the perfection that she was. Yes, her death would make her so much more than she ever was alive.

He needed this, why could they not see that? Why would the Royces take what he needed, what he craved, after having him come so close to claiming it? He would have it! No one would stop him from taking what was his by rights! But first, he had to take care of the pest before him.

Necro looked to the hooded figure letting out a deep, dramatic sigh that had Harry raising an eyebrow at the man. "It's too bad that you didn't show me that stone you had as soon as you showed up," he said as he shook his head. "If you had, I might not have killed you where you stood, and in the long run it would have saved the Potters from their fate." As he spoke he slowly pulled his hand out of his robe, his wand wrapped in his fist. "But then again some things are just meant to happen, don't you agree?"

"Of course." As the words left his mouth Harry was forced to roll to the left, diving out of the way of a purple light that shot from Necro's wand. Pushing through the pain that his body was in Harry rolled into a crouched position pointing his wand at his attacker's feet.

"Lacum!" Necro laughed when he saw the spell heading for the ground in front of him, but when the earth split open creating a pit that was deeper than he was tall he cursed as he fell in landing in a painful heap at the bottom.

Not wasting any time, Harry started doing the required wand movements for a spell he had learned solely to use in conjunction with his first spell. "Ardens Aquas!" From the tip of his wand burst forth a highly powerful stream of water. Aiming for the hole he had created he heard Necro scream as the enchanted water made contact with his skin. Arden Aquas, was a spell that created water that when it came into contact with anything would rise to scalding levels in temperature.

The pit was filling fast when a loud splashing sound reach Harry's ears. Seconds later Necro shot out of the pit standing on a circular plate of stone that he was using to levitate himself out of the pit with.

Harry was only just able to catch a glimpse of Necro's skin, which had turned an angry red from the water, before the man himself was above Harry's eye level.

Necro flipped backwards off his summoned stone, banishing it toward the cloaked boy as he did so. Summoning a wall of marble, Harry was able to stop the stone heading for him before copying Necro's actions and banishing his own summoned stone to where it would hit the necrophiliac just as he landed.

Necro seeing what Harry was doing twisted in midair, disappearing with a loud pop only to reappear right behind the cloaked person. Harry only had enough time for his eyes to widen as he realized that apparition was possible inside the black lighted wards, when he felt himself being lifted off his feet as a wave of energy slammed into his back sending him flying across the clearing and almost into the pit he had created earlier.

Necro smiled as the boy slammed into the ground, before speaking a spell out loud for the first time since their duel started. "Fulgur Agro!" A wall of bright purple lightening shot toward the still hooded figure as it tried to stand up, catching them in the side, cocooning the unidentified person in its energy.

"I admit, I underestimated you because of your obviously young age," Necro said, breathing heavily as he stepped over the rune stone in the middle of the clearing on his way to the downed person. "I'm going to enjoy what comes next," he exclaimed, with his wand still pointed at the cloaked figure, continuing to pour magic into the lightening based spell.

Harry withered in silent agony as Necro made his way toward him. The pain he was in was nowhere near as bad as what he had faced earlier in the day, or even some of the spells he had suffered through at the hands of death eaters, but after the abuse he had suffered at the hands of Vega there was barely any fight left in him.

As he arched his back trying to find a way to lessen the pain, he experienced a single moment of clear mindedness that allowed him some control of his body. Plunging his hands into his robe, he grabbed the same knife he had put away just minutes before and threw it with all his might, hoping it would sink into some part of the man.

Necro snorted as the knife flew toward him batting it away with a flick of his wand. The second it took him to do so would be all the time Harry would need to turn the tide of their fight in his favor.

Feeling the effects of the spell leave his body, Harry gritted his teeth painfully, his wand pointed steadily at the man with one thought running through his head. 'Haurientes Vincilis!' The same black chains shot from his wand that he had used on the Troll and just as they had with the giant creature, they moved too fast for Necro to do anything to stop their trajectory. As they wrapped around their mark, whipping into the man leaving whelps in his skin, the same deadly glow covered them as the last time Harry had used them, but this time they weren't trying to drain a fully grown mountain troll, but a human.

Necro felt all of his energy leave him at once. Stumbling backward he was only able to stay upright long enough to make his situation worse. Harry watched in sick fascination as the bound man fell onto the rune stone with a loud sickening crack.

Harry knew right away what had happened. The fall on to the jagged rune stone had snapped his spine. Letting out a deep breath, he

collapsed onto his back where he closed his eyes trying to fight off his exhaustion.

As he laid there passing between the land of sleep and consciousness, many a thought passed through his tired mind. What was he going to do with the four rank five dark creatures he was now in possession of? How would he get them out of here now that their handler was dead? And was the man really dead? It was possible for someone to die from a broken back, but it was just as possible that he was still alive.

The thought of being trapped in his body with no way to move, communicate, feed himself, or even go to the bathroom scared Harry more than any torture. 'I'd rather be dead than face that,' he thought grimly. Turning his head, he opened his eyes to stare at the motionless body of the man named Necro, the chains still wrapped tightly around his body.

Letting out a sigh that would have better suited a man Dumbledore's age, Harry pushed himself up into a sitting position. Pointing his wand into the air he gave a soft call of, "Accio Dagger!" Snatching the blade out of the air he pushed himself the rest of the way up and started for Necro, intent on making sure the man had left the land of the living and was no longer a threat to him or his family.

Harry had almost completely crossed the distance between himself and the hopefully dead body when he noticed something very strange. All around him the black energy of the wards looked as if they were fading into nothingness.

Alarmed by what he was seeing, he looked to the pin holding the Lethifolds to see the same thing happening to the field of energy holding them captive. Inside, the monstrous creatures were moving faster than ever, as they rammed their cloth-like bodies viciously into their prison's walls.

Searching for the cause of the ward's failure, Harry turned around, wildly looking to every corner of the clearing, but found nothing that could be the cause of his newest streak of bad luck. It wasn't until he nearly tripped over the motionless body of Necro that he realized what was happening.

The chains he had used on both the man laying before him and on the Troll were doing what they did best. Sucking all types of energy from whatever it was they were in contact with, and at the moment they were touching the rune stone. Not wasting time by using his wand or trying to pick up the figure before him, Harry sent the strongest kick he could into the man's body sending him flying off the stone. But his actions were for naught, for as soon as the chains lost contact with the stone they sucked the last remaining dregs of energy from it.

He thought he had succeeded for a second as the wards had gone back to their normal black glow. But just as he relaxed his shoulders did the energy flicker out to never work again. At the same time the wards died the lethifolds unleashed cries of victory at being set free.

The sight of the Lethifolds floating toward him kicked Harry's self preservation instincts into high gear. Using his wand he banished Necro's body into the group of oncoming creatures. He almost threw up a second time when the sounds of tearing flesh and snapping bone reached his ears, causing him to wonder how it was that Necro planned to stop the beasts from devouring his mother's body before he had the chance to... use it.

Seeing one of the four Lethifolds break off from the now for certain dead body, its robe-like body covered in Necro's blood, snapped Harry out of his musing and into action. "DEPRIMO! CONFRINGO! FERULA! DEFODIO! AVADA KEDAVRA!" He screamed, pouring as much magic as he could into each spell. Each spell cast tore into the earth, shaking the very ground Harry was standing on, rattling him to his bones and yet every spell passed through the creature like it wasn't even there. It wasn't until he saw the killing curse hit the creature without any effect that he realized he knew only one spell for sure that could stop the monster from advancing.

He searched his mind for his happiest moments, looking for anything that would serve him well. The first and most powerful memory that he came to was of a normal day, when both Ivy and Iris had been leaning against him on the couch as he read them a story, Lily in the kitchen as she hummed a pleasant tune in her off key singing voice. Feeling warmth spread through his chest, he raised his wand, calling out the needed incantation in a voice that was brimming with strength.

"Expecto Patronum!" As the silvery figure burst forth from his wand, Harry felt his excitement rise as it always did when he saw its shining light, but his excitement and even the pleasant feelings from his memory were replaced by shock and confusion. His patronus was no longer a stag, but a tall skeletal creature with wings as wide as Hagrid was tall. His patronus had turned into a Thestral.

The silvery light that shined from within Harry's patronus was felt by the lethifolds immediately. Letting out blood curdling screams that were unlike anything the Potter had ever heard, they turned to glide away. It was unfortunate for Harry that his shock had overwhelmed all other emotion, had he been able to hold the spell for just a few seconds longer the lethifolds would have been long gone, carried away by their impressive speed. But as it was, the breath taking protector faded away leaving Harry to face four enraged creatures.

Harry tried and tried to cast his new patronus again, but came up with barely a flash of the silvery protection. Panicking he resorted to trying any spell that crossed his mind that was even remotely defensive, but nothing stopped their advancement. Turning, he took off, weaving through the trees kicking up foliage as he ran, shooting spell after spell over his shoulder trying to kill the things threatening to eat him.

As he ran, pushing himself to his top speed, he had never been more thankful for all those hours spent running to the point of exhaustion and through the pain that accompanied such a strenuous routine. Had he not used the ROR as much as he had, there was no doubt in his mind that the creatures behind him would already be feasting on his corpse.

He was so focused on what was behind him that he failed to notice where he was going, leading to him not seeing the broken tree branch that he was rapidly approaching. He had just shot an overpowered piercing hex into what he thought was the head of one of the lethifolds when he felt his shins slam brutally into the fallen branch sending him flying into a pile on the forest floor and his wand out of his hand.

Knowing what would be on him in seconds, Harry slammed down on the part of his mind that was telling him to quit - that it was over and done with - that with his wand lost he was going to die on this day, and tried pushing himself up. But as he attempted to push off the

ground, he glanced around hoping he might see his wand, he let out a gasp as pain shot through his wrist causing him to pitch forward once more onto the ground.

'God I'm pathetic,' he thought as a single chuckle escaped his lips. Looking over his shoulder from his downed position he knew it was over. One lethifold had broken away from the others, its speed far greater than the rest. Harry knew that in a matter of seconds he would have firsthand knowledge of what it was like to be eaten alive.

He always knew he'd die some kind of horrendous death. He had always figured it would be at the hands of some crazed death eater or from standing too close to Neville's cauldron during potions. But the thought of having his flesh torn from his bones, while still alive, was just too much for him. He hated to admit it, but he was frightened to death, so much so that he could swear the beat of his heart was shaking the forest floor.

It was as this thought crossed his mind that he realized it wasn't his imagination, the forest floor was in fact shaking. Before he could ponder over what could be the cause of the effect on the forest the lethifold was crossing over the very same branch he had tripped over. Not wanting to see what was going to happen to him he closed his eyes and waited.

He had expected to feel the sharp pain of razor sharp teeth tearing into him, to be the next and last things he would ever feel, but instead he had the sudden feeling of something very large and powerful standing over him before he bounced from the force of something landing around him. If this wasn't enough to shock him it was followed by a growl so menacing he felt it rattle his bones.

His eyes snapped open to see the largest dog he had ever seen standing over him protectively. As he took in the tufted tail, the longer than normal snout, and the eyes of the creature, Harry realized that this wasn't a giant dog, nor was it an abnormally large wolf, it was in fact a werewolf.

His head snapped upwards to look through the breaks in the tree tops, only to see the sun out, shining in full force. 'How is there a transformed werewolf during the daytime,' he wondered as he looked back to the being that had made the lethifold turn and flee.

Harry wasn't sure what to do at the moment. Yes, the wolf had saved him, but werewolves didn't have control when transformed. In the back of his mind a voice whispered to him that they weren't supposed to be able to change unless it was a full moon either, but here one was, all wolfed out, scaring flesh eating monsters away as beams of sun light shined through the tree tops hitting them both. He was unable to ponder over what was happening any further, for at that moment the wolf sprung after the now retreating cloak like creatures.

The wolf covered the ground between him and the lethifold in seconds. It was a disgustingly beautiful sight to behold that Harry somehow found mesmerizing. To sit there and watch as its powerful jaws tore through the living shrouds' bodies was something he would never forget. It was also gut wrenchingly frightening, if its teeth could do that to a lethifold, what could it do to him?

'I better get my wand,' he thought, eyeing the scene before him. He couldn't hit a lethifold with any spells he knew, but a werewolf was a different story. They were solid and very susceptible to a killing curse. He snorted as he realized that the werewolf, lethifolds, and himself were like the world's most bizarre game of Rochambeau.

"Lumos!" Harry called softly, not wanting to draw the attention away from his attackers. When the beam of light appeared a few feet away, he willed himself up and went to grab it. By the time his wand was in hand, the wolf was surrounded by the tethered remains of the once fearsome creatures. Harry was careful to not approach the beast in a way that made it feel threatened as he approached his savior, it taking deep whiffs out of the air.

The wolf tensed as it breathed in the air in the direction Harry had come from and where the Royce employed wards had been set up. Its head snapped to Harry, fixing him with those yellow silted eyes. Harry not knowing what else to do raised his wand in a way that showed he didn't want to attack him, but that if he was forced to do so, he would have no qualms in doing so.

Harry jumped, almost cursing the werewolf when its body spasmed giving off the loud painful sound of bones snapping and muscles tearing. He watched as the creature went through what he was sure was an agonizing transformation that filled the air with the sound of

cracking bones, and animalistic moans mixed with human cries of pain.

The thought of who the beast might be didn't cross Harry's mind until the wolf was back in its human form. Remus Lupin stood before him, glaring at the young Potter as his robes swayed in the light breeze that was flowing through the woods.

"Harry," Remus growled in his ruff voice. "What's going on here? Why are you out of school and in the woods behind your family's home with a group of extremely deadly, carnivorous creatures? Not to mention the fact that I can smell the life's blood of someone in these woods, a person I might add that I can smell on you!"

"I," Harry started only to stop once he realized he didn't know what to say. The truth would get him locked up in St. Mungo's for life, admitting anything about the Royce's would have in Azkaban in under an hour, and anything else would seem like a lie. "I heard a rumor around school that there was a hit on the family and-"

"DO NOT LIE HARRY!" Remus bellowed taking a step toward the young boy. Harry could once again see the wolf dancing inside the man's eyes; it was the same as the day he had caught him and Tonks hugging on the couch. The only difference being that this time smooth words weren't going to calm the man down. "You expect me to believe that you hear about an attack aimed at your family by the Royces, and you decide to go stop it by yourself without any type of help."

"And yes, Harry, I know the Royces are involved," Remus told him knowingly. Harry had foolishly let his surprise show on his face when the man mentioned the Royces. "The dead man I can smell is one of their more well known members. So what do you have to say for yourself?"

Harry just stared at him, suffering from a loss for words. Remus' look of rage slipped, giving way to disappointment for a fraction of a second, before turning back to that of a man holding back his personal demon. Shaking his head he turned and started heading in the direction that would lead him to the Potter's back yard.

Panicking Harry chased after him. "Where are you going," he called after him.

"I'm going up to the house to floo your parents," Remus answered with looking back at him. "It was a good thing that I had to come here today to fetch my Wolfsbane potion your mother made for me so I wouldn't lose control tonight."

"It's just a saving grace that I was the only one up there when I showed up. It wouldn't have mattered to any of the others why you were back here with those things; they would have risked everything to save you." Harry realized from his words that no one else was aware of what had taken place here. "The others aren't as well equipped to handle lethifolds as I am."

Harry's heart didn't know if it wanted to stop at his words or try and beat its way out of his chest. Reaching out he grabbed the fully grown man, surprising them both when he was able to jerk Remus around to face him.

"Please Remus," Harry pleaded with the man who had once been a father figure to him. "If you tell them, I'll never be allowed to see them again. It - this - was a mistake the old me made. The way you found me should be proof enough that I'm not the same person I once was."

"Did you have anything to do with what the lethifolds were doing here?" Remus asked, getting a nod from the boy who looked to be beyond ashamed with what was going on. Harry knew lying wouldn't work right now, that Remus could more than likely hear the beat of his heart and would know that he was telling untruths if he did. "Then as far as I'm concerned," he said violently knocking the boy's hand away as he turned his back on him and started walking away, "you don't deserve the right to be near them."

Harry watched Remus as he moved further away from him. He couldn't just let the man tell them, but what could he do to stop him? Reaching into his robe pocket he pulled out his wand, having put it away when he found out Remus was the werewolf.

"Remus," Harry called out stopping the man in his tracks. When he turned to look at his best friend's son his eyes had once again turned yellow. "I'm sorry, but I won't let you tell them."

Remus had been ready for the boy to attack, but was surprised when he lowered his wand and reached for a moleskin pouch tied around his neck. He knew that giving the boy time to do whatever it was he was attempting to do was risky, but his curiosity got the better of him as he watched Harry pull a long golden chain from the pouch.

Realization flared in the wolf man's eyes. "The time turner stolen from Hogwarts," Remus exclaimed. "You're the one who-" His accusation was halted when the red light of a stunner flew out of thin air from just behind him, crumpling the werewolf to the ground.

The air from where the stunner had come from shimmered, before slowly a second Harry was revealed holding his wand aloft. Looking at the Harry who had just closed his moleskin pouch the second one said, "Turn back one hour, stand where I'm at now and use a disillusion charm on yourself then cast a second separate illusion on yourself, hiding any remaining traces of your presence from his heightened senses."

As the other him disappeared the one that had stunned Remus turned his wand on the unconscious man once more. He stared at him for a time, thinking about what he was about to do, before taking a deep breath, hoping he had studied the spell he was about to attempt enough that he didn't turn his friend into a blundering mess like Lockhart. "Obliviate!"

He had thought that after he took care of Remus things would get easier, that all the bad had been taken care of, but of course he was wrong. As he spoke his spell, a second was cast at the same time. He only had enough time to make sure his spell had taken effect before both his wand and the time turner flew out of his hands. He was forced to watch as his beloved time traveling device smashed beyond repair against a tree.

Furious, he turned snarling to see who had cost him one of his most prized possessions only to pale when he saw who it was that held him at wand point. Standing at the edge of the woods, her wand tip glowing brightly with a spell waiting to be cast was Lily Potter. Her eyes that were so much like his own traveled over the scene before her. Remus laid out flat after having a memory charm used on him, the large torn pieces of the lethifolds scattered everywhere, and her son standing there in the middle of it all. She looked to him

pleadingly, her eyes asking him to tell her what she was seeing was wrong.

"Harry," she sobbed, tears escaping over the rim of her eyes as she spoke his name. "What have you done?"

AN: Going into this chapter I wanted all Harry would be going through in it, to be a learning experience for him. So how did you like the Vega and Necro parts? I made the fight with Necro short because not all battles are long and dragged out, most are quick and over with before you can even blink. Hopefully you all won't hate for two consecutive chapters ending with cliffys - cliffies - asshole endings?

Now I just like to say the reason Harry's emotions were everywhere last chapter was he's not only dealing with his own emo-ness(and lets face it, canon Harry was so damn Emo and broody), now he has to deal with the old Harry's anger as well. And after having everything go so smoothly for him for so long, of course when things start going south he's going to be moody. If you don't like the Harry he is now or the one he's becoming then don't read this story!

Now just a heads up and most of you will more than likely hate this but lately while at work during my breaks I've been playing around with a second Harry Potter story. Now don't worry it's just something to do to pass the time. S2ndC has priority over all else and always will be. But I'm wondering if I get a few chapters of it finished, would you like for me to post it? Just know that even if you say no that you don't want to see it, I'll still continue to write it.

AN: Sorry for the long wait and the now short (by my standards at least) chapter. I just really wanted to get this out before I moved. Yes I'm moving again and will more than likely be without internet for some time. Also can I just say wow to the shitstorm of reviews last time! lol I was angry and put my hurt feelings up on my profile. Since then I'm good, I've been able to get a chapter of my PJ story out and two of my new HP story. Thanks to Joe Lawyer for betaing!

WARNING! READ THIS B4 CHAPTER!: Many of you have asked if this story will end badly, all I'll say is that I never read a story unless I'm a 100% it will have a happy ending. And people say that you write what you read, I'll leave it at that.

This chapter will LOOK like it will be bad for Harry toward the start, but keep reading! Alls not lost, Harry has some amazing luck! Try and enjoy this chapter, who knows maybe, just maybe I havent COMPLETELY destroyed this story Chapter 20 is LILY-CENTRIC and will answer many a question!

Large neon green flames burst to life in the Potter's kitchen fireplace, emitting a beautiful woman with long red hair that reached to the tops of her breast. Lily Potter was home.

She had just left the home of her good friends the Greengrasses, where she and her two daughters, Ivy and Iris, had spent the day with the Greengrass women. They all had such a pleasant time together that when it came time for them to leave, the girls had begged to spend the night at their friends' home. Lily, after receiving Arana's consent, had allowed them to stay.

Now that she was home and had nothing to do and no one to care for she planned to take a nice long bath before James got home and surprise him with some much needed one-on-one time. With a smile gracing her stunning features, Lily made to exit the room when she caught sight of the vial of potion she had left on the counter for Remus to find.

A bewildered look made its way to her face as she stared at the Wolfsbane potion. 'That's strange,' she mused. 'Remus has never put off getting his potion this late before.'

She had taken a step toward the counter where the potion sat, intent on taking it to her dear friend, knowing the anguish he would be in if

he were to hurt someone when he lost control, when she caught sight of something that put her on alert. The door leading into the backyard was standing wide open, as if someone had been in a hurry and had forgotten to close it.

She knew for a fact that the door had been closed when she and the girls had left earlier that morning. Her war time instincts kicking in, Lily drew her wand with the speed of a world class duelist. Her hand sped through a number of complicated motions, every few seconds a different colored light would glow on the tip of her wand before going out to be replaced by another.

'There's nothing in the house,' Lily thought as she finished scanning her home. 'That means whoever left the door open was leaving, not coming in.'

Cautiously, she made her way to the door, her wand at the ready. Crossing the threshold into the backyard she pulled the door closed behind her as she set out looking for clues for whoever it was that had been in her home. Her search didn't last long as she soon found deep grooves in the ground that looked to belong to some kind of large animal.

"Remus." She muttered, softly taking off in the direction the claw marks had led. Unlike most of his kind, Remus didn't phase into his wolf-form all the time, like it was some kind of cheap parlor trick; he only did so when deemed a situation serious enough for it. His discretion was one of the reasons he was able to keep the fact that he was a werewolf a secret for all these years, allowing him to have a steady job and a good life, unlike many others who shared his affliction.

So if he had transformed during broad daylight it meant something was up and she couldn't escape the feeling that he would need her help.

Just as the thought passed through her mind, a sound she knew well drifted up to her from the woods. It was the same sounds of agony that would escape Remus when he turned back and forth between his forms. The pain he went through when changing was the only drawback to his choosing not to change as often as others of his kind. The more often you made the change, the less pain you experienced and the more control over it you gained.

Whatever it was that had caused him to change must have been dealt with if he was willing to turn back. Slowing to a jog, she continued onward to the forest wanting to make sure her friend was safe and get some answers in the process.

She felt the odd sensation of walking through a quivering wall of energy as she passed through the wards that stopped just outside the tree line. As one of the two people connected to the wards and that could control them, she was able to tell when she, or someone who wasn't on the access list to the wards, passed through them.

Just as she was about to cross into the woods she caught sight of the familiar red glow of a stunner. Crouching low, she proceeded slowly into the woods, being careful to not draw attention to herself.

She had only traveled a small ways when she saw two people together, one standing over the other. The person on the ground was none other than Remus. Moving into action she sprung up and dashed forward only to stop when she recognized the long blood red hair of her son, she didn't need to see his face to know that it was her child. She watched in horror as he held his wand on the unconscious werewolf. It wasn't until a thin hazy beam of green light made its way to her downed friend that she was moved into action again. Even as she sent the high powered disarming spell at him, she knew it was too late to stop the spell Harry had cast that she knew for a fact to be a memory charm.

The spell contacted her son sending his wand and a time turner flying from his hands, the latter of which smashed against a tree. Growling animalistic, Harry turned to her and what she saw was as bad as the scene around him. What stood before her looked to be a sick copy of what her beautiful son was.

Her heart felt as if it was being ripped out as his snarling turned to a look of disbelief, before slowly horror took its place.

The tip of her wand lightening up with a stunner of her own she asked him, "Harry...What have you done?" Her voice breaking into a sob causing him to flinch.

"Mum," he said shakily, taking a step forward. He stopped his movements when she held her wand just an inch higher. The feeling

of having his beloved mother hold him at wand point was... indescribable, but not nearly as bad as when the first tear rolled down her cheek. "It's not what it looks-" He never received the chance to finish his sentence for Lily had stunned him where he stood.

A broken sob escaped her as she watched her son hit the ground. Dashing over to his prone body she pulled him to her chest as tears streaked down her face and into his beautiful long hair. What was she going to do? She couldn't lose him, not after she had finally just gotten him back, not when her family was the happiest it had ever been. If James found out about this they'd never see Harry again. It would destroy not only her, but Ivy and Iris as well, and though he would be strong and never show it, James as well.

"I have to hide this..." She whispered, as she stared down at her hurt son. 'What happened to you,' she thought sadly, as she ran a hand through his hair, looking over the damage that had been done to her beloved child. The memory of his green eyes with the clashing red in them burned into her mind's eye.

"His eyes..." She whispered sadly. It was slow at first, but gradually her own words penetrated her mind; it was then that she came to realize what she had to do. To find out all that she had to hide, to figure out what it was he had done, and just as important as the first two were for her to find out what had been done to him. She would have to search every inch of his mind for answers. Now that he was asleep it would be so much easier to find what she needed to, than it would have been if he were awake.

Pulling her hand through his hair one last time, she caught sight of a strange black earring in the helix of his ear. Not knowing why she found herself drawn to it during such a disastrous time she leaned closer to take a look at the runes that graced it. Her eyes widened when she recognized the design on it as the type of rune-array designed to protect the mind from intrusion.

Gently reaching out she took the rune covered piece of jewelry from his ear and laid it to the side.

Focusing all her will into a single point in her mind, she delved into his, not knowing what secrets she would find, but hoping to discover a way to keep her family intact.

S2ndC

Lily had entered many a mind during her time as an unspeakable. All of them the same blur of activity and chaos that only a Legilimens or an Occlumens could make heads or tails of. The only exception to this were Occlumens who could control their mind, bending it as they pleased to their will. But when she entered the mind of her son, all that she found was a great expanse of inactivity. Nothing but a white emptiness that stretched on for miles, or what could have just as easily have been inches ahead of her - that was how complete the blankness that encompassed her was.

Keeping a cool head she turned in place, looking for any distinctive sign of where his mind and thoughts could be. It was as she was spinning that someone from behind her spoke up, surprising her.

"Lily," said a cheerful voice. "It's good to finally meet you, or should I say this version of you."

She had expected many things when she turned to face the speaker, but a small green haired boy with orange eyes was definitely not one of them. "Who are you?" Lily demanded as a wand materialized in her hand. "And what are you doing in my son's mind?"

Snapping his fingers her wand turned into a single perfect lily. "Right now, that's not important," Kar said in an, unknown to Lily, uncharacteristically serious tone for him. "What is important is whether or not you want to help Harry... Do you?"

Anger flared behind her emerald eyes as she stared down the person she could tell wasn't really a child at all. She could sense all the power that he held and how it could be unleashed with the smallest of gesture on his part. "Of course I want to help my son, but-"

"Then answer these questions for me," Kar said cutting her off. "What do muggles know for a fact to be true about magic?"

"That there's no such thing," she answered hesitantly, not sure if this was the answer he wanted.

"Correct, or at least you are," Kar replied, letting a small smile escape to his lips. He had started walking back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back, unknown to Lily this was a sign of just how serious the man/child was. "Now then, what is the magical world's view on gods and the like?"

"That they're nothing more than made up nonsense of the muggle mind to explain away things that they have no way of explaining away rationally."

"Good," Kar told her, coming to a stop, staring her in the eyes. "You're a smart woman Lily; I hope you can keep an open mind for this next question." Lily chose to say nothing, instead just nodding that she was ready. She wanted to hurry this up so she could find out who this was and how she could help her son. "If the magic world is real, but the muggles are so sure it's not, then isn't it just as possible that there are things out there - beings of great power that are hidden away from those of the magic world?"

Lily looked at him incredulously after having caught on to what he was implying. "You're one of these things hidden from the magic world - a god?" She asked, a hint of skepticism slipping into her voice.

"One of many," Kar surprising her with the seriousness of his voice as he made his claim. "Tell me Lily, do you believe in the Many-worlds interpretation, or Many-worlds theory?"

"I believe it's plausible," she answered automatically, letting the forced disbelief from a few seconds ago drop away from her voice. "As a muggle-born and not someone who was raised believing I knew everything about this world, I'm more inclined than most to believe that there are things out there that I have no knowledge of."

Kar gave her a smile, knowing she would be open to reason and would be able to accept what she was about to learn. "What if I told you that the theory was not only real, but that your son, Harry, the one who has been so kind and loving to you and your family for the past couple of months is from a universe different than your own?"

While being more open to believing that there could be more out there than she knew, Lily didn't buy that her son was from another universe. She was going to voice this disbelief to the small powerhouse until she looked back at how sudden Harry's change had actually been. She knew that she had pushed for him to be changed - that she had forced herself to believe the dream he had experienced had been a miracle that had given her her Harry back - turning a blind eye to how implausible it was that a single dream had made him essentially a completely different person, they all had, with the exception of Iris and James. Both of whom had followed her and the others' lead in doing so soon after.

"I see you're connecting the dots," Kar softly pointed out. He had seen her mind process all she had over looked, or it would be more accurate to say what she had turned a blind eye to in the beginning. "Your Harry was an evil little monster, cloaked in human flesh, who would have brought ruin to the world. It was only by chance that I was listening in on him when he said the right thing for me to take him from this world, giving the boy who has worked his way into your heart - your son - a chance at life, after he gave up his own to save his native world."

"Why did he have to give his life up for his world?" Lily questioned, outraged that her son had to give up his life for others, forgetting that she didn't believe this being or his claim. But it was as she took in what she was feeling that she realized that the person before her had just said the boy she had given birth to was gone... and that she found herself not caring. "What happened to Harry... the one I gave birth to?"

Kar fixed her with a look that bordered on a glare. The intensity in his orange eyes flaring as he thought about the boy. "Honestly," Kar said, pausing for a second to ponder if telling the woman before him the truth would be the wisest choice. "He's paying for all the sins he committed during his life and that's all I'll say on the subject."

"And my Harry," she whispered. "Why did he have to give up his life for the world?"

"To tell you that would take far more time than either of us is in possession of at the moment," Kar told her. Lily was going to object to this, but was cut off by Kar. "I'll show you instead." With those words Lily's world went dark.

S2ndC

Lily awoke with a start. Sitting up she found herself to be floating in midair. Not knowing why she was there, she started wishing she was on the ground. She would have fallen had she been in the real world, but here in this place that was her child's mind, she found the transition from air to ground to be seamless. Slowly, the surrounding area that had been completely dark just seconds before started to take form. In time she found herself standing in front of a man leaning over a woman who was lying in bed, a small bundle in her arms. Lily felt a jolt in her stomach when she saw that it was her and James and a small child with a shock of black hair.

"Lily pad," James chuckled with misty eyes, leaning down to kiss both her and the baby on the head. "You did an amazing job, he's beautiful!"

"No, not beautiful," the other Lily replied, smiling down at the black haired child. "Perfect... he's absolutely perfect in every single way."

And with those words the Lily who had intruded on the happy moment of her alternate self, had her vision blur as a steady stream of information passed into her mind. Time jumped from one important event to another before her very eyes.

Dumbledore coming to the Potters who's Harry had black hair, telling them that Voldemort would be after them and that they should go into hiding. Jumping ahead again she was with the alternate Potters on a Halloween night; it was Harry's first, but instead of being able to take their child out and let him see the sights, they were stuck in their home, hiding from a madman. Lily sat back, unable to do a thing when said madman showed up. In silent agony she watched Voldemort killing this other version of the Potters effortlessly, before trying and failing to do so to the black haired Harry.

Lily sobbed as she saw the curse hit her child. She now knew this was her Harry, without knowing how she knew it to be true. Any leftover doubts about all of this being a lie or some type of defensive illusion cast by her son's mind were gone. She watched as Sirius handed her son off to Hagrid, the Hogwarts grounds keeper, before running off and disappearing into the night.

Why would Sirius do such a thing; they barely knew Hagrid and while he had never been anything but kind and gentle, she still wanted her son with his godfather, not some mildly known acquaintance. Maybe they knew him better in this world she told herself, trying to gain some composure over herself.

The scene blurred again, but this time it was of Albus, Minerva, and Hagrid leaving Harry on the doorstep of her sister's home. As soon as Albus laid Harry on that doorstep, the jumps in time and the speed of the memories sped up to dizzying levels, yet Lily was somehow able to easily keep up with them.

Tears flowed freely down her face as she watched him grow up unloved and abused. When he reached his first year of Hogwarts she hoped things would be better for him, that someone with half a mind would take notice of how badly he looked and do something, but her hope was to no avail. They saw him as the Boy-Who-Lived, nothing more than a side show act that they were all allowed to shamelessly point and stare at without any regard for his feelings or wellbeing.

His first time on a broom, fighting a troll in the girls' bathroom, the pain in his scar whenever he was around Quirrel, receiving his father's invisibility cloak, finding the Mirror of Erised and what he saw within its frame, and finally facing a man with the Dark Lord in the back of his skull. So much of his first year passed at blinding speeds around her. Taking a deep breath she settled in for what she could now see was going to be a journey that would hurt her very soul.

Before she knew it, he was in his second year and it was clearly as hard on him as the first had been. She could do nothing as the school turned on him, with only his two friends standing by his side as he ran around the school searching for the voice that only he could hear. Her heart almost stopped as she watched him go down into the chamber of secrets to face the monster of Slytherin, and was amazed and beyond proud, when he came out on top, beating the colossal snake with something as simple as a sword.

In his third year, she along with Harry, found out together what Sirius' fate after that Halloween night had been, and could do nothing but watch as the rat ran free. Even she hadn't connected the

dots when it came to Scabbers being Peter. But even in all the darkness she had seen closing in on him; she was able to catch a glimpse of Harry's power and the potential he held when he cast that Patronus. She had found herself smiling when she saw his patronus was the same as his fathers and the male counterpart of her own.

Fourth year he once again was forced to deal with the school turning against him, but this time Ron wasn't by his side for a good period of his suffering. To make things worse, he was competing in the Triwizard Tournament, a contest in which many a witch and wizard had died. Her only solace was in the fact that their version of the tournament wasn't like the obligatory one they were forced to hold in her world. But this small comfort lasted for far too short a time, for soon he had done such a selfless thing in taking the cup with the Diggory boy. And as a result of his act of kindness all of Britain would pay, starting with her son and the friend he was forced to watch die.

Her surroundings, if possible, were moving faster than ever. She knew the green haired being must have had a hand in her ability to process the information, as it passed her by and started showing Harry's fifth year at Hogwarts.

She growled angrily as Harry was forced to carve into his own hand, felt a sad mixture of happiness and pity as he had his first kiss with an older version of the girl from the bookstore. She chuckled as she watched Hermione and Ron talk Harry into leading the DA. Her heart ached as she witnessed Snape's barbaric and ineffective method of teaching him occlumency, him being tortured at the hands of Umbridge, and his headstrong attitude and Snape's actions leading him into walking into a trap set by Voldemort that would ultimately lead to Sirius's death.

Lily's breathing was now coming out in short gasps, the speed with which the memories were being pumped into her head was slowly getting to her. And yet, with her force of will she kept her eyes open, not wanting to miss a second of what made her son who he was.

Memories within memories and Voldemort's past. She followed as he went on the trail the Jr. Death Eater left in his sixth year at Hogwarts. His second relationship starting with the young redhead and it failing as he came to realize she was more of a sister to him, but this was quickly wiped from her mind as she learned the horrible

truth about how Voldemort had lived. She had held onto some semblance of hope that together he and Dumbledore could win the day, but that hope was obliterated as she watched Albus fall from the Astronomy tower, the sight made all the worse by the fact that the act was carried out by the man she had once called her best friend.

Lily could feel herself becoming weaker as the speed of the memories reached an all-time high. Her mind felt as if it would snap under the pressure it was experiencing from the constant stream of information. Unknown to her, she had started to bleed from her eyes and ears. Even a mind as brilliant as her own was suffering from what Kar was putting her through.

The horcrux hunt and all its ups and downs, Severus' part in the grand scheme of things, and the battle of Hogwarts and all the deaths it brought with it. Suddenly, everything slammed to a standstill for Lily, as the final pieces of memory made their way into her mind. The black haired Harry - her Harry, agreeing to come take the place of the boy she had given birth to.

She was only just able to catch the tail end of a bird's song before her entire world faded to black, just as his vision came into focus for the first time in her world.

S2ndC

"Selfless, wasn't he?"

Lily's world once again snapped into focus as his words reached her. She found herself sitting at a small table in the same white encompassed area as before. Kar was sitting across from her sipping from a teacup, watching her over its brim.

"Was all that real?" She questioned, though even to her ears the question sounded weak and meaningless. It was quite clear she believed him and knew that everything she had experienced had truly occurred.

Kar sighed, fixing her with stern look as he set his cup down. "I'm going to be honest with you; I don't have much time left. So if we can, let's skip all of these meaningless, redundant questions and focus on the important things that would be great!"

"What do you mean you don't have much time left?" Lily asked, looking and sounding concerned for the person who had gifted her son a second chance at life.

"As I'm sure you've already guessed, I'm not the only one who holds the title of 'god'. There are numerous others that rule and control over the other forces that drive humanity. Greed, hate, love, envy, even certain acts have those that rule over them, such as selflessness and genocide." Kar paused in his speech when the woman before him flinched at hearing the last of the gods he had listed in an attempt to give her time to focus on the important things that she would need to know.

"Even amongst gods, there are rules that must be followed! If the rules are broken by us once we can get away with it, but the more that we involve ourselves in the lives of mortals, the more likely it is that we will be stripped of our power."

"Are you..." Lily trailed off, a horrified look in her eyes.

"No," he answered with smile. "Fortunately for me, I'm the one who rules over karma. And while normally for any of us to take as active a role in a human's life as I have is unheard of, I was able to... but not anymore. I'll only be able to take as much action in Harry's life now as I do any other mortal's."

Lily would have pressed the issue of why he could no longer help Harry as he had, but could tell from the tone he had used that the subject wasn't up for discussion. "If you can't interfere with his life anymore, then why not tell him? Why did you come to me instead?"

"Because he needs you," Kar stated firmly. "You and I both know how he is; he sees all the knowledge from his previous world as his own personal burden. He never would have told you or anyone else about all he knows. He would have taken it upon himself to try and change everything for the better without any help at all. It's also why I never revealed anything about his connection to the Royce family."

Lily went wide eyed and was about to speak, but Kar silenced her with a raised hand. "Yes, I knew of what had been set in motion, and knew that it would serve as a wakeup call for the boy to have to struggle as he did on this day. His personality, now that it has traces

of the old Harry poisoning it, is very different than it once was, from the boy you saw in those memories. He's now a strange mix of mature and childish, with both parts taking over at certain times. It's all made worse by the fact that he's unconsciously almost completed his occlumency shields. Right now he needs a strong hand to guide and mold him into the man we both know he can be."

"What happened out there today?" Lily asked in a voice that bordered on yelling, her green eyes filled with numerous emotions. From his words she had gained that Harry had been through something harsh out in the real world, though she could have guessed as much from the scene she had come across. To make matters worse he had gone through it all when he had almost finished making occlumency shields. Any master of the mind arts knew of how wild and uncontrollable one's emotions were when in the final stages of gaining true control of your mind. It was how the mind, a wild thing that never wanted to be tamed, reacted to losing its ability to have free will. Depending on how long he had been in the last stages of completing them, he could have alienated himself, or worse still, hurt an innocent or someone he cared for.

"How about I show you the events leading up to today?" Kar asked, smiling mischievously at the woman.

"I'll do it," Lily vowed right away, even though they both could hear the slight hesitation in her voice. Kar knew her earlier experience with taking memories had gotten to her and that she wasn't looking forward to having to deal with the pain again.

"Don't worry, this time all I'll show you is how he came to be a customer of the Royce's, and..." Lily frowned as she made out the thrill and excitement in the boy's voice when he trailed off. "All that Harry's done and experienced since coming to live in your world."

Before she could reply her mind was swimming with memories that were not her own. It took only seconds for the memories to pass into her mind, but was still long enough to give Lily a splitting headache that made her vision swim.

Kar snapped his fingers, ending the pain in her head, as he fought his laughter at the expression on the woman's face. "Yes, I know the old Harry getting caught stealing by one of the Royces was how he

came to be involved with them, is, to say the least, shocking... But that's not what has you in your current state is it?"

"No, you're smart enough to know that even with his signing of a second contract as a result of his mind and emotions being the cluster fuck that they are at the moment, that he would have still been bound to their family. For the Royces sign all deals in magic, and of course we both know he holds the old Harry's magic. Not that the deal he made with the girl will make much of a difference anyway. When Vega's mother learns of her actions, the girl will pay dearly. What I'm guessing that has you all bothered is the obvious feelings your children hold for each other. Am I correct?"

Lily shook her head violently, trying to rid her mind of the thought of her children in that type of relationship, while attempting to focus on what really mattered at the moment- Harry's and her family's safety. There would be time later to worry about what she should do about her two oldest children's attraction to one another.

"What do you mean the second contract doesn't matter? He's at that harlot's beck and call now! Why didn't you warn him of what was coming, or better yet, why not give him the original Harry's memories? He could have been prepared for what was happening today!" Everything was starting to pile on to Lily emotionally, making the normally calm under fire woman's voice come out in snarl.

"First off, would you truly want him, a boy who's seen as much as he has, to be forced to experience what it's like to kill and torture animals with his own hands? Or better yet, think about how much it would torture him if he were to relive the memories of the person who harmed those he cared for the most? You know firsthand how much Iris means to him. Could you imagine what it would do to him to see himself try and succeed in hurting her?" Kar had started out speaking in a slow and calm manner, but as he continued to speak his voice had turned into a growl that had Lily, a person known throughout Britain for her acts of bravery during the war, frightened.

"The reason why the contract doesn't matter is because the Royce Matriarch has plans for him," Kar informed Lily in a tone that was back to the light one he had started out with. "That woman has seen things in the old Harry that she wanted for her daughter's future partner. She had planned to start him out working off the debt he owed her family, then after a year's time, she would have offered

him a place in her ranks that would have eventually led her to approaching him with an offer of her daughter's hand. However, with all that has taken place on this day, it will be received by Vega's mother as a sign that there is no chance of Harry being the strong man her daughter will need to stand by her side when she begins to rule their family."

"If she thinks there's no chance of them gaining what she wants from him, then what's to stop her from forcing Harry to come after our family, or simply make him kill himself?" Lily asked, sounding hopeless.

"Harry signing the second contract!" Kar answered happily, making Lily look at him strangely. "The Original reason I chose not to tell him about the Royces was because I had a feeling he would end up focusing on trying to obtain the abilities I gifted him with. And I was right, apart from learning a few more advanced spells, he didn't really do anything besides work out. So I let him do as he pleased, knowing that when the time came he would react violently like he had in the past with the Malfoy boy. What I hadn't expected was for him to go too far when dealing with Vega and end up in a second contract."

"So you knew he'd go through all he did today?" Lily hissed. "What if your choice not to tell him had gotten him killed? And what did you mean when you said that his signing the contract would keep the Royces from sending him after us, or from making him hurt himself?"

"You do realize that if I had known all this would happen then I would have been able to stop it from the start and would have already known about the second contract." Kar deadpanned. "But no, I didn't know if any of this would happen. The future isn't set in stone for anyone, including those known as gods. Those of the divine have what we call 'feelings' about the future, and this time my feeling was right, everything went fine. But as for your other question about what would happen if he had died? All I can say is that I care for him very deeply and I may be he who rules over Karma, but at the end of it all I'm just a spectator looking for a good show, and not all shows have happy endings." Lily let a humorless, almost hysterical laugh escape her as she looked at the now once again smiling god. It was like he was as much of a sociopath as her first son had been.

"To your other question of why his stupendously rash, and emotionally overloaded self, signing the contract saved him and your family. It's all in the wording of what the girl agreed to. No member of the Royce family, or any that they employ, can harm any of the Potters. That includes Harry," Kar said laughing. "If the acceptance of deals that involve using magic as a way to hold people to their word were just a little faster in taking hold of one's magic, the girl would have died from all she had done to him. The way it is now her mother will realize that Harry Potter and the rest of the Potters are untouchable and it's all thanks to her daughter who wanted him as her plaything."

"If we're safe from them retaliating against any of us..." Lily said, trailing off as she stared off into the vast whiteness of the room. "Then wouldn't it be possible for me to blackmail the Royces into letting him out of his deal with them, without fear of them being able to go after my family and me?"

"You, Lily Potter, are a very cunning woman." Kar and Lily shared a smile that was less enthusiastic on her part than his, but was nonetheless joyful in its origins. "I had planned on telling you all this tonight as you slept, making it so that he'd have you to stand by him in what was coming and to train him at the same time. It was only luck that you showed up when you did... luck on my part that is. I'm sure Harry will have a nervous breakdown when he wakes up and thinks you and the rest of his family hate him!" The god let a small laugh escape as he ignored the fact that Lily was glaring daggers at him.

"He needs help learning how to complete his shields as soon as possible," Kar informed her becoming serious once more. "He will also need help learning how to duel, and we both know I mean duel as you did during the war, not that half assed crap that he could learn from anyone else. You need to turn him from a survivor, into a hunter, because even I don't know if he's the chosen one in this world or not, meaning that there is a chance he won't have Fate saving his ass like she did all throughout his past life. All that could be keeping him from death in this world could be his skills, and at the moment that's a scary thought." A grim faced Lily nodded as he spoke; knowing that everything he was saying was true.

"Things you need to know are, if the both of you want to inform others of his secret, they'll need to learn how to protect their minds

first. His mind takes priority at the moment and you should start with it right away! Otherwise, who knows what all he'll do to those he cares for as a result of the storm that his mind currently is? You also have to get whatever it is that you're going to blackmail the Royces with as soon as possible!"

"The Royce Matriarch had planned on having him working already, but a number of things came up that forced her to alter those plans. Now, however, with all that's happened today, she will without a doubt be pushing to get him to start paying off his debt, if for nothing else than to distance the liability that he has become away from her family and all that they have lied, cheated, and killed for. Though it's likely that even with her hope of him joining their family as Vega's future husband dashed, that she will continue to pursue him for her daughter."

"I have people in the unspeakables that owe me debts and favors," Lily stated pensively, a dangerous look gracing her features. "I'll find whatever dirt on them I can and will put a stop to them before they can sink their claws any further into my child!" Kar smiled at the hard look on her pretty face.

"James Potter is a lucky man," Kar commented. "I'd make a move on you right now if it wasn't for me knowing how happy the two of you are." Lily looked at the boy with a disgust that made him shake in laughter. "My joking and lack of showing it aside, I do care for Harry. He's a good person, even if he has become more of an ass since taking on part of your world's Harry."

"I had guessed as much," Lily replied, her features softening a fraction. "Otherwise why would you go as far and risk as much as you have if you didn't care for him?"

Kar nodded to her words as he took a drink from his cup. "Now then, there are two more things we need to cover before you go back and set things onto the correct path. The first is that Harry will still be mixed up with when he gains control over his mind. Admittedly he won't snap at his friends like you've seen him do and he'll gain back his cool head in battle, but he'll still basically be a child with an adult's emotions, or vice versa. An example of what I mean is as you saw in his past life, he never showed any signs of liking girls that were younger than him, but in your world he has feelings for a

number of girls that would have never have been an option to his seventeen year old self."

Lily was silent for a moment, her thoughts that were unknowingly exposed to the small god before her, a swirl of activity. "What do you think I should do about him and Iris?" She asked looking him in his strange colored eyes. "I can't just let them-"

"Lily," Kar said firmly, cutting her off. "You've seen how he feels for her. Tell me, who out there could be better suited to love your daughter than Harry? Someone you know will never use her for her body then leave her when he gets bored like what happens all too often. Besides, you live in the magical world, it may not be commonplace for brothers and sisters to be with one another, but incest isn't exactly unheard of!"

Lily had no response for the god's words. They made sense to her, but the part of her that had been raised to believe such acts were atrocious and disgusting was fighting tooth and nail for her to put a stop to it before it ever got started. Not to mention what would happen if James were to ever find out about his children's feelings for each other. She could see him claiming that Harry had started acting like he cared for their family, only so that he could have his way with his little girl.

Pushing her newest dilemma to the back of her mind, she focused on the person before her. "What's the second thing you spoke of that I should know?"

"It has to deal with the horcruxes." Lily tensed as a cold feeling enveloped her as she thought of the sick magic that the snake man had used. "Do not go looking for them!" Kar ordered. Lily made to protest, but when Kar slammed his cup into the table smashing it and releasing its contents across the wooden surface of the table, she ceased any further attempt to speak. "They're not the same this time around! I can't go into details, because that would involve me encroaching on Fate's realm, and that would certainly earn me the chance to lose my powers. Simply tell Harry that he will eventually come to realize where they are."

"I will..." Lily became silent as she realized this was it, this would be the last time they had any contact with the person who had not only

helped her son, but herself and their family as well. "Is there anything you'd like me to tell Harry for you?"

"You can tell him that even if I can't be there for him anymore, I'll always have his back."

"Kar, I just want to thank yo-" Kar smiled softly as he cut the woman's thank you off with a snap of his fingers. Her eyes became increasingly heavy as she felt the world around her start to fade. The last thing she saw was Kar who was waving childishly at her as the most beautiful little girl she had ever seen came up behind him and lay a loving hand on his shoulder.

S2ndC

Lily came to with a deep shuddering gasp; the strength of her grip on Harry was enough that she was sure she would leave bruises on his arms. Looking around the clearing everything was as it had been before she had attempted to delve into her son's mind. She wasn't a hundred percent sure, but she had the feeling that no time at all had passed during her time in his mind.

Taking a deep calming breath, Lily, as gently as she possibly could, set Harry's unconscious form to the side before standing up and getting to work. She quickly made her way over to the remains of the lethifolds, where she summoned three of her goblin-made safe boxes from up at the house to her person. Levitating the creatures' remains into one of the boxes she sealed them away for future use.

Using the memories she possessed of Harry's fight, she ran to the location of the Royce family ward stone. When she arrived, she found herself standing before the fractured and bloody skeleton of the man known as Necro. Her lip curling as she recalled what she knew of the no longer living man; she vanished all of his remains before storing the ward stone in one of the two remaining unoccupied safe boxes.

It took her less than five minutes to clean up all of the evidence of what had transpired in the woods and return back to where both Remus and Harry still laid unconscious. Summoning both of the males' wands she pocketed them as she made her way over to the broken time-turner. Being sure to gather every last bit and piece of the time traveling device, including every grain of sand that had

spilled when it had smashed against the tree, she sealed it all away in the final safe box before shrinking it and putting it away as she had the first two.

She took one final look around the wooded area, searching for anything that could lead to the discovery of what had transpired. Finding nothing that would reveal Harry's involvement to the Royces, Lily turned her wand on both Remus and Harry. Giving it a swish and flick she levitated them to her side as she headed back into the safety of the Potter wards.

Reaching the greenhouse Lily quickly made her way inside, hitting an invisible rune that was located on the inside of the doorframe as she did so. She had only taken a few steps inside before she came across a set of steps that led downward. Setting Harry down on the green house floor, she, accompanied by Remus' floating form, made their way down the steps that only she, Remus, James, and Sirius knew of. Descending the stairs, Lily entered a wide room that held a potions making/storage station that lined an entire wall and a large cage that took up three fourths of the room. The only item inside the steel frame of the cage was a single mattress without a bedframe.

Lily led Remus inside, levitating him over and onto the mattress. Lifting her wand she summoned the vial of wolfsbane potion from within the house and administered it to her unconscious friend. With that out of the way, she pointed her wand at the man's forehead and started casting a number of complicated spells she had learned from not only her time in the Unspeakables, but from when she had apprenticed under Filius.

She checked him over to see how much of his memory had been erased and if there had been any permanent damage done to his mind by Harry's spell casting. Thankfully, Harry had gotten lucky and had cast the spell perfectly. With little effort on her part she streamed together Remus' memories of the day, hiding the blank spot in them that would have appeared between him arriving at her home and when he would have awoken, by adding a false memory of him coming down into his secret changing room, on his own volition.

Having taken care of Remus for the night she locked him in and made her way over to where she kept her more deadly potions. She

went straight for the section where she stored cures for the worst of afflictions.

When James, Sirius, and Remus had all first started in the auror corps, the war had still been in full swing. One night they had gotten in over their head and had ended up being tortured by a group of Death Eaters. They had suffered for hours before Sirius had been able to land a lucky hit that had led to the three being able to escape. Instead of going directly to the hospital, like any smart person who had been through what they had would have done. They had chosen to come to her. She remembered how she had cried at the state they were in, torn between trying to make potions to heal them and wanting to finish the idiots off herself.

Since that time she had always kept an abundance of potions for numerous things in case a similar situation was ever to arise. Finding four or five potions she could use, she quickly made her way back upstairs. Grabbing Harry she sealed the entrance to Remus' location and headed into the house where she took him to his bedroom and set to work on him.

Two of the potions Lily had grabbed for him were created to be used on patients who had been subjected to the Cruciatus Curse for long periods of time. She only hoped it would be enough to keep him from suffering too severely when he awoke. How it was that a girl Vega's age was able to cast the 'Devil's Touch' so effectively and without showing any signs of the drawbacks that came with casting the spell was beyond her.

The spell she had cast was the precursor of the Cruciatus and was well known to give a pain that far exceeded that of the spell that had succeeded it. But anyone who knew of the spell also knew that the entire reason a weaker version had been created in the first place was because of the way the spell worked. Its caster was forced to share the same pain as its victim... So how was it that Vega had gotten away scot-free while Harry had ended up in such a state?

Lily worked for over an hour on trying to heal all the damage that had been done to him, and by the time she finished he looked far better than he had when she started, but still wasn't back to what he normally looked, and she was guessing when he awoke, felt like.

Crawling into the bed with him, she pulled him to her chest and started to hum the same song she knew him to love, all the while she ran her hands through his long red hair. She wasn't sure how much time had passed when he suddenly started to stir. Pulling his head back slightly, she watched as his eyes fluttered open. Confusion filled his emerald orbs, then a sad pensive look took its place, then slowly realization shined in them, before finally heart wrenching fear.

"Mum, I-" She silenced him with a firm, love filled hug that he greedily returned.

"It's okay honey," she whispered, placing a kiss on his forehead. "I know everything. Kar, your past life, what you did to try and help us... even your feelings for Iris!" Harry had gone completely still and had even stopped breathing as she spoke. Chuckling softly she pulled him closer still, tightening their hug further. "There's nothing to fear, you are my child and I'll always do all that's in my power to protect you and to ensure your happiness. We'll get through this together." A small smile graced her features as he broke down, letting the storm of emotions he had experienced on that day wash away.

AN:One of the many reasons I had Harry go through this was Kar. I used this situation as a way to get rid of him. Why? For the same reason that started happening in ch18. People were screaming about how Kar should have told him about what was happening, and since the very start I have said he would not be a recurring character. I tried remembering all I wanted to put in this chapter but with how I was all over the place with how I felt about this story and if I wanted to even continue it, I don't know if I succeeded. If you liked what you read leave a review, if not then I ask of you to just leave, so that you don't ruin my muse and this story for those who actually enjoy it.

AN: First off just to calm those who were worrying about it, I'm not dropping this you all for the support you all sent it means a lot. I hadn't planned on putting Lily and Harry's talk in this one, but a lot of you were wanting to see it so I added it as a flashback that will come later on in the chapter. Also the first duels of the year are in this chapter, I don't feel like explaining how they work again so if you need a refresher go to CH14. Thanks go out to Joe Lawyer for Beta-ing.

"Potter," called a high pitched voice, "you know it's expressly forbidden for first years to have brooms at school." Percy stood over Harry, trying to look imposing as he glared down at the broom in his hands.

Harry had been sitting in his usual chair in the common room a few minutes prior doing a relatively short essay for Snape when Hedwig and the Potter family owl had flown through one of the open tower windows carrying his Nimbus. After untying the two birds and thanking them for a job well done, Percy had stormed over to him looking as if Christmas had come early. It had been a while since the older boy had any reason to call Harry out on anything and it looked as if he was ready to make up for lost time.

"Hey Percy," Harry greeted him cheerfully, paying the older boy's earlier words no mind. "How have you been lately? I heard you have a sister that will be showing up next year, how's she doing?"

Percy's lips thinned in a very McGonagall-like manner. "Did you not hear me? I said you can't have that broom on school grounds. Hand it over!"

Harry chuckled lightly as he stood up. He took a step toward Percy like he was going to hand the broom over to him, but walked on by him before the redheaded prefect could take the flying aid. It was a move that reminded him of how he had acted in a similar way when Snape had asked for his and Cho's bags the day he had given her the dagger. Crossing the room he came to a stop in front of the Head Girl and seventh year prefect, Alice Wynter.

"Here you go Alice, happy birthday... or Christmas, whichever one comes first." Alice took the broom from his grasp and ran an appraising finger over the polished wood.

"It's beautiful Harry, thank you," she gushed, pulling him into a hug.

Pulling back just far enough to look her in the eye, he smiled knowingly down at her. "If you don't mind, I was hoping that I could borrow it... um, oh, I don't know, maybe three times this school year?" Harry's voice had taken on a tone that sounded like he was reading what he was asking from a book. It was clear to those listening in that he had set this all up in advance with Alice and wanted it to be known.

Releasing him from her hold she beamed at him, making sure as she did so to catch the now red faced Percy's eye. "Of course you can," she said, sounding like Harry had. "Anytime you want to use it just come tell me and I'll fetch it for you. In fact, I won't have any use for it after this year, so how about I give it back once the school year comes to a close? We wouldn't want it going to waste, now would we?"

"Really, that would be great," Harry replied, very much aware of how Percy was seconds away from attempting to commit murder. "I just recently found myself without a broom; my last one was just like yours. Now I won't have to worry about finding one next year."

"Fine," Percy snapped, throwing his hands in the air. "Don't follow the rules, what do I care?! If the Head Girl is going to help you break them, then why should I try? Have fun!" Harry slid into the empty spot next to Alice, watching Percy as he stormed off to his dorm room.

"That kid needs to get laid!" Alice was so shocked by the young boy's statement that she started coughing violently. "What?" Harry asked, looking to the wide eyed girl. "Like you weren't thinking the same thing!"

"Behave," Alice chided lightly after gaining control of herself. Taking out her wand she pointed at what he had been working on moments ago and summoned it to him. Taking this as an invitation, Harry set to finishing his essay at her side.

"You seem happier as of late," Alice commented without looking up from her book. "Any reason behind that?"

"Yeah... I was finally able get my head back on straight." Alice could tell there was a story behind his words, and even though she wanted to know what he had meant by them, she didn't press the issue. She was just happy to see he was back to his normal self.

After that, silence descended between the two as they both became absorbed in working on their homework. Time passed and with it those around them drifted off to bed until finally it was only Alice and Harry left in the common room. She had yet to finish working on her paper for Herbology, while he had taken to reading a book some time ago that had yet to lose his attention.

"You know you could have just asked Professor Flitwick for permission to have a broom?" She had just finished the last of her assignment and was fixing to head to bed when the thought of why he hadn't gone to their head of house for help instead of her popped into her head. "McGonagall received permission for Longbottom to have his, Professor Flitwick could have easily done the same for you."

"I'm not so sure." Closing his book he gave his full attention to the older girl. "At first I only wanted to mess with Percy," he chuckled, making Alice roll her eyes at his antics but smile nonetheless. "But lately the professors have been watching me like they're looking for me to do something wrong. If I had gone to them there would have been a small chance he would have said no. This way, I not only get to use my broom, but I also ticked Percy off."

Alice gave a small laugh. "What is it with you picking on Percy? If I didn't know any better I'd say that you have a crush on him and that's why you're always teasing him." Her laughter was renewed when Harry started sputtering.

"Do you not remember how we met?" He asked in mock outrage. "I guess destiny's guiding-hand leading us to one another on that fateful day, was only special for me. Who is he - this man that has stolen my year round Wynter from me?" Alice sent him and his dramatic act, a dry look.

"Trust me," she said, rising to her feet, allowing a smile to peak through as she gathered her things. "There is no man in my life. Good night, Harry." It struck him as very odd, the way she had just spoken. It was like there was something more that she wanted to

say, but that she didn't know how to or didn't know if she should tell him. Before he could ask her if she was alright, she had disappeared up the stairs to the girl's dorms, forgetting to send him to his own.

He released a deep sigh as he sprawled backwards on to the couch. Without moving from his spot he reached into his pocket and grabbed his wand to tell what time it was. He chuckled lightly as he gazed at the suspended glowing numbers.

There was one good thing about her being in a hurry to leave; now he didn't need to fake a trip up to his dorm. "Let's go see if he'll be there tonight." Keeping his wand out and leaving his book where it was, Harry rose to his feet, making for the exit.

The halls were sparsely populated with Professors and Prefects on their last tour of the night in search of any out of bed students. Now that he no longer had his invisibility robe to rely on, Harry had taken to using a Disillusionment Charm when wanting to move around without being seen. He was proud to know that his charm was as strong as Dumbledore's had been once he graduated from Hogwarts. He could walk right by a person in broad daylight and not be seen, not that it would be a smart thing to do of course. Even with silencing charms placed on your body and clothing, there was always the chance of you stepping on something that would give away your location. And while you could sometimes silence a floor or an entire hallway, it was impossible even for someone with as much magic as Harry to silence every floor in the castle.

Reaching the door he had been searching for, he dropped the charm he had placed on himself and entered the room where the Mirror of Erised was stored. Making his way to the bewitching item, he kept a discreet eye on all of the room, looking for any sign of Dumbledore's hidden presence. Coming to a stop in front of the magical object, Harry fought the siren like call to look into the mirror as he had every night for the past week.

He had gained control of his emotions and violent tendencies since starting his physical and mental training with his mother, and this was exactly why he had denied himself the pleasure of seeing what his deepest desire was now that he actually possessed a family. He didn't know if it would be his want shown in the reflective surface, or if the old Harry's would be there facing him. It wasn't so much his

desire not being there that would have bothered him, it was what the old Harry actually would have wanted that scared him.

Now that his mental shields were up and working, he could tell just how much of the old Harry had been surfacing as of late, taking advantage of his storm like mind. Sure, he still enjoyed flirting and messing with people as he had when he first arrived at Hogwarts, but no longer did he feel as if there was a chip on his shoulder - like he needed to lash out at others and destroy anyone who wronged him.

Harry failed to notice Dumbledore arrive, as he was too lost in his own thoughts to hear the opening and closing of the chamber door.

"How are you this fine evening, or should I say this morning, Mr. Potter?" Harry tensed, making Albus think he was shocked to be caught out of bed, but in reality he had been fighting the instinct to hex the aged man.

Turning around, he smiled sheepishly at the Headmaster, unknowingly reminding the man of his father with his actions. "Morning Professor," he greeted in a small voice that fit the scene around them. A dusty and barren classroom, the moon's silver beams shining through the windows, and the Mirror of Erised gleaming brilliantly even in the still of night - yes, anything above a whisper would seem too loud.

"I admit myself surprised at finding another here," Dumbledore told him as he made his way to his side. Unlike Harry, the man had no qualms about staring directly into the mirror. "Do you know what it is that this item does?" He asked after a time where neither of them had spoken.

"Why ask me, Professor? You could have your answer so much quicker had you attempted to read my mind again." Harry smiled knowingly up at the now solemn faced man. "There's no need to look so upset Professor, no harm was done."

"I would like to express my sincerest apologies to you Mr. Potter for my inappropriate actions. I'd like to say that I didn't mean for it to happen, but I know that such words, even if they hold truth, cannot make up for my attempt to invade your privacy." The sincerity in his words was clear for Harry to hear.

"Like I said, there's no need to worry about it. We all make mistakes," Harry stated wisely as he started walking aimlessly around the room. "You can make it up to me by getting me a Butterbeer some time. It's been far too long since I last had one. And to answer your question, yes, I know what the mirror does."

"If you've figured out what it does, then you must be aware of why it is so dangerous." Harry didn't say anything, instead he nodded that he was right. "I've known that you've been coming here every night for the past week. I myself came here tonight to move it to a more secure location... Somewhere you should not attempt to go in search of it again."

Harry smiled, gazing up at the writing at the top of the mirror. "Don't worry, Professor; I think getting caught out of bed once is enough for me. I'll stick to browsing the common room bookshelves from now on when sleep evades me. No more roaming the halls in the dead of night in search of the castle's many secrets... Did that sound as much like a lie as I think it did?" Dumbledore chuckled softly at the question.

"Whether or not it's true or false doesn't matter, to deny those in the prime of their youth the ability to explore their adventurous side is something I myself have never seen the benefit of. All I ask of you is to be careful," Albus said, looking away from the mirror. "Hogwarts is one of the most magical places that you can find in this world, and for that reason it can be both a wondrous and treacherous place. You're obviously a smart boy, do as one of my dear friends has a frequent tendency to say, and stay ever vigilant!"

"I think Madeye would be proud that you're passing on his hard earned words of wisdom, even if you are paraphrasing slightly." Dumbledore blinked owlishly and looked to be about to ask how he knew it was Moody's catchphrase that he was using, but was stopped when Harry cut him off. "As you know my father is an Auror, Headmaster." Albus nodded. "Well then sir, I have to get going. I've got to be up early in the morning, the first duel of the year is taking place right after breakfast. And in advance, I'm sorry for the upcoming loss of your old house. I'm sure they'll put up an admirable fight in the end."

Dumbledore shook his head in mirth. "Had any other said those words to me Mr. Potter, I would have been sure they were setting themselves up for failure. Good night and good luck tomorrow."

Harry sent him a smile and a tilt of the head before turning and leaving the room in a sprint, slowing down just enough to open the door and glance back to see that Dumbledore was once again gazing into the mirror.

When he reached his dorm room he stopped at his desk instead of continuing on to his bed. There he started two letters, one to the Daily Prophet for a subscription to be sent off with Hedwig to keep her busy, while he sent the second one off with a school owl. The letter that he didn't want Hedwig to deliver was to be taken to Mundungus Fletcher. The reason behind him not wanting her to take the letter was that she stood out far too easily and would take little effort on the man's part to find out who her owner was.

He and his mother both were looking into ways to rid him of the 'Trace' and while Lily had contacts in the Ministry she could go through, Harry had Dung... It was the best chance he had and it was better than nothing, even if only just slightly.

S2ndC

"Wakey, wakey, Potter!" Kevin yelled obnoxiously loud as he entered the showers.

Harry groaned into his pillow. "I hope you run into a frisky Centaur in there, you arse!"

"It's been my immense pleasure to watch you become such a kind morning person," Blaise commented as he exited the showers in nothing but a towel. "You know all these cheerful moments you grace us with." Harry didn't pull his face away from his pillow to respond, something which Blaise felt grateful for as he knew there wasn't any type of filter on the redhead's words when he first woke up. "By the way Sleeping Beauty, someone sent you a gift."

This grabbed Harry's attention and had him up and looking to his dark skinned friend expectantly seconds later. "Where and who?"

Blaise didn't turn from his wardrobe to answer. "On your side table and I have no idea. I'm not nosy enough to read the note on the bottle."

Like he had said, sitting there on his bedside table was a bottle of high-brand Butterbeer with a note attached. 'I was joking when I asked for one,' Harry thought as he tore the note off the drink.

Good luck in your match and your future explorations!

Harry smiled at the note. The man may have messed with his life in the past time line and may have tried invading his mind, but there was no other like him. Popping the top on the Butterbeer he made for the showers with his drink still in hand.

"Blimey mate, that is disgusting," Anthony groaned as he came out of the showers to see Harry about to enter with a drink in hand.

"What? I need a pick me up," Harry defended. He didn't see anything wrong with taking his drink with him; it wasn't like he was going to take it into the actual shower with him or on to the toilet.

Before Anthony could reply Kevin came out of the showers dripping wet and apparently already done with his morning wash. "Just an update Potter, there are no frisky Centaurs in there, sorry!"

Harry slipped his wand from his sleeping shorts without anyone noticing and pointed it into the showers. "Are you sure about that?"

"Of course I'm sur-"

"HELP!" Terry screamed, cutting Kevin off mid-sentence as he ran out of the bathroom with his towel barely covering his front. "THERE'S A BLOODY CENTAUR IN THERE!" Four boys stared back at him like he was crazy.

"You can't be serious," Stephen denied from where he was standing by his wardrobe. "Centaurs are very private creatures who prefer the forest over wizard dwellings."

"Then you go in there and tell me there isn't a randy horse-man in the showers!" Terry hissed at the boy.

It was at that moment that all conversation stopped as the 'clap clap' sound of hooves on a stone floor reached the ears of the first years. "Kevin!" Called a deep, husky voice that drew closer with the sound of the hooves hitting the stone. "Kevin, come out and play!" Sang the voice excitedly.

Blaise, Kevin, Terry, Stephen, and Anthony watched the door with bated breath. Each 'clap' was louder than the last, increasing the boy's fears to new levels with each step. Just as the creature should have stepped into sight it stopped moving at all. The only reason they could tell it was still there was by the heavy panting coming from around the corner.

"Kevin," it sang out in a breathy voice making said boy's eyes tear up. "Come here so I can look AT THAT SWEET ASS!" Screamed the creature as it burst around the wall and into their dorm room making all but Harry scream in terror.

As the group of boys fought one another to get to the door, they were able to catch sight of a wild haired, bare-chested Centaur, who had a crazed look in his eye. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO PLAY YET!" This was all the encouragement the group needed to make a final push to get them all out of the room.

Due to his laughter, Harry struggled to make it through the door after the others had raced down to the common room. When he arrived, his roommates, all of whom were in varying states of undress, were yelling at the top of their lungs about horny Centaurs to anyone who would listen. It was as he was leaning against the railing at the top of the stairs to keep from falling from his body shaking laughter that he felt the sharp chill of something cold touch him on the side. Glancing down he realized that all he had on was a pair of sleeping shorts and that the cold thing that had touched him was the bottle of Butterbeer Dumbledore had sent him.

Harry turned to head back to their room when out of all the chaos that was happening in the common room, Percy spotted him about to leave. "Potter, get down here now." He yelled over all the commotion. "I know you had to have something to do with all this!" Harry paused for just a second before changing his mind and headed to get his shower.

S2ndC

"If our house didn't need you for your duel today, I'd kill you." Kevin growled much to the amusement of the group of Raven first years, as they made their way to the Great Hall. "I'll have nightmares about that damn Centaur chasing after me for weeks."

"Can you girls believe them," Harry asked, playing hurt as he hid behind the smallest of their group, Sue Li. "They don't believe me when I said I had nothing to do with their shower games. It's not my fault I don't enjoy pretending to be chased by big wet horse-men."

"There, there," Sue Li told him, patting him on the head as she turned to look at the males of their group. "Don't be mad at Harry because he didn't want to go streaking with the rest of you." The boys' of the group glares became venomous from Sue Li's support.

"You know..." Blaise said, gaining everyone's attention. "I bet we could find someone to replace him if he were to have an accident before his duel."

"You're right, we could..." Kevin agreed, smiling brightly as he turned to where Harry had been seconds ago only to find him gone. "Where did he go?" He asked looking up and down the hall. The only one to see Harry take off had been Sue Li and she wasn't saying anything. "He disappeared," Kevin growled, taking off in the opposite direction Harry had escaped to.

Unaware of his roommates' antics, Harry entered the Great Hall only to falter at the sight that greeted him. All along the walls of the room with the exception of the one behind the professors' table were bleachers. But far more surprising than the sudden appearance of the spectator stands was that there were already parents and siblings, both older and younger, already filling them up with more showing up by the minute.

Spotting a headful of long raven colored hair draped over the shoulders of a girl in Ravenclaw robes, he made his way over and placed his chin on her shoulder. "Morning, Cho." Having not been expecting it, she jumped at the sudden and intimate contact.

"Oh, Harry, you scared me," she gasped, her hand placed to her chest as he circled around her and took a seat facing away from the Ravenclaw table.

"Sorry about that, I'm just excited is all." Poring himself a glass of orange juice he glanced around the room looking for her mother. "Are your parents coming today?"

"Yes, they are," she beamed. Harry watched as she stood on tip toes and turned in place.

"Cho, I believe that you can do whatever you want in this world, but we have our first duels of the year coming up and I don't think it's wise to start practicing to become a ballerina at this time." She stopped her searching to send him a small pout that had him grinning like mad.

"I'm not trying to be a ballerina," she denied cutely. "I'm looking for family. I don't know if my mom and dad are here yet or not."

"MayLin is coming?" Harry looked excited until Cho fixed him with a raised eyebrow.

"You're not into my mum are you?" Cho asked in a mix of shock and panic.

"No!" Harry denied, snickering at how relieved she looked at the news. "How about I help look for them?"

Cho opened her mouth to respond, but was stopped as he jumped on to the bench he had been sitting on moments before. "MAYLIN! MR. CHANG! ARE Y-" He was stopped from yelling anything further when a scarlet faced Cho jerked him down from the bench.

"What are you doing?" She whispered at him, as if doing so would take away from the fact he had just yelled out for her parents in the middle of a crowded Great Hall. "You're going to get in trouble." When Harry didn't say anything, choosing to smile at her instead, she slowly ended up smiling back at him shaking her head at his playful behavior.

It was with them smiling at each other that her parents found them. "Cho," called a short Asian man his voice full of amusement. "We heard our summons and came quickly."

"Mum, daddy," Cho exclaimed, running to them to be hugged by both. "I've missed you both."

"As we have you," MayLin said, as she ran a hand through her daughter's long hair. Looking up, the older woman sent Harry a knowing smile. "Thank you Harry for helping us find our daughter."

"No problem Mr. and Mrs. Chang." It was as he spoke that he spotted Snape headed their way looking way too pleased for Harry to want to stick around. "I don't mean to be rude, but I've got to go find my own parents."

After grabbing some breakfast that he could eat while moving, he set out to find if his own parents had shown up yet. He easily found them within five minute's time. Together they sat on the back row of one the bleachers looking out over the crowd for what Harry assumed was him.

"Hey all," he greeted, his family instantly getting climbed over by an excited Ivy.

"Harry," Ivy squealed, burying her head in his hair. Chuckling, he turned to the rest of his family and greeted them. When he reached his mother his eyes met hers, the memory of their talk flashed through both their minds.

FLASH BACK

"How are you feeling?" Lily pulled slightly away from her son who was still wrapped up with her on his bed. They had been like this since he had woken up over an hour ago and neither showed any sign of leaving where they were.

"I'm sore... feel like Hagrid has been jumping on me." Lily smiled softly at his attempt at humor; she took it as a sign of the potions working. "How is it that you know about any of it?" As he had spoken he had placed his head once again on her chest, allowing her to stroke his now clean hair.

"After I stunned you... all I could think about was how to keep my family whole. I didn't want to lose you and the happiness we had achieved as a result of your behavior over the last couple of months. So I decided to enter your mind to see if there was any way to hide all you had done... and to see if I would be able to look past what you had done." Harry looked to be close to falling asleep as he listened to Lily's soft voice and felt like it as well, but the truth was he was paying the utmost attention to every word she said.

"It was in your mind that I met Karma. He told me of who you are and where you came from." Lily pulled him closer to her when she felt him stiffen. "It's alright honey; you're my son, no matter where or when you come from. I'm so proud of all you've done and sacrificed. I'm sorry that you had to go through all you did with my sister's family and your years at Hogwarts."

"The Dursleys aren't worth wasting time speaking about," he stated firmly, his voice bordering on angry. "Tell me more about what he told you."

"He did tell me some things... but all of your past life and the time you've spent in this world he showed me. He gave me the memories of it all."

Harry was at a loss for words. The thought of anyone seeing all that he had done was frightening - the thought of his mother seeing every detail of his past life and what he had done in his short time in this world was so much worse. He was a teenage boy at one time; if she had seen every moment of his life then she had seen him... And then there was the time he was dating Ginny, sure, they hadn't gone all the way, but the thought of his mother watching him as he felt her up was cringe worthy. But just as bad as all that were his actions in this time line. Stealing a time turner from one of her favorite teachers, using an unforgivable on a Ministry employee, what he had done to Mundungus, his attacking Malfoy, and even what had happened the day she and his sisters had come to visit him in the infirmary... she had seen his reaction to Iris.

Harry let out a long, drawn out groan as he pondered if there was a way to Obliviate himself.

Lily knew that learning that every private moment you've ever experienced had been exposed to someone would be hard on

anyone, but when the person had a tendency to keep everything they could about themselves close to their chest, as Harry did, she knew it would be beyond overwhelming for him. In an attempt to draw his attention away from the knowledge that his every action had become known to her, she chose to start telling him things that would distract from his distress.

"I'm sure you've realized how odd your behavior has been of late. The reason behind this, contrary to what you believed, is that you were doing exceptionally well in your meditation." This was enough to momentarily draw him away from his self-pity as he had been sure that the reason behind how... extreme, his behavior had been, was because he was failing at meditation. "Before you leave to go back to Hogwarts I'll be showing you the proper way to form shields."

Lily paused, taking a deep breath. She knew the next part was going to be a hard blow for him and didn't look forward to telling him any more news that would add to the already heavy load on his shoulders. "Kar informed me of something that will affect the war in this world if it breaks out again." Hearing this, Harry sat up to better give her his full attention. "I saw from your memories that you've yet to go after the Horcruxes."

He looked at her with bewilderment, nodding that she was right. "I didn't go looking for them because..." Harry tore his eyes away from his mothers to stare at his lap. He was too ashamed of himself to look her in the eye. "I kept putting it off because I knew that once I started killing them off, then it would be real. That it would be the start and that from that moment on there would be no turning back even if Neville turned out to be the chosen one."

"It's fine," she told him honestly, taking him by the hand. "Even if you had gone to look for them, you would have found out that they're not the same as last time."

"What do you mean they're not the same?" He snapped, his jaw clenching painfully as his emotions shifted from shame to anger. All he could think about was all the hard work and sacrifices he had made the first time around to find them and how he was supposed to do it a second time? "And where in the hell is Kar at anyway? With just a few words from him, I could have avoided being that sadist bitch's plaything!" It wasn't until he had finished speaking that he

realized he was doing to his mother exactly what she had been talking about minutes before.

"I-I'm sorry mum, I didn't mean to go off like that." He looked to her pleadingly, hoping his overreaction wouldn't drive away the only person that truly knew him. The woman who had seen him at his best and worst and yet didn't hate him, even after he had basically killed her true son and had taken his place. If she turned him away, he didn't know what he would do.

"It's okay," she told him soothingly, as she crawled over and pulled him into a warm embrace. "Just try and remember that I'm here to help you. There's no need for the anger you're experiencing. I love you and together we will finish off Voldemort once and for all. And when it's all over, you can go on and live a long, happy life - a life that you should have had from the very start."

Harry relished in the feeling of his mother's embrace. It was so warm and inviting, and most of all it was filled with the love and acceptance she had for him. "Do you hate me for taking his place?" He asked her suddenly. Lily pulled back with a stunned look and was about to tell him that she had just told him she loved him and that she had meant it wholeheartedly, but was stopped by him before she could do so. "I know that you love me, every word you've spoken has been heartfelt and I could feel that... What I want to know is do you resent me for taking away your chance at having a relationship with your real son?"

"I may not be the one who gave birth to you, but there is no way I could love you anymore had I been. I watched you take your first steps, heard your first words, and have seen you both succeed and fail. It would be impossible for any other mother to know more about their child than I do about you, and all I can say is that I've never been more proud to know someone as I am you. Your will to never give up and to protect those around you make you the best man I've ever had the pleasure of meeting. But to be able to call you my son far outshines anything else. I love you and nothing will ever change that my son!"

"Thanks mum." He whispered into her shoulder, inhaling her scent as he did so.

For a time the two set there holding one another. It was clear to both of them that embracing each other was something both had craved for far too long a time. As they came down from their emotional highs, Lily realized that she had yet to answer his questions from when he had exploded in anger.

"Before I tell you about the horcruxes, I should inform you about Kar and why he didn't come to warn you about the Royce family," she offered.

"I'm listening."

"From what little he told me, there are rules that are in place for his kind. One of these laws is that they are not to directly involve themselves with the day-to-day lives of humans as he has been."

Harry once again felt like an ass when it came to dealing with the childish god. Just moments before he had been ready to rip the man apart and here it was that he had been breaking the law of the gods just to help him. Kar was truly a good man. "Is he in trouble because he chose to help me?"

"No, he would have been had he continued to do so, but was able to get away with one final act. He knew you'd need help after he was gone and chose me to be your guiding hand," Lily declared with a hint of pride in her voice, stemming from the fact that she over all others was the one chosen to be her son's confidante.

Sighing deeply he replied, "Kar is way too good of a person."

"He also informed me about a loophole you made in the contract the first Harry signed when you worded the second one." Lily giggled slightly when a wide grin split his face.

"How is that?" As she told him how his choice in phrasing his contract had saved him from being their slave for a year, his smile grew, until he was reduced to a laughing mess. "Oh, that's rich," he gasped, partly from his laughter and partly from the pain said laughter was causing his aching body. "It makes all the crap I just went through worth it. If only I could see Vega's face when she finds out!"

Lily smiled lovingly down at her laughing child. "While you were out, I sent off letters to all of my old contacts and some of those who owe me old debts." Harry nodded, but suddenly stiffened as her words reminded him of what he had done just before being stunned.

"Merlin," Harry gasped suddenly, looking very worried. "Is Remus alright? I had to stop him; I couldn't let him expose me like he was planning to. I hope I didn't damage his memory or erase too much."

"He's fine, and though memory charms can be useful, to use one on someone you care for is very irresponsible. The only reason I'm not furious with you is that I know with how your mind is at the moment, with your almost shields making everything a mess and the added stress you were going through from the fear of losing us, it was fueling all of your rash and idiotic choices."

Harry bowed his head sheepishly for a moment before a look of curiosity crossed his features. "How was it that Remus can control when he shifts? In my world..." Harry stopped as embarrassment overtook him as he realized that she knew everything about his old world that he did. "Sorry, you know why his ability to turn would seem strange to me."

"It's fine, honey. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. We're in a very strange situation; it's bound to be a little awkward at times." Harry nodded that she was right, feeling better about his mess up. "Getting back to your question, werewolves in this world are different from your own. They have the ability to change at will. The more they exercise this skill, the easier and faster they can do so. Remus has never been the type to turn unless he had a real reason to; it's why he suffered so much when he changed in front of you."

"Man..." Harry could just picture the type of repercussions there would be if someone like Bellatrix were to gain the ability to become a big bad wolf any time she desired. "With that type of ability, I'm surprised more don't let themselves be turned."

"Many have," Lily said, staring off into space as she recalled the war and how many would end up showing what they were by phasing in the middle of battle. "In our world, however, the prejudice far outshines even that in your original world, not that it's totally unwarranted. Their power is one that could all too easily be abused and should be approached with caution."

Harry nodded, becoming quiet for a time, enjoying the feel of his mother's embrace. When he did break the silence it was to ask about what had originally set him off. "And what of the horcruxes? Did he tell you what they are this time around?"

Lily shook her head. "For him to tell us what they were would have made him lose his title of god. All he could tell us was that they were different than last time and that when the time came you would know where they are."

"I guess it's good that I haven't gone into the area of the Room of Requirements used for hiding items, in all my times using the room for my workouts. If I had shown up there only to find Rowena's Diadem missing I would have gone off the edge."

"While we're talking about it, we should plan in the future to go search that room top to bottom," Lily said, sounding excited at the prospect. "There's no telling what is in that room. There could be magical artifacts in there that date back to the time of the Founders or even further back. What we don't want to keep we can sell off and use the earnings to invest in companies that we know will do well in the future."

Harry raised an eyebrow at the direction she was going with this. Lily had never seemed like the type to become money hungry, always seeming very humble about what she had. So why was it she was suddenly looking to make a lot of money? Seeing his look she understood what he was thinking and chose to explain her motives to him. "If war is to break out again it won't be cheap. During the last war many a wealthy and powerful family ended up broke. This money can go toward potions, training, medical aid, and even be used to sway people like the Royces. And if in the end a second war is avoided, then it's yours."

He sent her a pondering look. "Why would I end up with the money if we have any left over? I have more Galleons inside my pouch than most families have in a vault at Gringotts."

"Any profit gained will be because of you and your knowledge of the future. It's only right the money would go to you." Lily smiled as a doubtful look crossed his face; she was pleased that he did try to oppose what she had said. "We'll also need to kill the basilisk before

next year. Even if the horcruxes are different in this world, it's too dangerous a creature to be left unattended. Once its dead I can start to harvest its parts, the venom alone will be a huge asset once we find out what the horcruxes are."

"Mum," Harry said suddenly, the urgency in his voice taking Lily by surprise. "I think - no, I know we should start moving against known Death Eaters before the war starts."

Lily was taken aback by the sudden direction the conversation was taking, but didn't disagree with what he had said. "Go on."

"If we take out known supporters of Voldemort now, then when war does come, there will be far fewer killing curses we'll have to dodge once things start to pick up. I know it sounds awful, but you and I both know it's the right thing to do." He looked to her pleadingly and was surprised when she smirked back at him.

"You don't have to pretend that you feel it's bad to kill Death Eaters to me," Lily stated knowingly. "When I received the memories of your time spent in this world, I picked up on a number of your emotions, including those that you had whenever you thought of Lucius Malfoy and other well-known Death Eaters. I know that it's in you to kill them and this was before your emotions were running rampant."

Harry didn't try and deny her words; instead he nodded to them, knowing that she had him. "Fine, I do think that they should be killed without mercy before they can harm anymore innocent people. Dumbledore is a good man, but that bullshit about everyone having good in them is rubbish. Why should the good die at the hands of the trash of this world, just so they can have a second chance!"

Lily wore a slightly evil smirk as her son finished speaking. "You did gain one thing from the old Harry that you needed." She didn't give him time to question what she was speaking of before she continued. "A killing instinct! It is something you will need to survive the front lines of any war." It was a strange sight and an even stranger moment as mother and son smirked at one another as they realized they would be taking the fight to the Death Eaters this time.

"I have only one request," Harry said, meeting his mother's gaze head on. "I want to be a part of it... Don't treat me like Dumbledore

did in the last timeline, I want to be able to contribute to the effort this time. I want to make those who have committed the worst acts humanly possible pay for what they have done!"

Lily lost her smirk fixing him with a searching look in its place. "You're not strong enough," she stated bluntly. Harry recoiled from her words as if he had been slapped. For a second he felt his anger rise as he had taken what she had said as an insult, however, he was able to recall how he had snapped at her earlier for no reason and didn't want to do the same again now. "After I train you then we will start, but there's no way I'm going to take you to fight against Death Eaters if your skills don't improve from what I saw you use against Necro today."

"For you to be the age of someone who had just graduated, your fighting abilities are impressive. That coupled with your having the body of an eleven year old makes you a deadly combo. However, I noticed when living through your memories that the skill level of Death Eaters and people in general are higher in this world than your own. I have a lot to teach you before you're ready to start waging war against our mask wearing friends."

Harry conceded her point, even if he didn't like it, he knew she was right. While he was strong, he needed to be so much more before he took on cold blooded murderers.

Not for the first time since he had woken up a deep silence fell between the two of them. For a reason that was beyond him, he couldn't fight the feeling that when it was finally broken, that he'd be wishing that they were once again absorbed in silence. How right he was.

"Harry... I've put this off since you've woken up, but I feel that it's time we spoke about it." Harry was swallowed by apprehension as his amazing mother was reduced to fidgeting like Hermione during the end of year exams, at the prospect of bringing up the next topic. "We need to talk about you and Iris." It was as her words penetrated his mind that he realized he'd rather be spending time with Vega's wand turned on him than sit where he was and talk about his feelings for his sister.

"Do we have to?" He winced when Lily nodded and almost burst out laughing when her long, red hair bounced wildly as a result. The

action reminding him of Ivy when she was experiencing one of her shy streaks and would only answer with nods and shakes of the head. "Where are the girls at? I don't want to start this and have them over hear any of it."

"They're both spending the night at the Greengrass' and won't be home until tomorrow at the earliest." Lily went quiet after answering him. She was dreading the approaching conversation and the consequences that could come of it as much as he was. "The entire reason Kar let me experience your feelings from your memories of your time in this world, and not the original, was, I think, to let me know how much you truly love and care for her... And to show me how deep your lust for her truly goes." Lily swallowed painfully as her mouth had become rather dry. She really didn't want to cross this road, but knew if she didn't now that she would come to regret it later on. How she could grow to regret it more later, than she did now she didn't know, but she supposed it was possible.

"I can't help how I feel for her," he blurted anxiously. He was feeling extremely fearful and twitchy, and any time one of them stopped speaking it only succeeded in making them both worse. Lily may have forgiven all he had done during his time in this world, but this was a totally different matter. Iris was only ten years old and yet he was drawn to her unlike he had ever been to anyone else. He was ashamed of what he felt for her and the only person he could think of that it would be worse to find out about his feelings, besides Iris, was the woman across from him who loved him despite all his flaws. What would he do if she told him he had to stay away from Iris? How badly would it destroy their relationship when he went against her wishes? "I know it's wrong - disgusting even how I need her, but I can't stay away from her. You say you've experienced firsthand what I feel for her, then you should know I would never hurt her in any way."

"I know all this," Lily admitted quietly. "Your feelings for her may stem from the obsession the old Harry had of wanting to cause her pain, but what you feel for her isn't all that different from what your father and I share. You love her with all your being... But would you allow her to be happy and not interfere with her life if someone else made her happy?"

Harry opened his mouth to say of course he would, but stopped, as he remembered what he had thought the day of the Ravenclaw's

first flying lesson. Could he be happy for her? Let her go off with someone that wasn't him?

A picture of Iris wrapped in the arms of a faceless stranger appeared in his mind. The thought of this happening had him clenching his teeth painfully and unknowingly cutting the inside of his mouth. He knew the answer and as he refocused on the woman sitting across from him, he knew that she too knew what the answer to her question was.

"No - hell no," Harry stated. His eyes had become hard as stone and were glaring at Lily, showing her that he would never give her to anyone else. "It's more than likely I would kill anyone that tried to take her from me..."

A pregnant pause descended between the two, as they as one both realized that even had his mind been in the right place his answer would still be the same.

Lily sighed, she had expected such an answer from him, and still it made hearing it no easier. She knew that even after he gained control over his mind that he would still have traits of the old Harry. He'd still be a flirt, still be a trouble maker, still have a fascination for blades, and the thing that was most troublesome and the strongest of all that he had inherited from the original, still have his obsession with Iris.

She cringed as a plan crossed her mind, instantly hating herself for even thinking of such a thing. However, as more time passed, she knew it was the best option and solution to their current and future problem. But with all that said, Lily still didn't like the idea of her son and daughter together. It was just so... wrong! Her personal beliefs and feelings aside, she knew that if they did end up together that they would need her on their side, as it was a given that James was going to flip out on any man who tried to be with either of his daughters. It would only be harder on him and everyone else when he found out that his children had feelings for one another.

Her eyes closed as she rubbed circles on her temples, releasing a deep breath before she spoke. "She obviously has feelings for you as well. If it was anyone else's child I'd say that they were too young to know how they really felt, but she is James' girl and he knew how he felt about me when he was only a year older than she is now. If

you truly want her then you need to..." Lily stopped to blow out another long and tired breath. What she was about to say was obviously getting to her. "You need to get even closer to her than you are now. Make her feelings for you grow, so that when she is old enough to make a move on her feelings, it will be you she comes to and not do what James did and throw herself into a number of meaningless flings that I know for a fact would tear you apart and more than likely drive you to do something that would affect us all." She didn't think Iris would turn into a female version of James, but all it would take was one relationship to turn Harry into a green eyed beast.

"You're telling me to draw her in?" The disbelief coloring his voice made the emotionally exhausted Lily chuckle softly as she nodded. "I can tell that you don't approve of my feelings for her and that you think hers are just as bad. And if I'm guessing right you feel there's a small chance hers would fade after a time if I were to distance myself from her. So why tell me to make a move - to claim her as my own when you don't want this for either of us?"

"Because I know that it would hurt you beyond repair to see her with another. That you would do something irrational and dangerous as a result of it. Because I want you both to be happy and that I know you two would make each other exactly that, even if it is wrong for siblings to love each other that way." As she spoke she resigned herself to what she knew would be a hard path, not only for her children, but for the rest of their family as well. "All I ask is that you wait a while before anything physical happens, a long while!"

Harry nodded rapidly as a smile threatened to split his face completely in two. "Thank you for being so understanding. I promise I won't push her into anything she doesn't want."

"For some reason that doesn't relieve my worries in the slightest!" Lily said, trying to look disapproving, but failed as the warmth and happiness radiated from his pearly white smile. "We'll have more time later to speak on what we need to do in the future. Right now, we need to figure out what we should do about healing you the rest of the way and getting started on your mental shields."

"It's Friday and I know you don't have any classes after potions, so we're clear on that front. Blaise will cover for you if you don't show

back up tonight, giving us the chance to finish healing you here before you go back to school."

"If I'll be staying here tonight I'll put up a silencing charm to keep dad from hearing me." Lily nodded to his idea. "Not that I snore or anything like that, but it's better to be safe than getting caught here with no way to explain myself."

"You'll also need to add a monitoring charm, keyed to him, so that you can tell when he's near so you can hide just on the off chance he chooses to come in here."

"Now then, are you prepared to learn how to take back control of your mind?" Lily asked, fixing him with an appraising look. "You'll fail to succeed if you don't put your all into this."

FLASH BACK

"Hey mum," he beamed up at her. Reaching out with his free arm he gave the smiling Lily a hug.

Taking the chance with him so close Lily placed her lips next to his ear. "How are you doing, honey?"

"Perfectly fine," he whispered back. With Ivy still on his hip he slid on to the bench in front of his parents and next to Iris who bumped shoulders.

"We've come all this way to see your duel," Iris said, giving him an impish look. "You better not lose, or I just might never let you forget it."

"As evil as ever I see. Why can't you be more like my sweet, little Ivy?" He asked, as he pulled the giggling redhead into a tight hug that she returned with gusto. "See, this is a good girl," he said, making Ivy squeal happily and Iris stick out her tongue.

"You ready for today?" James questioned, gaining his son's attention. Harry could tell right away that his father was excited to be here to watch his duel.

It felt good to know he was happy to be here and hadn't shown up because he felt it was an obligation. "I'm sure I'll do alright. I just

hope I can live up to your and mum's past victories." It was as he said this to his father that he let his gaze travel around the room when suddenly he caught sight of Snape standing by the Slytherin table. The man had frozen in place and had turned whiter than he normally was as he stared at something behind Harry. Following the line of the man's sight Harry had expected to see him looking at his mother, but instead found him to be staring at James.

Harry didn't know what to make of this. Was Snape afraid of his father in this world? Had James and the Marauders done things to the man that exceeded the back and forth between them in his original world? The thought of asking his mother crossed his mind at the same time Snape snapped out of his trance and turned and left the Great Hall.

"I'm sure you'll do superbly," James said, recapturing his attention. Reaching out he patted Harry comfortingly on the head. "In my first year I only lost to one person, and he beat me twice. Once when Gryffindor faced off with Slytherin and the second time was during the end of year tournament. But you're far better with magic than I was at your age; I know you'll kick butt, even though the butt you'll be kicking is my old house's."

Harry spent the rest of the time before the match speaking with his family. As they talked the bleachers continued to fill with family members and students that had finished eating and were waiting on the matches to start. Once all of the house tables were cleared of all persons, Professor Flitwick vanished them with a flick of his wand, replacing them with a raised dueling platform that was as half as long as the house tables were and twice as wide.

"Flitwick is calling for us," Harry observed. Giving Ivy a kiss on the forehead he handed her off to their mother as he stood up. "I'll come back up after my match is over. Wish me luck!" Doing as he said, all four of the Potters sent him off with their best wishes.

He arrived at Flitwick as the man continued calling for his house duelist at the same time as Blaise. "Did you get to see your mum and dad?"

Blaise nodded. "They're over there," he said, pointing to a dark skinned couple.

"Wow mate, your mum is hot!" Harry grinned evilly at a now pissed looking Blaise.

"Shut it or I'll start talking about how pretty I find your mum," he growled. Harry went pale at the thought.

Shaking his head negatively, he held out his hand as he choked out his reply. "Truce!"

"That's what I thought," Blaise said smugly, as he took the offered appendage. As the two shook hands agreeing to never speak of the level of attractiveness the other's mother held, Daphne walked up and stood next to Harry. Seeing her, he nodded and gave her a small 'hi' that she returned before focusing on their miniature Head of House.

It had been a while since the day she had spoken to him in the Room of Requirement and since that time the two had only exchanged superficial greetings with one another. The air between them could only be described as a mixture of tense and awkward. Harry knew there was still something bothering her and planned to confront her about it when and if he saw her over the holidays. As it was now he was too busy being trained by Lily to focus on much of anything else.

"Attention everyone," Flitwick called to all of his duelists at the same time that Professor Sprout called out to all of those gathered. "You all know the rules and what order you'll be fighting in..."

At their last duel team practice, each year had drawn slots to see if they would be the first, second, or third in their year to duel. Harry had joked with Blaise that when he had drawn the third slot it had meant that he was the main event for the first year duels.

Flitwick gave them an uplifting pep talk before handing them over to the duel captain Carter Kirkwood. "Alright you lot, we Ravens may not be known for our Quidditch skills, but we are the house that rules dueling platform! Every year for the past four years we have won the Hogwarts Dueling Cup and a majority of the age bracket tournaments. We will be continuing this winning streak today, no exceptions allowed. Show those act first, think second kittens why we Ravens are to be feared!"

Harry and Blaise stood next to each other as they watched Daphne climb onto the platform to the crowd's applause, at the same time Seamus Finnegan did. The Irish born boy was to be her opponent in the first duel of the year, leaving the two other first year Gryffindor duelers, Neville and Zacharias, standing on the opposite side of the platform glaring at Harry.

Daphne and Seamus moved to opposite ends of the raised platform before turning and bowing to one another. Professor Sprout called out the facing off first year's names for the spectators, earning cheers from all around the Great Hall that caused both Daphne and Seamus alike to tense slightly at the realization that all those in attendance were focusing solely upon them. If they messed up or lost too spectacularly, then they would do so in front of not only their family, but the entire school and some of their families as well. It would be a nerve wracking experience for anyone and doubly so for two fresh faced first years.

"Duelist ready?" Seamus nodded jerkily at the same time Daphne gave the smallest of tilts of her head. Professor Sprout gave her own nod and stepped backwards off the platform and onto the stairs leading onto it. "Begin!"

It was over before it ever truly began. Seamus didn't have time to do anything besides step out of the way of a hex Daphne had sent at him and into a second one she had sent a mere second after the first. His arms and legs snapped together and his entire body stiffened, sending him crashing painfully to the platform floor.

Cheers broke out from all around the room for Daphne and her performance. Sending the still motionless Seamus a quick bow Daphne made her way off the platform and toward her cheering teammates. Right away she went straight to a grinning Carter who told her something that neither Harry nor Blaise could hear over the cheering and excited chatter that filled the hall, before she turned and made her way up into the bleachers to where her family sat cheering.

"I wonder if you'll get to duel the great and powerful Boy-Who-Lived, or get the honor of going against his number one fan girl." Harry asked, in what was obviously fake excitement. Blaise rolled his eyes at the sarcastic remarks his friend was sprouting. "Either way, show them how skilled a duelist you are!"

"Thanks man," Blaise replied absent-mindedly. Already he was getting mentally ready for his duel. When the time came for him to climb on stage, he did so with an air of unwavering confidence that wasn't shaken when he saw that his opponent would be Neville.

Harry cursed as he realized that he wouldn't be the one to duel Neville, but his disappointment was replaced with anger when he saw Neville say something unintelligible to Blaise that had the dark skinned boy clenching his jaw angrily. Harry wasn't the only one to notice this as Carter came up next to him looking worriedly at his best friend.

"Zabini is playing into Longbottom's hands," the seventh year hissed to Harry. "Neville obviously wanted him mad knowing it would affect his dueling abilities and provoked him hoping to get what he wanted. And lo and behold it worked!"

Harry grimaced up at his friend and the stage he was standing on. He didn't know what Longbottom had said, but it was clear that it had affected Blaise greatly. His entire being was tense, where it had been loose and ready to go minutes before. If he continued this way then there was no question that Blaise wouldn't last long.

"The second first year duel will be between Blaise Zabini of Ravenclaw and Neville Longbottom of Gryffindor." The cheering of the crowd was louder than it had been before. All were excited to see what the Boy-Who-Lived could do. "Duelist ready... Begin!"

Right away Blaise sent a number of spells at Neville's head that the boy simply knelt down to dodge. From his place on his knee, Neville sent a quick disarming spell at Blaise's legs that Harry knew, had he not been so tense, the boy could have easily avoided. Everyone in the hall knew the match was already over as the rules stated that anyone who was disarmed automatically forfeited the match, but as the wand flew from Blaise's hand Neville grinned cockily and let a knockback jinx fly.

Harry growled as the orange light of the spell hit Blaise in the chest and sent him flying over the edge of the platform. It was lucky that Flitwick had been standing by and was able to stop Blaise from slamming into the cold stone floor of the Great Hall. Even if the move was beyond dirty, Harry hadn't expected to hear as many

cries of disgust as he did. He had figured that since it was Neville that most would turn a blind eye to his actions, but here they were, even members of Gryffindor House who were calling him out on his distasteful move.

"As a result of Neville Longbottom's rule breaking, Gryffindor will forfeit the win leaving the score for the first year bouts two to zero!" There were cheers and shouts of approval for Professor Sprout's rule calling. When the noise had died down some, she continued. "We will be taking a short five minute break before we start the final first year duel and move on to the second years!"

Harry was at Blaise's side as soon as Flitwick had lowered him to the ground. "Here you go." Harry handed the boy his wand. "What happened up there?"

"He," Blaise spat, "made a comment about my mother and her looks." It became glaringly clear the boy was protective of his mother, not that Harry had any room to talk. His and Lily's relationship had become closer than ever since she had started training him using the communication mirrors. He'd likely lose all control too if Longbottom or anyone else said anything about his mother.

"Be ready," Blaise warned him, knocking him from his thoughts. "Smith is just like Longbottom, he'll try the same thing or something like it to try and get to you too."

Harry nodded, already knowing this. Together they walked back to where they had been standing before. As they walked Blaise received a number of claps on the shoulder and words of encouragement not only from their fellow teammates, but from people in the stands as well. Harry didn't say anything, but knew the actions of those around them were meant to make the boy feel better, but were serving to only fuel his disappointment.

The five minutes had yet to pass when Carter came up to them. "Zabini, you had lost before you knew the match had even started. The duel doesn't begin when the ref tells you it does; it starts as soon as all of the matches begin. You don't know who you will be going against so you have to appear ready for anything, so that when your possible opponents see you, they see someone whose ready for a fight and that is willing to give one."

Blaise gave a curt nod of the head that he understood, making Carter's focused eyes lessen in their intensity. "I know you can do better and that you will next time." Harry smiled at the older boy for his attempt to cheer his friend up. "Now then, go see your family. I'm sure your mum and dad are waiting for you to come to them." Giving his final order Carter turned and walked away, being sure to send Harry an encouraging nod.

"Look at the bright side mate." Pointing, Harry showed Blaise where Neville stood being chewed out by McGonagall and his duel team captain. Both boys smiled at the sight, but only Harry noticed that Neville's parents were glowering at McGonagall and the duel captain for talking to their child as they were.

"Maybe losing once isn't so bad!" Chuckling softly Blaise wished Harry luck as he left to go to his waiting parents.

Before he knew it he was climbing the stairs onto the platform. He stepped onto the stage at the same time as Zacharias Smith. The blonde haired, big eared boy smirked at Harry like he had already won.

"Should I finish you as quickly as Neville did your girlfriend or should I toy with you first?" He and Harry both hadn't moved once they made it onto the platform and were inches from one another.

Harry let out a small laugh at the boy's cockiness taking Zacharias aback by his lack of reaction at his taunting words - if only the boy knew. "Tell you what, if you can get me into a position where you can humiliate me then be my guest - have fun." Without waiting to hear what he had to say, Harry walked to his end of the platform and stood at the ready.

"The final of the first year duels will be between Harry Potter of Ravenclaw and Zacharias Smith of Gryffindor." Smith had yet to move from where Harry had left him and turned a deep shade of red when Professor Sprout shooed him down to his end of the platform, making a majority of the audience laugh at him. "Now that we're all where we belong, duelist ready?" Harry with a look of calmness gracing his features nodded at the same time as the pumped up Smith did. "Begin!"

Smith wasted no time before he cast his first spell, Professor Sprout had barely finished telling them to start when a blue spell passed in front of where she stood. Harry allowed a small smirk to make its way to his lips as he lazily side stepped the spell. His lack of taking the threat of the sent spell seriously resulted in Smith becoming angry and sending as many spells as he could without regard to how he was wasting his magic.

Harry started out slowly by simply side stepping the spells Smith was sending at him, but quickly his simple steps morphed into spins and leaps as he weaved in and out of the barrage of spells in a way that made him look like he was dancing. Unknowingly, he was reminding those who had fought in the war of Bellatrix and the way she dueled. Lily had noticed his style of fighting when she was training him, but had thought better of bringing this up to her son as she could see him trying to fight it - his natural form of fighting, since it so closely resembled the female Death Eaters'.

A wide smile now gracing his face, Harry came out of one of his spins and started shooting each of Smith's spells with his own. Each time their spells would collide it would result in loud and colorful explosions that vibrated the dueling platform and the very air. Green clashed with orange, purple hit blue, pink into white and many more would collide and leave the smell of ozone lingering in the air. By now those watching the two first years were cheering for the amazing display of accuracy that Harry was showing them.

Spotting the professor's table still at the back of the room and all the objects still upon it, he knew how he wanted to finish the fight. "Avifors!" He whispered the obscure spell, aiming its vivid blue light for the candle holder sitting in the middle of the table behind Smith.

Zacharias smirked when he thought the gasps from the crowd were caused by his opponent missing him by such a wide margin. What he had failed to see was the candle holder turn into a flock of birds the same color as the spell Harry had cast. Harry's intentions for the spell became clear to the boy when the flock of birds started dive bombing him, leaving nasty scratches all over his face and hands where he had tried to shield his face. No longer was he able to cast spells as he was too busy trying to protect himself.

As Harry raised his wand to end the duel he looked straight at Neville where he sat between his angry looking parents. Giving him

a superior look he cast the knockback spell and sent the boy's best friend flying just as he had Blaise.

AN: So how was it? Did any of you find this chapter in the slightest bit funny? I tried to make the first part light hearted because I had no idea how the talk between him and his mom would go. Also Christmas break will either begin next chapter, or the one after that. All those of you who are telling me I should get a move on should know that the second half of the year will be much shorter than the first half. After I finish up this school year I'll be starting the second under a different story - book2 type of thing. I tell you all this because I wonder what the next story summery names should be? Harry/? If you haven't, check out my new Harry Potter story. Til next time!

A big thanks goes out to Joe Lawyer for betaing. I'm in a rush, here it is, enjoy!

"Has Potter seen the snitch, or is this just another ploy by the first year to once again make Diggory look like a joke?" Lee Jordan screamed over the roaring crowd while intently watching the Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw quidditch match.

"Jordan!" McGonagall said curtly, cutting him off before he could continue.

"What? It's true Professor, Potter has been leading Diggory around the sky and into clever traps since the match began! The only question people want to know more than how it is a first year is so talented on a broom, is how Diggory is able to stay mounted on his after the beating he's taken here today?"

It was the day of the Ravenclaw vs. Hufflepuff match and the entire school had turned out to see if the first year who had garnered as much recognition as Longbottom, could play quidditch as well as he had dueled. The match had been going on for well over an hour now and Harry had spent the entire time leading Cedric into bludgers, his own team mates, and the ground on two separate occasions.

What stumped Harry about the situation was that Cedric wasn't attempting to find the snitch, instead he had been trying to chase him down all game for what he was sure wasn't Diggory's need to tell him how talented a flyer he was. He couldn't shake the feeling that Cedric's actions had everything to do with how close he was to Cho. The older boy was really starting to freak the Potter heir out, while at the same time, greatly annoying him. Wasn't it his job to obsess over girls younger than him?

His last thought caused Harry to snort as he weaved through the group of Hufflepuff players in possession of the ball, disrupting their play and causing Cedric to clip one of his own team's chasers, resulting in them dropping the quaffle.

Harry flipped head first over the handle of his broom, turning it so that he was flying upside down, giving himself the best chance to catch the falling quaffle. Snatching the large red ball out of the air he blurred away from the trio of Hufflepuff chasers who were attempting

to converge on him and toward Cho and one of the other Ravenclaw chasers.

He was forced to perform a continuous barrel roll when both beaters from the opposing team hit both of the bludgers at him within mere seconds of each other. He hadn't come fully out of his final spin when he threw the quaffle straight into the second Ravenclaw chaser's hands.

Having let go of the ball he dived nose first for the ground, aware that as he did so that Cedric had once again started tailing him.

'He's making this too easy,' Harry thought, as he hooked his left leg more securely around his broom handle.

With his leg locked into place Harry turned as sharply to the left as he could, only his hooked leg keeping him from falling to the ground. Behind him he knew that Cedric had been forced to take the sudden turn at a much wider angle than he had wanted, just as Harry had planned for him to do.

Aiming for the out-of-bounds area, Harry slowed just enough to give Cedric a chance to catch up to him. It was as he was fixing to hit the mark where the monitoring charms were at - Cedric less than an arm's length behind him - that he once again pulled left shooting straight up into the air missing the boundary line by a hair's breadth. Cedric wasn't so lucky.

With a smile splitting his face Harry slowed to a snail's pace as Madam Hooch's whistle sharply blew. "Hufflepuff's seeker out-of-bounds! This is the first and final warning, if it happens again he will be booted from the game for a span of no fewer than ten minutes. A single penalty shot will be awarded to Ravenclaw," she announced to the crowd using a Sonorus charm. Harry chuckled as the Hufflepuff fans released a collective groan at the ruling.

As all the other players lined up for the penalty shot, Harry flew toward the stands. Since he was the seeker he was exempt from having to line up with the rest of his team. He soon reached the stands where the families coming to watch the quidditch games sat. Spotting his family, he flew level to them while ignoring the glares the parents of the Hufflepuff players were sending him.

"Does anybody know the score?" He called out to his family with a smug grin on his face, making James and Iris laugh.

"Ravenclaw is winning 260 to 50," Iris called out, as Ivy waved happily at him from within her arms. "You're doing amazing; no one out there can touch you!" Harry smiled widely at her, enjoying the confidence she had in him.

"You know it's bad luck to say that type of thing, right?" Iris nodded, returning his smile with one of her own beautiful ones that he so loved to see.

"You looked as if you could use a challenge out there!" She called back mischievously.

Harry opened his mouth to respond when he felt a chill run down his spine. Glancing over his shoulder he could see Cedric making a beeline straight for him, this wasn't new as he had been doing so all game, however, the look in his eyes startled Harry enough that he lost his playful mood instantly. The golden haired boy was staring at him the same way he had on the day he had been in the library with Cho. It was a look that said he could, and would kill him without a drop of remorse.

Turning back to his family, he was only able to hide how much the boy's look had affected him by using his substantial mental shields. Plastering on what looked like a genuine smile, he shouted out to them. "I should probably end this before I can start to regret your words." Not waiting for even Iris to respond, he gave his broom a firm, yet swift jerk, whipping it around and flying off in search of the snitch.

Combing the skies for the tiny, golden ball he continued to make sure he knew where Cedric was at all times. While he had spent most of the game toying with Cedric and interrupting plays attempted by the Hufflepuff team, he hadn't been so brass as to pass up on the snitch. The ball had yet to show itself and as Cedric stalked him through the mid-afternoon sky; Harry was starting to wonder if it ever would.

When the snitch finally did decide to come out of hiding, it did so in the worst possible place for Harry. The tiny charmed ball was mimicking Cedric's anger driven flight patterns right behind the boy's

back, practically sitting on his broom's back end where he couldn't see it.

Harry let loose a bitter laugh. It was ironic really, he had spent the entire game pissing off the Hufflepuff seeker by letting him get close and leading him into painful crashes, but now that he wanted to stay away from the enraged 'puff, he had to go near him or risk not seeing the snitch again for who knows how long a time.

Giving one last glance over his shoulder to make sure the snitch was still closely following Cedric, Harry pulled up on the handle of his broom, shooting straight up into the air. Over the roaring of the wind in his ears, he could hear Lee calling out that he had spotted the snitch as the cause for his sudden direction change, and the resulting cheers and cries of disappointment that his announcement brought with it.

He had flown high above the other players and spectators and was continuing his straight shot into the air when he suddenly stopped his upward rise completely. He hung suspended in the air for less than second, but to those watching it felt like near an eternity. Just when gravity was starting to pull him back to earth, Harry flipped himself backwards; his chest pressed painfully close to his broom handle, and shot straight down at the oncoming seeker and the snitch that was still trailing him.

To those watching from the stands, Harry and Cedric's race to what most were sure was their inevitable crash, was seen as two blurs, one of red and the other of gold, charging unrelentingly at one another.

"I WAS WRONG! POTTER HASN'T SEEN THE SNITCH; HE'S CHALLENGING DIGGORY TO TEST HIS DARING! WHO WILL BE THE ONE TO TURN - WILL ONE OF THEM TURN, OR WILL THIS END IN DISASTER?"

The location of Harry's gaze was rapidly changing as he looked over the boy flying straight up at him, searching for the best route to take to both get by him safely, and yet still capture the snitch in the process.

His eyes were darting at speeds that his mind would have failed to keep up with before he had started using his mental shields. Their

use had unlocked the early stages of Harry's eidetic memory. Things were now easier than ever to remember and surprisingly his vision had increased, making spotting things easier to do. And at the moment Harry didn't like what it was that he was seeing.

As his emerald eyes would dart a fraction to the left, the body of Cedric Diggory would adjust to them. Green eyes would flash right and Diggory would move accordingly. Harry would adjust his broom slightly aiming to fly under the Hufflepuff and said boy would rear his knee back to deliver a blow... Somehow Cedric Diggory was following his moves just as Harry was his.

'How is it that he can follow the movement of my eyes?'

Harry was only just able to track the boy's every movement, down to the smallest of twitches, thanks to his gift from Kar. So how was it that Cedric was doing the exact same thing? Were his eyes really that good, or was he experiencing some type of anger fueled adrenaline rush that allowed him to track him?

Was it possible Cedric had been born with an eidetic memory? If so, then it was also possible that Cedric could have been reading his lips that day in the library, instead of him using some type of eavesdropping spell. Either way, things had just gotten a whole lot harder on the long-haired Potter and something was telling him that Cedric's ability to follow him wouldn't be limited to just his eyes and the slight shifts in his position.

Despite his mind being in the right place, Harry couldn't find it in him to run away from Cedric, even though it was the smart thing to do. It was true that he had been leading him on all game, but there was just something about right now, facing down the older boy he had respected so much in his past life - the same boy who had beaten him out in every way in his past life that made Harry want to prove himself worthy in this life.

Not seeing any other way to slip past the boy who was now only seconds away from trying to knock him from his broom, Harry started to spin like a top as fast as he possibly could. It was a dangerous move for the redhead - a move that could be labeled a double-edged-sword. The speed he was moving at added to his spinning, making it impossible to track which way it was he was

going to go, but at the same time made it significantly harder on Harry to keep track of Cedric and the snitch's movement.

It was just as Harry was pointing at Cedric upside down that he pushed downward (or at least the direction that was downward for him) on the handle of his broom, shooting him right over the boy's head, still spinning. Harry lashed out like a snake strike and snatched the snitch out of the air at the same time he felt the back of his quidditch robes rip. Cedric had grabbed - swung - at him and had torn his robes, exposing his back to the harsh, piercing December air.

As the whistle blew, either to signal an end to the game or to pause it for Madam Hooch to call Cedric out for his blatant foul, Harry flew around the pitch, the snitch held high for all to see.

It was as his teammates flew toward him screaming about their overwhelming victory that he saw a trembling Cedric glaring murderously at him from the opposite side of the field. Grasped tightly in his violently shaking hand was the back of his blue and bronze robes.

Even without his freshly created occlumency shields and his budding eidetic memory, the sight of the enraged Hufflepuff would be seared into Harry's mind for the rest of his life...

S2ndC

Sirius Black was sitting alone in his breakfast nook, reading the morning edition of the Daily Prophet and enjoying a strong cup of tea, when his fireplace burst into green-flames, admitting an ash covered James Potter. As the man that was next in line to become the next Lord Potter and family head attempted to dust himself off, Sirius summoned him a cup of coffee, before taking pity on his best mate and cleaning the remaining soot from his robes with a second flick of his wand.

"Thanks mate." Sliding into the seat across from his best friend James pulled the cup of coffee to him and took a deep whiff. "Ah," James sighed after taking a sip of his hot drink, "that always hits the spot on chilly days like these."

Sirius said nothing as he finished reading the article he had been in the middle of when James arrived. When he was done, he folded the paper and threw it on the table in front of him, giving James' choice in beverage a small, disgusted look.

"I don't see how you can drink that mud," he said with obvious distaste lining his voice. "It's only redeeming quality is that women can drink it the same way they like their men."

James raised a questioning eyebrow at his longtime friend, as he once again placed his lips to the coffee containing cup.

Sirius smirked, pointing to himself, "Black!" James snorted, rolling his eyes at the man's lame attempt at humor.

"I just finished reading in the sports section of the Prophet that Ravenclaw's first year seeker, 'one Harry James Potter, led his team to victory yesterday in an impressive display of flying ability and aggressive game play'," he said repeating what the paper had written. "Any truth to this, or is it more of the normal spew of material for me to use in the loo?"

James' face lit-up as Sirius spoke, grabbing the paper up off the table before the Lord Black had finished speaking. "He was amazing Sirius! I've never seen someone so young before, play so well. And how he finished the game was bril-"

"James - James - James!" Sirius called cutting the man off. "The paper goes into detail about what he did during the match. You obviously haven't seen the paper yet, read it first - then tell me what it left out." James agreed to this, nodding as he raced through the article.

"It seems they got the gist of the match," James commented, laying the paper down, looking very satisfied with himself and what he had read.

"It looks to me that after this article and the one they published after he showed off his - how do they put it... Oh yes, 'his first-rate accuracy and precision, coupled with his use of obscure spells' that Harry's got fans at the Daily Prophet, or at the least in their Sporting Department."

"He does... for now," James replied, shaking his head as he lost some of his earlier joy.

"Any reason behind those grim words of yours, or are you just extra cheerful this morning?"

James rolled his eyes. "With how much attention Harry has been gaining himself as of late, I'm worried that word will get out about the relationship between him and Neville. Things have never been good between the Longbottoms and any of the other three families, but the way I saw that boy glaring at Harry put how much he hates him out on display."

Sirius sent his best friend a thoughtful look as he took a sip of his tea, pondering over what he had been told. "It's possible that if it does get out how they feel about one another, that the tide may turn in Harry's favor. You know how the Prophet loves to tear down those they build up," Sirius pointed out as he flicked his wand, opening a window to allow an owl to fly in.

"They've been building up Neville for a long time now, but in the same edition that they praise Harry so heavily for his dueling skills, they also tear into Neville over his cheap shot on Harry's best mate. And don't forget that it didn't go unnoticed that Harry ended his duel with Longbottom's lackey by using the same spell Longbottom had cast on the wandless, Whatshisname."

"Blaise Zabini," James supplied absentmindedly, his full attention on the scarlet envelope the owl had clutched in its talons. "Padfoot, it looks like you've made someone mad... Oh Merlin, please don't tell me it's Molly Weasley again!" James jumped up from the table and flew across the room, well away from his friend and the now smoking letter. "My ears rang for a week last time she sent you one of those."

Sirius threw the trembling letter onto the table just as it started to tear itself apart.

"SIRIUS ORION BLACK! YOU DISPICABLE LITTLE PRICK, YOU ARE MADE UP OF THE THINGS THAT MAKE THIS WORLD SO UGLY! HOW COULD YOU BE SO CRUEL AS TO TAKE ME OUT AND SHOW ME SUCH A BEAUTIFUL TIME - WHISPER SUCH SWEET WORDS TO ME - TELL ME THAT I WAS THE ONE FOR

YOU, THEN USE ME AS YOU DID AND DISAPPEAR THE NEXT MORNING - NEVER TO BE HEARD FROM AGAIN?"

"I THOUGHT EVERYONE WAS WRONG ABOUT YOU.'HE'S FILTH' THEY SAID - 'HE'LL USE YOU LIKE A HOUSE ELF, HE WILL' THEY SAID. BUT ME BEING THE FOOL I AM, I TRUSTED YOU AND DENIED THAT ANY OF WHAT THEY SAID COULD EVER HOLD ANY TRUTH TO IT. WELL THE EGGS ON MY FACE AND I PLAN ON DOING THE SAME FOR YOU! GUESS WHO'S PREGNANT SIRIUS - GUESS WHO'S GOING TO BE A DADDY SIRIUS? THAT'S RIGHT YOU ARSE, YOU ARE!"

"I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH, BUT I CERTIANLY CAN MAKE YOU COME OUT OF THIS LOOKING WORSE THAN I DO. RITA SKEETER IS GOING TO LOVE THE STORY I HAVE TO TELL ABOUT HOW THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE FOUR GREAT FAMILIES OF BRITAIN SEDUCED ME!"

"YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW, MUTT!"

As the shreds of the letter floated to the floor, a pale and sick looking Sirius failed to see a second letter appear in the pile of debris. The last male Black swallowed painfully as he stared off into space, lost as to what he was supposed to do now.

James who had seen the extra letter appear, hid his smile as he made his way over to his friend, wearing a look of concern. "Padfoot? Mate, you alright?"

James' words snapped Sirius from his stupor - seconds later he was bent over a dustbin, heaving painfully into it, his rear in the air twisting as one did when one was sick. When he had finally emptied everything from his stomach, he resurfaced, red-eyed and looking slightly deranged. Starting for James, Sirius tripped over his own feet making him stumble over to his best mate, where he desperately grabbed James by the front of his robes.

"What do I do Prongs?! I'm not cut out to be a father! There are nappies and baby food involved with babies, and-and babies as well. I can't handle that Prongs, I can't!"

James was finding it extremely difficult to keep a straight face, though if he had laughed, he very much doubted Sirius would have noticed in his current state.

"I'm not the parenting type! I've got too many mummy-issues to raise a kid! You and Moony are the parents of the group! I was supposed to be the cool uncle that everyone loved."

"Why don't you floo this girl and find out if you can talk it over with her."

"How am I supposed to know who she is?" Sirius demanded, incredulously. "Do you expect me to remember every woman I've slept with in the past year? Damn it Prongs, use your head! I need your brains now more than ever!"

Sirius suddenly stopped talking and let James go. Grabbing his chest he started breathing heavily as he stumbled backwards and fell into a chair. "Which arm is it that hurts when you're having a heart attack?"

"The right one," James lied, knowing his friend was overreacting.

Sirius let out a deep hiss, grabbing his right arm, cradling it to his chest. "I think I'm going to die! Damn brats not even here yet, and already it's killing me. Prongs, if I don't make it-"

"Padfoot," James chuckled as he crouched down to grab the letter before holding it out to him. "I think you should read this before you go too far and become melodramatic!"

Sirius, still holding his arm and breathing deeply took the envelope and opened it. As his eyes trailed over the letter he slowly regained his color, and if James wasn't too mistaken, a small twitch to his eye.

You not only got the last prank this summer, but you turned Marcus Greengrass on me! Payback's a bitch, huh pup? Your move, mutt!

Yours truly,

Harry

P.S. Be happy I chose not to send this to you while you were at work or around my mum!

"Bloody hell..." Sirius whispered, stunned by the young boy's masterful prank.

Laughing heartily, James took the letter from his friend to read, making his laughter grow until his entire frame was shaking. "He was kind enough to ask ahead of time to see if you wanted kids." James explained. "I think he felt that it would be going too far if he got your hopes up, if on the off-chance you actually wanted to be a dad. But, when he found out you detested the very idea of having children he started laughing like a mad man."

James beamed down at his friend. In that moment he was beyond proud of his son, the quidditch and dueling star, who on top of being the top in his year was also a master "pranksman." Damn, he loved his boy!

"You helped him with this?" Sirius demanded, scandalized.

"Besides telling him that you didn't want kids, no, I had no part in this," James denied, holding his hands up. "I did, however, know it was going to happen this morning. It's why I showed up this early."

Sirius nodded, rising to his feet. "You know I'm going to get him back, right?"

James nodded. "Of course, but be careful. Lily gets wind of what you two are doing and she'll come after the both of you."

S2ndC

Harry slipped out of the front door of the Shrieking Shack, fluidly making his way through the uncut, damp grass, toward the path that led down to Hogsmeade. Every breath taken by him left its misty mark on the harsh December night air. He had more than three hours before he was due back in his common room; this however did nothing to slow the brisk pace he was moving at. He wanted to hurry and be done with his current business that had him out on this frosty night.

Drawing near the edge of the village, he cast a single illusion on his person, making him look and sound like one of his primary school teachers from the past time-line. He couldn't risk someone finding out who he was, for fear it would affect his father's job if he were to be found off school grounds in the company of a known criminal. He highly doubted anyone would recognize the person that he had chosen to disguise himself as.

Entering the famous pub, The Three Broomsticks, Harry was surprised to find it as crowded as it was despite the fact that it wasn't a Hogsmeade weekend. Every table in the pub was filled by at least two people and a good number of those individuals looked dangerously close to waking up in the morning in great need of a hangover potion.

Navigating his way through the crowded room, he stopped at the bar where Madam Rosmerta was located, digging under the counter for something.

"Can I get a firewhiskey, please?" Pulling out a few coins he laid them on the counter without waiting for an answer. Once his drink was firmly in hand, he turned to scout the room for any sign of the human-stain that he was there to meet.

Harry spotted the disheveled and dirty-looking man sitting nervously in a corner of the pub. It appeared as if Mundungus Fletcher was the only person in the entire pub to have a table completely to himself.

Harry slinked his way through the crowded room, being careful not to draw too much attention to himself as he did so. Sliding into the seat across from Mundungus, he cast a number of spells to make sure their private conversation stayed that way.

When he was finished protecting their privacy, Harry saw that the thief was eyeing him and his wand suspiciously. "Don't fret Dung; I'm not going to use any of my knives, or wand on you this time... Or at least, I don't think I will." As he spoke Harry dropped the illusion on his voice, it was a move that allowed the man to know it was him.

Dung flinched when he realized this was who he had come here to meet. He had been hoping to see what the young boy looked like, but now that the man in front of him had shown up he realized how

unlikely it had been to hope for such a thing. "Y-ya said ya had need of me?"

"All I need of you at the moment Dung is to find a way to lift the 'Trace'." Harry had used the same smooth, steel-laced voice he had the first time they had met - from the way the man continued to flinch, he knew it to be working.

"But that's impossible, that is! Everyone knows that," Dung protested. The man shut up when Harry shot a weak, but effective mental probe his way. He was unskilled in the use of Legilimency, making all of his attempts at invading someone's mind, even the weak ones, painful for the recipient if they were unversed in the use of Occlumency.

Waiting for the man in front of him to stop withering, Harry spoke. "Do you honestly think the purebloods' children have to wait before their traces are lifted?"

Pulling his hands out of his ginger hair, Dung gazed at the person before him with watery eyes. "I don' exactly run in 'he same circle as 'em folks, 'ow do I?'Ow am I to find out 'ow 'hey do it?"

"You're the crafty type, Dung. I'm sure you'll figure something out." Harry rose to his feet, downing the last of his firewhiskey before banishing the bottle. "I'll tell you what, if you can get me a way to be free of the trace, by the end of the school year, then I'll give you a reward for all of your hard work." Dung's watery eyes instantly turned greedy, disgusting Harry by how much they reminded him of Vernon Dursely's.

"But, fail to bring me anything before the next school year starts..." Harry let the man come up with the rest of the message on his own.

"And when me've found something, 'ow do I reach ya?"

Harry grew still; he hadn't thought of this when he had planned the meeting out in his head. He couldn't tell the man his name for obvious reasons. But other than through the use of owls how was he supposed to keep in contact with the man.

Sighing, Harry came to a realization that there was one title he had been called by in the past time line that no one knew of or had in this one... at least not yet, they didn't.

"Make the letter out to the Chosen One." He didn't wait for the man's reaction or reply, turning; he quickly made his way out of the pub and into the now lightly sprinkling snow.

Checking his wand he saw that Honeydukes was still open. Making a split second decision he headed off for the sweets shop, to pick up something for the train ride home in the morning, and a little something extra for Iris and Ivy when he saw them.

He was excited to be heading home for the first time since the Necro incident. Not only would he be getting to spend time with his family, but his father had told him he would be starting the first steps of the animagus process. Little did the man know that Harry had already begun meditation and that he would now only be required to find the right state of mind before he could start learning to shift at will.

Once he made it into Honeydukes and out of the falling snow, it didn't take him long to find what he wanted and slip into the storage room, where the trapdoor leading up to the castle was located. Crouched low as to not bash his head in, Harry made the long trek up to the school, at a far faster pace than he had been able to at the start of the year. Even though he hadn't given his muscles the proper rest they had needed during all his time in the Room of Requirement, he had been going at it for almost six months, if you added in time spent using the time turner. It was only natural that he was seeing results.

Crawling out of the statue of the one-eyed witch, Harry started to dash off like had become a habit for him when going anywhere, no matter how early he was. He stopped however, when he realized he had nothing to occupy his time back in the common room. Checking his bag he saw that he had his copy-book on him and decided to head to the library in the hopes that he could find something interesting to copy that he hadn't already read yet.

He was flipping through the copy-book looking for anything he might have missed after reading it three times, when the entrance to the library came into view.

"This should be interesting," Harry mumbled, when he glanced up to see most of the Gryffindor first years exiting the library in a loose group. Raising his mental shields, he went back to reading his book, ready for what he knew to be coming.

Neville had been livid when Harry had won his duel as easily as he had, especially when it had appeared in the paper that he had used the same spell to end his match that had gotten Neville in so much trouble for using on an already disarmed Blaise. His anger had only been inflamed greater when the cutting remarks about his dirty shot on Blaise had ended up being passed around the school.

Since then, Neville had attempted on more than one occasion to start a fight with him, but more times than not it would end with Harry merely firing off a cutting remark that would enrage the Longbottom heir. It hadn't helped Neville's hate for him when Harry's name had once again showed up in the Prophet after the match against Hufflepuff.

The first of the group to spot Harry was Zacharias. "It's Potter," he barked angrily, pointing out his sudden appearance to the rest of the Gryffindors. "And he's all alone."

Harry didn't bother looking up from his book. "Wotcher, cubs," he greeted, feeling like Tonks while using this dated form of greeting.

"Cubs?" Lavender asked from beside Parvati and another girl that Harry had rarely spoken to in his past life, named Fay Dunbar. All of the Gryffindors had stopped walking to stare at him, unintentionally blocking his way to the library.

"Lion cubs... The youngest of the pride." Seeing that they didn't plan on moving Harry leaned casually against the wall. Glancing up he met the girl's blue eyes, causing her to blush a deep red that only became more pronounced when he smirked at her.

"And what about a pride?" Parvati asked, shuffling forward, slightly. Harry very much doubted she didn't know what a pride was; if he was guessing right he figured her to be seeking the same type of attention as her friend had received.

"It's a gathering of lions. You have a murder of crows, schools of fish, an unkindness of ravens, and a pride of lions." As he answered her,

he gave her and Fay a charming smile that had all three girls giggling.

Seeing Dean, Ron, and Seamus standing to the side watching the girls with questioning looks, Harry turned his focus on them. "I haven't had the chance to say so yet, but you had a good duel Finnigan."

Seamus was at first surprised to hear Harry speaking to him, but that quickly gave way to confusion as he was unsure if the Ravenclaw's words were meant to be sincere or insulting. "If you have something to say, Potter, then say it!" Seamus snapped heatedly, finally settling on being offended by his words.

"If I was going to insult you, I would have done so, outright. I truly meant what I said, you had a good duel. While you may not have won your match, you did go into it wanting to win with your dueling ability alone and not with cheap tricks."

Seamus stared at him for a second or two without saying anything back, pondering as he did so, if everything Neville had said about the long-haired boy was true. "Thanks mate... you too."

Neville scoffed harshly, stepping forward he leered disapprovingly at the Irish-born boy. "You're telling someone from a different house 'good job for beating us.' What's wrong with you?" He sent Seamus and the rest of the group a sneer before he turned and glared at Harry. "And you better watch yourself, no one's here to protect you should we decide to put you in your proper place."

"I very seriously doubt you'll do anything," Harry replied, closing his book with a sharp snap.

Neville tried to smirk and scoff at the same time before he settled on sneering at the Potter. "And why is that?"

"Because you and I both know you'll never beat me. It's why you've never tried anything more than running your mouth off," Harry chuckled. "Hell, you only do that when you're in the safety of a full classroom and a professor is nearby, or in a crowded hallway. You're about as intimidating as a flobberworm."

"Do you want to see just how scary I can be Potter?" Neville growled, pulling out his wand. Behind him Zacharias copied his action, but was the only one to do so - the rest looked on in excitement, wanting to see what was going to happen between the three.

"What is going on here?" Came the angry voice of Professor McGonagall as she exited the library from behind the Gryffindors. "Why is it two of my lions have their wands drawn on another student, while the rest watch on as if it was a quidditch match?"

Neville glared at Harry as he put his wand away. It was clear that he thought the red head had known McGonagall was coming and that he had kept quiet about her in an attempt to get him in trouble. The truth was, Harry hadn't been paying enough attention to see the woman approaching and had been just as surprised as all the others when she had called out to them. The rest of the Gryffindors looked shocked by the woman's sudden appearance and had yet to process that they would be more than likely getting in trouble if someone didn't do something.

"It's my fault Professor." Harry claimed, taking everyone, including McGonagall, by surprise.

The older woman fixed him with a searching look, trying to figure out what it was he was up to. "How is it that two of my students pulling their wands on you, an unarmed student, was your fault Mr. Potter?"

"They both know how effortlessly I won my duel a while back, so when they saw me out here they begged me to teach them the proper way to hold a wand. You know, to better improve their dueling." As he spoke his grin grew wider, as Neville and Zacharias, both of whom had their backs to the professor, started shaking in anger, the former even turning a puce color that would have done Vernon proud.

"Isn't that right you two?" Harry knew he had the two of them, if they denied it then they would both be in trouble.

When neither boy turned to face her or say anything, McGonagall stepped forward to face them. "Is this true or not Mr. Longbottom, Mr. Smith?"

Though it looked to pain them greatly to do so, both boys ended up nodding. The rest of the lions wore small smiles as they watched the going-ons, making Harry wonder just how annoying Neville was in the confines of their common room that his own house mates would enjoy watching him have to swallow his pride.

"Somehow I find that hard to believe." McGonagall said, making them all freeze. Seeing the look of shock on the gathered first years' faces she closed her eyes and took a deep, tired breath. "Tomorrow is the beginning of winter break. Please try to keep from starting trouble before then." Opening her light-brown eyes she fixed them all with her normal curt look. "This is not only a time of relaxation for you students... I'd like to have some time where I don't have to call any of you out for misbehavior."

"As unlikely as it is, if I happen upon any of you starting something, like I know was about to take place here, before the train leaves tomorrow, then I'll make it so that you all spend the winter holiday here at the castle, with me... in detention."

S2ndC

"I was sitting there first!"

"You left, so you lost your spot. Get over it!"

"Move Katie!"

"No Cho!"

"Girls!" Harry interjected. "There's another empty spot, on my other side. Why don't one of you just sit there?"

Harry, along with Blaise, had picked out a compartment to themselves when they had boarded the train. It wasn't long after the train had pulled away from Hogsmeade station that Cho had come along and asked if she could join them, after being told she could, she had left shortly after to go to the bathroom. It was in the time she was gone, that Katie had shown up and took the seat Cho had been occupying, leading to the situation they were in now.

"I shouldn't have to move," Katie defended, glaring at her friend. "She wasn't even in the compartment when I showed up. If she wanted this spot so badly, she shouldn't have left."

Cho tore her heated gaze away from Katie to look pleadingly at Harry. "I may not have been sitting there, but my bag was." Her stare once again shifted, this time back to her 'friend', where it once again became hostile. "I doubt it was Harry who threw my things to the floor."

"I didn't throw your things; I placed them on the floor." Katie shot back.

Blaise didn't say anything. The dark skinned boy simply sat back, a book in his lap and a knowing smirk upon his lips as he watched Harry try and calm the two girls down from the other side of the compartment. He knew that Katie had recognized Cho's things when she first arrived, by the way she eyed them, and that she had in fact thrown the other girl's things. He also knew that they both liked Harry, and that this was the true cause of the argument over who sat where, and not both their inexplicable need to sit on his left side. There was never a dull moment when Ravenclaw's resident trouble magnet was near.

"That's it!" Harry yelled, before either could say another word. Reaching over he snaked a hand around Katie's waist and the other under her thighs, earning a squeak from her as he pulled her across his lap to his right side. Before Cho could feel she had won some type of victory, he grabbed her hand and pulled her swiftly into the seat she had been fighting for since re-entering the compartment.

"Now let's be big boys and girls and not fight over who's sitting where." Both girls made to speak, but stopped, turning deep shades of red when Harry placed a hand on each of their thighs - high enough on the inside of their legs that both girls lost all interest in fighting about where they wanted to sit - their attention now shifting to more important things, like where his hand was placed.

Blaise released a soft chuckle, drawing a glare from Harry that quickly turned into him shaking his head tiredly. "Sod off, wanker."

Harry failed to see the smug look his words drew from the boy as there was a knock at the compartment door at that moment that garnered his full attention. "It's open."

The door slid open to reveal Daphne. Her long blonde hair hung loosely in her face obscuring the view of her right icy-blue eye from those in the compartment. The one that was clear for them to see was focused solely on Harry.

"May I speak to you in private?" Daphne requested in her soft monotone, her features reflected her voice with their lack of emotion.

"I don't have any problem with that." Rising to his feet, Harry glanced back at the two girls as he headed for the exit. "Try and behave while I'm gone, you two. If you feel an overwhelming need to fight with someone, then I give you permission to test any new spells you've learned on Blaise."

"Come again?" Blaise asked incredulously, throwing wary glances at the two witches.

"Don't worry Blaise," Harry called over his shoulder, "it's for the greater good."

Stepping out into the hallway, he came to a stop just in front of Daphne, who had only taken a step back to allow him to exit the compartment. Reaching behind him, Harry pulled the sliding door shut and stood there watching his friend, spotting tiny signs in her demeanor that only he and those who knew her best could spot, that told him she was nervous about whatever it was they were going to talk about.

"Come on, we'll head to the public cart and find a table there where we can talk without others hearing what's being said." He tried walking away but was stopped when he felt her pull lightly on the sleeve of his black, wool coat.

"No..." Her golden hair dance around her pretty face as she shook her head. "The booths in the public cart are on top of each other. It would be too easy for someone to overhear us there."

With her hand still wrapped around the sleeve of his coat, he twisted his hand to grasp the front of her heavy traveling cloak. "I can keep

anyone trying to eavesdrop from hearing anything we say." He informed her. Turning, he started for the public cart, where those who couldn't find a private compartment sat.

Harry was a slightly surprised when Daphne didn't let go of her hold on him, and that she continued to allow him to lead her by holding her cloak. It made him wonder if their friendship was as damaged as he had previously thought.

The public cart was as long as the one that housed the private compartments that the students of Hogwarts tended to favor. Set back-to-back were 'booths' that composed of a small table set between two high-backed benches. There weren't many people occupying the open cart, but had someone gone by the noise level they would have thought they were attending a Hogwarts sporting event.

With her cloak still grasped loosely in hand, Harry led the girl with the subdued personality to an empty booth. Letting her slide in first, he took the outside seat before casting a spell to keep others from hearing what it was Daphne wanted to speak about.

When he was positive that no one could overhear them, he turned to give her his full attention. As he waited for her to speak, he watched her struggle to say what it was that was bothering her so. Her normally pale skin was lightly flushed, and her lips that were only a few shades darker than her creamed colored skin, would open slightly only to close once again.

It had been some time since they had last spoken to each other like they used to, he could still remember how she would often pause in the middle of talking and the way her monotone voice would at times carry slivers of the emotions that she was experiencing. But what she was doing now was nothing like the girl he had grown to call his Daphne.

"At least the part of you that talks my ear off is still the same." He said trying to lighten the mood and make things easier on her. He was hurt by how she had stopped speaking to him all together, but he still cared for her and didn't like seeing her struggle for words, especially when she so rarely wanted to speak to anyone.

Daphne released a small sigh that shook her dainty shoulders. Meeting his eyes, she showed him the light dancing in her eyes and the small quirk of her lips that let him know she found his comment funny, however, both quickly gave way to what Harry thought he recognized as embarrassment, shame, and maybe a hint of guilt.

"I asked you here because I wanted to apologize for how I reacted after the tryouts, and how demanding I sounded when I found out about the troll. I get... nervous when I feel someone I care for is in danger. More so, apparently when I feel they make themselves a target."

"Daphne," Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. "Everyone gets 'nervous' when those they care for are in danger. It's an unavoidable part of letting yourself become close to others. But to let your fears keep you away from those people makes it feel like you don't care for anyone but yourself." Harry grew quiet for a few seconds before he came to the decision to tell her how he felt.

"I was going through a hard time Daphne; it would have been nice to have my closest friend by my side. It hurts to know that you would just up and stop having anything to do with me, because you don't like how I do certain things. I'm a reckless person by nature, and that's just something you'll have to learn to deal with if you want to try and be friends again."

"I didn't stop talking to you because I was mad about how careless you were." She informed him, her normally soft monotone taking on a strained feel to it. A faint amount of red had started to trace across her cheeks, and Harry was getting the feeling she forcing herself not to stare downward. "I saw your... reaction that day in the hospital."

Harry's now faster mind took no time at all to start coming up with reasonable explanations for why it was that he had an erection during his hug with his two sisters. While at the same time another part of him was screaming for him to kill himself. 'It's not bad enough that my mother saw that, but now Daphne too.'

"I-I can explain that," he stammered, his face as red as his hair. "It was the potions I had taken, they made me... react that way."

Daphne shook her head, giving him an understanding look, or at least he thought that's what it was. "No it wasn't. When it happened

Madam Pomfrey had yet to show up, so it couldn't have been a potions side-effect." Harry bit his lip nervously.

"It's a natural response for someone around our age, those who have magic mature far faster than our muggle counterparts do, and Iris is a very beautiful girl. That being said, it... shocked me to see that you could react that way. I didn't think any males our age were able..." She trailed off, looking at the table ahead of her.

"Daphne, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. It just happened! I can't really control it, and believe me, if I could, it would not have happened in a room full of my family and friends."

"That's just it, I wasn't uncomfortable, I was scared." She told him, her words coming out in a rush. The red that had been on her cheeks had now spread down to her neck and disappeared into her collar. She continued to refuse to meet his eyes.

Harry was stunned. "Why would you be scared of me? I've never done anything that would suggest that I would-"

"I know," she said, cutting him off by raising her voice. "It's a number of things that caused this. My father has always been protective, overly so even. You know that, you've seen it." Harry nodded, the man had yet to look at him without giving the impression he wanted to hurt him for bring near his daughters. "I don't know what happened in the war, but it's affected him greatly, enough so that he's always warned me away from the opposite sex. Telling me that they can't be trusted, that they're scum that only truly want one thing. It's part of the reason he trained me to duel from so early on - to protect myself and Astoria."

"I've never been close to any boys, none of the small group of friends I have have been either. So when I saw you react that way it... I guess saying I was 'scared' is over-the-top; it's more like...it unnerved me. All at once how you acted around girls and how you're so much sweeter on them came to mind. It didn't take me long after that to realize, that out of all the girls you're around, I was the one you spent the most time with... I know now- I knew then - the entire time we weren't speaking, that you'd never do anything intentionally to make me feel like I shouldn't trust you."

Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing. Sure he knew the importance of warning a child away from the dangers in the world, it was part of being a parent, but to go so far that your daughter reacted the way Daphne had was outrageous. If all Marcus' warnings had resulted in was Daphne pushing him away as she had, then it was feasible that his being overly protective had made Daphne as introverted as she was.

"Surely your father realized he was going too far with his warnings," Harry challenged heatedly. "What would possess him to be so overbearing?"

Daphne looked about to recoil back into her introverted ways, but stopped when Harry took her by the hand. Looking up she saw how upset he was, not at her for how she had treated him, but by how her father had treated her. "I think it has to do with Astoria." She suddenly confided in him. She hadn't told anyone that she thought this before, not even Iris, who she had told more than once about her father and his overbearing ways.

"Astoria," he repeated looking puzzled. "Why..."

"Astoria is only a year younger than me, but she acts so carefree that I think he worries that she'll be an easy target for someone to take advantage of, and that's why he always focuses on me. He wants me to protect her."

"I... can actually see where he's coming from there," he admitted, knowing how Luna-ish the girl was. "But Astoria is an extremely intelligent girl, anyone who spends more than a few minutes talking to her could tell you that. I know he's worried about her, but you're just as much his daughter as she is. He should be as attentive to your wellbeing as he is hers; not making you feel as if everyone is out to stab you in the back."

Daphne couldn't help but agree. Her father had always been firm, almost standoffish with her as he pushed her to be the best in everything she did, whereas he had always doted on Astoria and allowed her to do as she wished. She loved her sister more than anything else in the world, but it was hard not to feel jealous of her, and harder still not to resent her father for his contradictory standards.

"You've yet to tell me if I'm forgiven," Daphne pointed out, breaking the silence that had settled after her friend's words.

"I honestly don't see you as being at fault for our situation. We'll call it even if you promise to come to me if anything like this ever comes up again." Daphne stared at him blankly. It took Harry a few seconds to realize that his words could have been misconstrued for him being a pervert. "Bad choice in words," Harry chuckled.

Daphne, who had swiftly slid back to her old emotionless self, only gave him a slight twitch of the lips. "After all," Harry said, throwing his arm around her shoulder, pulling her into his side. "I have to forgive you!"

"Why is that?" She questioned softly.

"So it's easier on you when you realize just how head-over-heels in love with me you are," he said knowingly, smiling charmingly at her, his face only inches from her own.

Daphne stared at him unblinkingly, her face void of any emotion.

AN: So the cause behind the delay on chapters as of late is that I've had to take up a second job to pay for Uni. I actually had to wait two years before I went off to school so I could earn enough money to pay for my classes, and now it looks like I might have to drop out until I can save up enough to pay for the rest. So patience on you the reader's part is very much appreciated.

I chose to cut the Christmas break in half because I knew this chapter would run too long otherwise. Despite this being a little on the shorter side (just under 10,000 words should not be considered short!) there's actually a lot to this chapter. Lastly see the bottom for poll details.

Thanks go out to Joe Lawyer for beta'ing and for helping me become a better (English) writer.

"Croaker..."

"Normally, I wouldn't ask this of you Lily. I know you're happy in retirement, but you're the only one I can trust with this job."

Lily chose to keep silent, her long red hair swaying lightly around her shoulders and face as the breeze charm that had been cast on the room pulled and tugged at the normally stifled air of the office. Expressive green eyes peered down at her robes, avoiding eye contact with the head of the Unspeakables and her close personal friend, Croaker Longbottom.

He had called her to his office, located deep within the Department of Mysteries, in an attempt to ask her to come back and work for him. While normally this wouldn't be a problem, this was no normal job offer. He was asking too much of her and they both knew it.

"I was already debating with myself whether or not I should give you a floo when you contacted me." The man with thinning sandstone-colored hair looked pleadingly at her with his coal-like eyes. She may not be able to see him staring imploringly at her, but he knew for a fact she was perceptive enough that she could feel the intensity of his gaze. "I didn't say anything to you at the time, but now my hands are tied. You asked me for information on the Royces and I delivered as any true friend would, despite the danger involved in doing so. Now I'm asking you, not as your former boss, but as a friend. Will you take the job?"

Lily winced, his words getting to her. "I know I owe you for the information, it was invaluable. However... this is-"

"Lily, you're the only one who can head-up this project." Croaker told her honestly, his tone thick with desperation. "I know of no one who's better at runes than you are and that includes any and all of the rune masters currently gracing Gringotts' halls. Your theoretical and practical applications with wards are second to none. And I've never heard tell of someone with a mind better suited for the intricacies of Arithmancy."

"I could continue well into the night, and still, I would be unable to put a dent in everything you can do better than anyone else I have. The simple fact is that you're your generation's great mind, no matter how much those who are stuck in the old ways want to deny it. We need you to do this. If you don't accept, we'll have to wait until we can gather a team filled with the best of a number of different fields. And I can assure you that by the time all of their schedules coincide, I'll be able to call up your son and ask him to do this job."

Up until now Lily's eyes had been troubled and unsure, signs of her inner conflict yet still showing a desire to help her friend. Though she knew the job was outside her grasp with all her current responsibilities, it didn't keep her from wanting to take part in what was sure to be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity - but when the man across from her chose to bring Harry into the conversation, her emerald gaze shifted into what could only be called the Avada Kedavra in orb form.

"What do you know of my son?" she questioned in a voice that was as cold as a dementor's presence.

Croaker's pleading gaze turned intense, as he eyed the deadly redhead with a great deal of respect. Gone was the kind and friendly man from before, what sat before her now was a calm, calculated individual, who knew of many of the magical world's best kept secrets. His knowledge of the workings and going-ons of the world's most powerful secret organizations, especially those based in Britain, made him a deadly individual to tangle with. It was one of the reasons that she had come to him for material she could use to blackmail the Royces into staying away from Harry.

"You know, as well as I, that all activity in magical Britain is watched over by those who wish to harness our nation's seedlings before they have a chance to bloom." he stated in a soft tone of voice that poorly matched his current rigid posture. "Not only has young Harry gained the attention of those who want strong wands at their command, but the power of his mind is already known to those looking for such gifted individuals."

"While being surrounded by many promising Ravenclaws he has managed to stand out in his academics, with, from what his professors say, is an ease that not even you possessed during your time at Hogwarts."

Slowly, Lily's features softened as Croaker spoke. She knew everything he said to be true. There were many 'secret' organizations and hidden orders that worked from the shadows, always keeping an eye out for promising young minds and wands, either for their own use, furthering their private agendas, or to keep those with such potential from the clutches of those who may oppose them in the future. Lily, herself, had been approached in her fifth year of Hogwarts and many times after by such groups. These 'offers' that they gave her didn't stop until she had officially joined up with the Unspeakables, at which time they knew they had lost all hope of obtaining her to their separate ranks.

"My sources tell me that he's even gained the attention of the Gray Lady." Croaker informed her, breaking her from her short lived musings. She stared at him with slightly wider eyes. "And how could he not, he has all the attributes she and many of those that matter most respect. He's been gifted with excessively large pools of magic. His mind is as sharp as your own. His dueling is reminiscent of Bellatrix's, a woman who is world renowned for her dueling ability. And though he may be effeminate, no one can deny the beauty he holds - and he's still only a young boy!"

"You seem to know a great deal about my son, Croaker."

"Of course I do," he admitted, unashamed about knowing as much as he did about an eleven-year-old boy. "I have plans to attempt recruitment when the school year ends. I've already been in contact with your father-in-law, Charlus, about it. Seeing what he thinks about my future offer to his grandson and how he thinks you'll react to the news."

If he had thought Lily's eyes were sharp before, they were dull compared to the glare that was now being sent his way.

"You shouldn't have gone to Charlus about this, but come to me directly! I could give a damn about his position as head of the Potter family. I'm his mother and your friend! I have a right to know what happens to Harry."

Lily was seething. After the treatment Harry had received at the hands of others in his past life, she had vowed to protect him no matter the cost.

"It looks as if Charlus was correct when he told me you'd be furious that I was making plans for one of your children," he noted, his tone light despite the angry powerful witch glaring murderously at him.

"Lily, I can assure you that I had no intention of approaching Harry without your permission first... Well 'permission' might be too strong a word," he said to himself, but loudly enough for her to hear. "But I was honest when I said I would have come to you beforehand."

Lily's gaze was still poisonous when Croaker finished speaking. Opening her mouth, a creative and offensive insult lying on her tongue just waiting to be flung at the man, she stopped before a sound could be made, a pensive look overtaking her, at the moment, rather severe-features, her potent rage dissipating.

While Lily had drifted off into her own little world, Croaker had taken the chance to pull his wand out and hit the rune on the underside of his desk, activating the shield charm he had in place to protect him. Lily Potter was a woman to be reckoned with; add in her legendary temper and easy to anger personality and you had an unstoppable force on your hands. Which was why he had activated his desk's protections; he was unwilling to chance her temper getting the best of her and him having to suffer the consequences.

"I'll take the job," Lily said suddenly and softly, catching Croaker off-guard by her sudden change of attitude and lack of anger. "However, I have a few... conditions."

S2ndC

"We'll be performing your animagus training in here," James said, leading his son into the Potter family dueling chambers. It was located where the basement of a normal home could normally be found. In the middle of the room was a large platform, equal in size to that of half a football pitch, elevated only slightly off the floor. Its intended use was blaringly clear to the young Potter.

Besides the abnormal dueling platform, there was little to make note of. A few life-size mannequins slumped lifelessly against the wall opposite to where the entrance was; next to them was a door that Harry was clueless as to where it would actually lead.

"Well, to be honest, the first part of the process you can do just about anywhere," James admitted, hopping onto the dueling-platform with a child-like exuberance.

Chuckling at his father's playfulness, Harry raised his foot the bare minimum as he joined the man on the platform. "How long does the full process take?"

"It all depends on the individual. I took about six months to complete it; that however, was more a result of the first step taking me so long. After I had found my inner animal, all it took was for me to do the actual physical change. That part was by far the easiest for me, as I'm quite good at transfiguration. It was the exact opposite for Sirius."

"You said something about finding your 'inner animal.'" Harry repeated as James nodded. "I'm guessing this means that some type of meditation is required." Kar had already informed him as such, but Harry wasn't in a hurry to tell his father as much. He quite enjoyed spending time with James - it was comparable to spending time with one of your best mates - and even if the information he was listening to was a bit redundant for him, in his eyes it was time well spent.

"That's correct," the older Potter nodded; impressed his son had figured this out from just his words.

"Does that mean we'll gain traits and mannerisms from completing the transformation?" Harry asked, truly wondering if he'd be able to use his form as a way to explain away his future abilities to others.

"No, thank Merlin! Could you imagine having to suffer through things like your inner animal's mating cycle?" James wrinkled his nose in disgust, before his features shifted to understanding. "While I admit there would be a number of benefits, such as the reflexes and enhanced senses, the drawbacks could possibly hinder you more than the perks could help."

Harry nodded, seeing his father's point, a little disappointed his plan wouldn't work. "Is there any benefit to the transformation... other than the whole 'changing into a different species thing?'" James chuckled.

"Depending on what your animal is, yes. Whatever your animal can do in nature, you can do while in that form. However, your animal abilities do not carry over to that of your base - human - form. If you're a... Let's say your animagus form is a species of fish, then you won't be able to breathe underwater unless you're transformed."

"Okay, I understand."

"Good!" Waving his wand, James conjured a round throw-pillow that he let fall to the floor. "Like you've already figured out, you must search within yourself and find your animal half before you can start attempting the physical change. But before we start anything, I have something I'd like to ask you."

"Shoot," Harry said, curious as to what it was his father wanted to know.

"Before you and Daphne got off the train yesterday, Marcus and Arana informed us that some of their family would be arriving from France in the next few days to spend the holidays with them."

"They've expressed an interest in taking our family out one night before their family leaves, so that we can meet them. The Greengrass' are doing this as a way for the two daughters of the visiting family to get to know some of their future schoolmates before they start Hogwarts," James explained.

Thanks in great part to the use of occlumency; Harry was able to restrain his shock, showing only a mild interest at the news. He had thought his father was speaking of Fleur and her family at first, but

now he knew it couldn't be them. Gabrielle was too young to be starting school and Fleur would have already started her magical education at Beauxbatons by now.

Putting the Veela sisters out of his mind, he smirked lightly as he asked, "So Hogwarts is getting French twins?"

James released a bark of laughter that was very similar to Sirius'. "No, no French twins in your future my son. The younger of the two will be starting her first year alongside Iris and Astoria, next year. The older of the two has only just turned thirteen; she'll be two years ahead of you in classes."

"What are their names?" Harry asked, hoping to confirm the suspicion that was looking more and more likely.

"Fleur and Gabrielle Delacour." Harry nodded, putting on a pensive look that completely hid his shock from his father.

'Gabrielle being older in this timeline really shouldn't surprise me as much as it does.' he thought jadedly, resolved to the unforeseen changes that he knew he would experience more of in the future.

"The reason I brought their invitation up is due to the way you were outright glaring at Marcus when you got off the train." James admitted, his voice sounding half amused, half concerned. "Are you going to be alright around him? Is there a problem with him that I should know about? Can I expect you to show him some respect, or at the very least know you won't cut his throat, like it looked like you were planning to do yesterday?"

Harry shook his head wearily, all thought of silvery-blond hair and heart breaking-blue eyes pushed from his mind. Pulling out a black leather cord, he plopped down on the cushion his father had conjured as he tied his hair back in a messy bun at the base of his neck, leaving only a strand by his right temple hanging free.

"I'm sorry if I embarrassed you and mum with my behavior yesterday, it's just that..." Trailing off he grimaced lightly, contemplating how much he should reveal. "I guess you can say that I don't like him... as a man, or as a father."

James looked at him quite perturbed. "Harry, if there's something going on I should know about-" He was brought to a stop by the hand his son was holding up.

"It's nothing dad," Harry said disarmingly. "I just think he needs to take a step back and see that he has more than one daughter." He had given what Daphne had told him a lot of thought as he lay in bed the night before, and had come to the conclusion that his first thoughts on the situation had been correct. Marcus Greengrass was the one responsible for his daughter's stoic nature, and it pissed Harry off to untold heights.

"Those are quite the loaded words," James observed. Bending his knees he let himself fall backwards, summoning a throw-pillow to land on as he fell. "Care to clue your aged, yet devastatingly-handsome father in?"

"No, I wouldn't," Harry replied not unkindly. "It's just how I see things. Nothing more, nothing less."

"Harry if something is going on-"

"Truly, nothing's 'going on' dad. And you know it's the truth because otherwise I'd have to take matters into my own hands." Harry finished mysteriously, though it was quite obvious to both Potter males what he had meant. It was at that precise moment that James could see that not all of the 'old Harry' was dead and gone; that there was still a part of that boy, who he had once called a 'monster,' in his son, that Harry reserved for those who crossed him and would also use in the protection of those he cared for.

"Alright..." James trailed off, leaving a heavy silence between them. Glancing to his pensive son, James wondered if he should have Lily speak with him. Even to James, who could be quite clueless at times, it was clear to see how strong the relationship between his wife and son was. Maybe she would have better luck getting through the emotional wall Harry had created for himself.

"Before we get started," James said, cutting into the quiet before the awkwardness could become any more pronounced than it already was, "are there any other questions about the animagus process you'd like to have answered?"

"Actually, there is." Sitting forward he gave his father his full attention. "Do you know if my animal form was fully grown when I first made the change with the aid of the potion, or if it will continue to grow with me as I age? And is there such a thing as partial transformations?" James nodded as he listened to his son.

"Your animal form has yet to reach maturity; it's the same age as your human form, but only in its species' life cycle. Look at Sirius' form. He's the same age as your mum and me, but his form is a dog. Had his animal-half aged at the same rate normal dogs do, then he'd be nothing more than a pile of bones in the backyard."

"That makes sense," Harry nodded. "And the partial transformation?"

James smiled smugly at his son, earning a puzzled stare. "Partial transformations are well within the realm of possibility." Accentuating his point, a large pair of antlers sprouted from his hair toward the back of his head just behind his ears, their impressive width easily outshining the broadness of his shoulders.

Enjoying his son's slightly awed look, James continued where he had left off. "After finding your inner animal almost all of the remainder of the process is spent in a partial animal form, as you learn to turn each part of your body to that of your animal." The way James spoke made it clear that he had explained this very subject to someone in the past, and yet he did so without sounding like he was bored or annoyed that he had to repeat himself. "The last of the training is spent learning to shift completely from one form to the other fluidly. When you can change without any pain, or hesitation, that is when you know you're done and have become a full-fledged animagus."

"Is there any reason behind that particular question?" James asked, acutely aware that his son had yet to pull his eyes away from his antlers.

"I thought it would be cool to be able to change my eyes to those of my animal form," Harry lied, too embarrassed to tell what he really wanted to do. "My avian form has far better eyesight than myself." 'At least for the time being anyway.'

Scoffing softly, James sent him a knowing look that bordered on condescending. "You sure it doesn't have anything to do with you shifting only your wings out to make yourself look like an angel for some girl you want to impress?"

Harry sputtered, ripping his eyes from his father's antlers to gaze shamefaced at the floor. He would never admit it to another soul, but he was sure that in that minute he was as red as the girls he so loved to tease.

"I figured as much - you are most definitely my son," James admitted, smirking at him. "I would have done the same thing had I had a form like yours when I was younger. But remember," he warned, his tone and the way he held himself turning serious, "you can't tell anyone about your animagus training that you don't completely trust. If you wouldn't leave your life in their hands, then you don't tell them. Understand?"

Harry nodded, meeting his father's stern gaze while elsewhere in his mind he wondered what Iris would think of the wing idea. He knew girls had a thing for the whole fallen angel thing.

It was as his mind raced over all the possibilities that an amusing thought occurred to Harry. Glancing over at his still amused father he let an evil smirk take over his lips.

"So dad," he said, as his father's amusement slipped away at the sight of this smile. "If you're able to do that," he pointed to his new appendages, "then does that mean you have one of those oh-so-masculine deer tails?"

When James didn't say anything Harry fell back laughing at his father's suddenly stone-faced expression. His son laughing uproariously at him was too much for the glasses wearing man, red started to stain his cheeks and slowly started seeping all the way down into the collar of his flannel shirt.

"Oi! It's not funny," he exclaimed indignantly, making Harry laugh harder. "For your information your mother finds it very cute!"

"Keep you antlers on," Harry sighed, as he raised himself back up into a sitting position. His green eyes shining and sparkling from

being almost brought to tears. "I'm sure you're a regular stag with your fluffy bunny tail." It was now James' turn to sputter.

"It's not a bunny tail, you cheeky brat." he defended, trying and failing to hide his growing amusement as it made a reappearance.

Releasing a deep sigh, Harry wiped at his eyes. "Enough talk about your supreme manliness. Let's get to it. What do I have to do first?"

Chuckling slightly, James nodded. "To begin with, you'll have to..."

S2ndC

"I don't think it was smart of me to have put off my shopping until a day before Christmas." Harry grimaced as the mid-afternoon wind cut at his exposed face. He, along with his mother at his side, made their way through Diagon Alley and the expected crowds of people who had left their Christmas shopping to the last minute as he had.

"Nonsense," Lily admonished, the wind pulling wildly at the strands of her red hair that were hanging from her warm wool winter hat, just like her son's. "You only just got home yesterday and it was too messy out to go at the time."

"Still-" Harry was cut off from finishing what he was about to say as he grabbed a hold of a passing woman who had stumbled into him, her heels having caught in the cobblestone streets, pitching her into his side. Regaining her balance, her hands going to her hair to make sure it was still in place, she sent him a bright thankful smile.

"Thank you for the help, young one." She said, expressing her gratitude in an American accent. Leaning down she planted a kiss on his red-from-the-wind cheek. "Merry Christmas!"

"And to you too, my lady," Harry called out as she walked away, a wolfish smile splitting his face. Turning around to continue on, he stopped when he caught the dry look his mother was sending him. "What? That was only polite!"

Shaking her head at him, slightly amused, she started moving again, wondering just how long it would be before he gave in to his 'inner James.'

"Like I was saying, I know how to sneak off school grounds and how to move around without being seen. I should have started my shopping a while back."

Together, the mother and son turned onto one of the higher-end shopping districts, an off-shoot to the main thoroughfare of Diagon Alley.

"So, are you ever going to tell me what happened with you and the Royces?" He questioned anxiously. The thought of his mother dealing with the notorious crime family made him nervous, it didn't matter that the contract kept her safe. The Royces were feared for a good reason.

Noticing Harry's worried look she sent him a calming smile. "The whole thing was quite anticlimactic in the end. I gathered as much blackmail material as I possibly could, calling in favors and promising future ones in return for any information that could be of use. When I had everything ready, I owed the head of their family and requested a meeting in a public place."

Still listening to every word that passed his mother's lips, Harry pointed toward a random shop, indicating that he wanted to stop there. Nodding, Lily followed him, continuing her story. "At the meeting Vega's mother tried threatening us by saying she was going to go after our friends since they couldn't go after us directly." Lily informed him, rolling her eyes as they stepped into the shop that was considerably warmer than it had been outside. "When I showed her all the evidence I had against her, her family, and her 'businesses,' she laughed in my face, telling me that I could have all the evidence in the world, but that it wouldn't mean a thing when she had half the Wizengamot in her robe pocket."

Forgetting about looking for gifts, Harry wrapped his hand in hers, leading her to a corner where he cast a quick and over-powered privacy charm. "What did you do then?" he questioned, pulling off his large beanie, letting his scarlet hair fall freely around his shoulders.

"I told her she was right. That if I took all I had in front of the Wizengamot, it'd get me nowhere as there's far too many individuals in seats of power that would be incriminated by what I have to show for me to get any real results. Lily smiled, acting as if this was the

most normal response in the world. "But if I were to take this to the ICW then all of Britain would feel its wrath, and she and her family would be the first ones they would descend upon."

"No offense by this, but why don't we do that anyway?" Harry asked, not seeing a problem with all the trash in Britain having the powers of the wider wizarding world coming down on them.

"There are two things holding back that particular course of action. The first being you." Harry looked at her strangely. He was going to question what he had to do with their inaction, but was cut off by her before he could start. "The ICW, if they were to get involved, would be beyond thorough in their investigation. It would take them little to no time at all to find the contract the old Harry signed. You'd be locked away for who knows how long for a crime you didn't even commit."

Harry cursed, tucking the loose strand of his hair behind his ear. "I would love to get a chance to kick my past self's ass." Shaking his head, he brushed away his anger, turning his attention back on his mother. "And the second reason?"

"Because as long as they're still around we can use them to our benefit. They're powerful, have connections, and can get us items we may find ourselves in need of in the future," she explained. "As loathe as I am to admit it, their help will be invaluable in the future."

"So it's safe to assume we won't be having any more trouble with them in the future." Glancing around the busy shop he watched for anyone who might be attempting to overhear their conversation. It would appear, after numerous sweeps of the room, that his awareness was unneeded, as no one seemed to be paying them any attention. All were too busy trying to find the perfect gifts at the last minute.

"Not exactly," Lily sighed, drawing his attention back onto herself. "From what her mother tells me, Vega is a very vindictive little girl. She's warned her away from making contact with you, but whether she'll heed her advice she doesn't know"

Harry snorted loudly. "I could have told you the vindictive part."

"On the bright side she can't force you to do anything. But knowing her, she may very well attempt to get at you some other way, even with the contract in place."

Harry thought back to the curse he had been subjected to and felt a chill run down his spine. "As long as I don't have to experience that spell again, I'll be alright. It was a right nasty piece of work, even after all my experience with the cruciatus."

"I looked into that as well. The spell Vega used on you should have damaged her as much as it did you. It's the price one must pay for causing such harm to another, or at least that's what the original texts in the tombs left behind by the creator say. Otherwise, it would make its wielder powerful - far too powerful." Lily shook her head slightly as she recalled his memories of the spell.

"As you've already seen, its power in the hands of a mere schoolgirl can rival that of a Cruciatus cast by Voldemort. Admittedly she's a very powerful schoolgirl, but a schoolgirl nonetheless."

"So how was she able to do it with a bloody freaking smile on her face?" Lily could tell the anger that had slipped into his tone wasn't directed towards her, but at the Royce heiress.

"A ritual their family has known for generations." Lily allowed a victorious smile to grace her lips. "A ritual that I now know. It'll take me some time to gather all that's required for the process, but it's well worth the wait. That spell alone will help greatly when it comes time to start eliminating our targets."

"I really wouldn't mind showing her what it's like being on the wrong end of that curse," Harry muttered absentmindedly, his imagination running away from him, filling his head with visions of his wand turned on her.

"I know you want to get even with her, but that route is cut off from you." An apologetic look in her eyes, she reached out tucking the hair that had fallen loose of his ear back into place. "The ritual makes any who've gone through the process immune to all of the spell's effects, both those from casting it and when the spell is turned on the individual." Harry's lips tightened in displeasure, but he nodded nonetheless, eyeing his mother as he did so.

It still surprised him that his mother was as amazing as he had always heard - greater than he had ever heard if he was being truthful - her ability to love unconditionally, the astounding intelligence she held, and her beauty that even Harry couldn't help but to admire, made her appear as if she were an earthbound deity forced to walk among the lowly creatures called humans.

However, what surprised him more than anything else about the awe inspiring woman he called mother, was her willingness to grit her teeth and do what must be done, even when others were too weak-willed to do so. Even now she was ready to begin hunting down and killing Death Eaters - and if he had picked up her hints correctly, those who had escaped justice by greasing the dirty palms of those in power - when they both knew that others, even James, would look down on such things.

She understood his need for revenge and accepted it. She wouldn't waste time with trying to deter him from getting even when she herself would have done the same thing. It made him glad that she was going to be the one to train him, but more so than this, it made him proud to call her his mother. Kar had come through for him once again - Lily Potter would make him the man he needed to be.

"Sorry to break you from what I'm sure was a critical musing session, but if you want to find the perfect gift for Iris then we should get a move on."

Smiling at her, he nodded as he dropped the basic, yet useful charm. Stuffing his headwear into his coat he turned to search the shop for anything Iris, or any of the others on his shopping list would enjoy.

The shop he had entered was an unexpectedly good choice on his part. There was a wide and varying selection of wares to be found. Enchanted items, jewelry, rare books, and if the sound coming from one of the side rooms was anything to go by, pets as well.

Harry was looking over the many enchanted items - his eyes lingering on an obviously aged, bone-white, beaked masquerade mask, inlaid with black spiraling vines at the corners of the eyes - when Lily spoke from his side.

"Knowing just how expensive a war can be, I've used your knowledge of future events to our benefit."

"How so?"

"I've invested in a number of muggle companies that I saw doing well in a few years' time thanks to your memories. I then went on to do the same here in the magical world. You now own forty-one percent of a largely unknown, but soon to be quite famous, broom company."

"I own?" he asked pulling his eyes from the mask to her.

"You didn't think the generous amount of galleons you gave me to start setting things in motion was going to be left to gather dust, did you? I've insured what I was given would grow into more and what was left over was put into a private account at Gringotts under your name." Just as they were about to part ways the last time they had met up Harry had given her a chunk of the money he had stolen from Bellatrix's vault and had told her to use it in any way she seen fit.

"Is that wise?" Harry inquired, a note of concern entering his tone. "All that I gave you was from the Lestrage vault. Is it possible for the goblin's to notice the serial numbers on the galleons in my vault match those currently in the vault of an incarcerated Death Eater?"

"It took some time, but all of the galleons you gave me have been carefully integrated back into Britain's economy. None of the gold I placed in your account is the same as what you gave me."

"Alright," he said, turning back to the mask that would only hide the top half of its wearer's face. "If the account ever runs dry, inform me and I'll give you more. Bellatrix was quite rich... I wonder how she would feel knowing she's helping fund those who will be her and her fellow Death Eaters downfall?"

Lily laughed lightly at that.

"If that mask has caught your eye, you should buy it," she suggested. Reaching out, she gently picked it up and examined it. "It's a rather fetching piece... quite old too. I wonder what types of charms or enchantments were placed on it."

"I think I will. Never know when I might need a little cover."

Searching the shop over, he found a number of things for people on his list, including Iris, who he had been nervous about finding the perfect gift for. It was as he was about to take his items to the checkout that Lily gave his sleeve a small tug, gesturing to the backroom where the animals were kept.

"You've yet to search back there."

"The only person I've yet to get a present for, that I'd feel comfortable gifting with a live pet is Ivy." Harry pointed out, looking thoughtful. "Are you and dad going to be okay with her having one? It'll be you two, or more than likely just you, who ends up caring for it."

"I'm fine with it," Lily smiled sweetly at him. "Taking care of an animal is hardly a problem. We'll just have to get this 'maybe-pet' a rune-collar."

Heading toward the back of the shop, his mother falling into step with his pace, he asked what a rune collar was.

"They're collars used to influence animals, both domesticated and wild," she explained, entering the area where the animals were kept. "Though they only work on animals of a certain size or below. They would be less than useless on an animal any bigger than your average grim. Mostly they're used to keep animals from defecating in their owner's home."

"Sounds useful," Harry commented lightly, as he scanned the spacious cages the animals were in. "I'd like to put a few on some of Arabella's cats and sic them on the Dursleys."

Lily's gaze slashed to Harry, who from the set of his lips was upset at himself for his sudden use of the Dursley name.

"Harry if you-"

"It's fine," he said, softly cutting her off. Lily didn't look convinced.

"Harry-" She started, but when he looked to be seconds away from cutting her off again, his gaze caught hers, the emotion behind her emerald orbs quieting him instantly. "Someday you're going to have to talk about all that happened to you, not only at their hands, but those who wished you harm as you grew up. Know when that day comes, I'll be ready to listen."

Harry nodded, his gaze glued to the wood below his feet, still avoiding making eye contact as his mother pressed her lips softly to his forehead.

When Harry finally did drag his eyes up from the impeccably clean floors, his attention was drawn to the many strange and exotic animals he was surrounded by. Bowtruckles, pixies, nifflers, small monkeys, kneazles, owls and so many more.

Passing a glass enclosure filled with flobberworms, a small disgusted look on his face, Harry spotted two small red fuzz balls stumbling around on stubby little legs. Walking over to get a better look, he was instantly reminded of Ivy by the red on their fur. Inside the cage were two young creatures reminiscent of foxes.

Spotting Harry bent over a cage, his items set to the side as he played with the animals inside, Lily made her way over.

"Aww," Lily coo'd at the sight before her. "Red pandas! How adorable," she gasped, reaching in to touch one as it rolled cutely onto its back.

"I know you said okay to one pet, but how about two?"

S2ndC

Coming out of the floo a few minutes behind his mother, Harry dashed through the kitchen as fast as he could without outright running. Being careful as he moved into the living room to listen for Lily, who was supposed to be distracting the ever clingy and always loveable Ivy, he made his way to his room to hide her gift.

He was halfway up the stairs, his bags in one hand, the covered traveling cage for the two newly adopted pets in the other, when his heart skipped a beat as someone came around the corner and stepped onto the stairs. He released a sigh of relief at the same time

his shoulders slightly slumped when he saw it was Iris who had showed up, her eyes alight with joy at seeing him.

"Harry, I've been looking for yo-" She stopped when she realized how full his hands were. "Whoa, so that's where you've been."

"This is nothing," he replied nonchalantly. "You should have seen how much I had before I sent my friends their gifts through Diagon's local owl post office." Her eyes widened a fraction at that.

"A lot or not, do you need any help?"

"It'd be very much appreciated. Could you grab my bedroom door?" Nodding, Iris turned and dashed down the hall in the direction of her brother's room, Harry close on her tail.

Reaching his room and after he had placed all of the bags on his bed, Harry carried the still covered cage to his closet. Checking on the slumbering duo inside and making sure they had all they would need until he checked up on them again, he left his closet, using his wand to lock it securely behind him.

"You can't be so daft as to expect me to see you carry that covered cage in here, and not expect me to find out what's underneath," Iris said in a very matter of fact tone, her left hand on her hip, the right hand twirling her practice wand expertly between her small fingers.

Harry's barely glowing eyes mirrored her mischievous gaze. "Is that a challenge, my dark flower?" His words were rewarded with the sight of her blushing prettily. 'I'm going to enjoy not having to fight my feelings.' he thought, feeling pleased with himself, as he focused on the sight of her light dusting of freckles being overtaken by a flush in an attempt to better copy it to memory.

"And if it is?" She challenged defiantly, despite her obvious reaction to his words.

"Then I'd say you're welcome to try." Sending her a crooked smile that would be described as both devious and infuriating by many, but that he just knew the female sex to love; he bent at the waist giving her a deep flourishing bow.

"What are you doing?" Iris blurted out hesitantly, slightly distracted by her brother's quirked lips.

"Come now, Iris," he chided lightly, sending her a mock disapproving look. "I know for a fact that you know how duels work. Show me what you've got!"

As he spoke the nervousness his light flirting had brought on disappeared, only to be replaced with a cocky look of her own.

"You sure about this? I'd hate to mess up that perfect hair of yours," she taunted, drawing a light chuckle from him.

Waving his wand like a parent would a finger at a misbehaving child, he replied, "No need to fret about that my dear, everything about me is perfect, but alas, I very seriously doubt you'll harm even a single one of my perfect hairs."

"Cocky the peacock, flashed his feathers, then lost his head!"

S2ndC

"H-how is t-that possible?" Iris panted from her place on the floor.

Her back propped up against his bed, she followed his movements as he made his way around the room, looking as if he hadn't broken a sweat. Which, much to her displeasure, he hadn't, even after spending over an hour sidestepping and shielding himself against all the spells she knew that were even remotely offensive in their use.

"Practice." Iris snorted, rolling her eyes at his answer.

Shifting through the bags still located on his bed, he quickly found what it was he had been searching for. Placing the item into an unused bag, standing with his back to Iris, so she couldn't see what he was up to, he made his way over to his closet and placed it inside before resealing it once more.

"Is your offer of help still open?" He asked, as he stopped beside her, fixing her with his emerald gaze.

"I'm up for anything," she nodded.

"Then how about helping me wrap everyone else's gifts?" Giving a soft 'okay,' she rose to her feet, but hadn't been expecting to sway as she did. Fluidly wrapping his hands around her middle, Harry picked her up, getting a small squeak of surprise from her in the process as he placed her gently on his bed. "Joking aside, you've got impressive power and pools of magic for someone your age. Give it a bit of time and you'll get there."

Iris huffed, pulling a bag into her lap, refusing to meet his gaze. "I wasn't able to land even a single jinx or charm on you."

"I think your misses had more to do with who it was you were trying to hit, than it did with you being a bad shot. There were a few instances that you almost hit me," he revealed truthfully. Iris perked up at hearing this, a proud look entering her eyes as she started helping him sort out the cluttered mess around them.

Playful banter was exchanged back and forth as the siblings worked as one to wrap the purchased-at-the-last-moment gifts. It quickly became clear to them that neither of the two were talented in the subtle art of gift-wrapping. Though they seemed to be wasting more paper than they were putting to actual use, they enjoyed every second of it. Both of them getting to spend time with the person they held secret feelings for.

It was after they had started to make some headway in their war against their new foe, wrapping paper, that Iris suddenly went very still and wide-eyed. Harry, who was hyper aware of everything she did, noticed the abrupt change in her demeanor as soon as her hands stopped moving.

Gazing at her with unmasked concern, Harry laid a hand on her knee. "Iris, are you alright?" The combination of his touch with his caring and gentle tone pulled her from her musing.

"I'm fine," she muttered hastily, quickly sliding off the bed. "I'm going to go make us some tea. I'll be back in a minute." Hurrying from the room she left before he could utter a word, leaving him to stare after her, wondering what had gotten into her.

When Iris made her reappearance she held identical tea cups in each hand, matching trails of steam rising from them in her wake.

"Here you go," she said, placing his cup on his nightstand before making her way back to her spot on the bed.

"It smells good," Harry commented as the scent of the jasmine tea washed over him and filled the room.

Continuing where he had left off on wrapping his grandmother's gift, he was sure to keep an eye on Iris for any more abnormal behavior.

"So tell me, how many of the spells programmed into the training wand have you been successful in casting? Judging by the wand movements you used and the colors of the spells you sent my way earlier, I'd say you're just about done with them all." Out of the corner of his eye he watched her as she fidgeted nervously with her cup.

"I only have two more left to learn," she told him, squirming lightly as if she were trying to get comfortable. "I was blowing right through them until I realized if I finished them all too quickly, then I wouldn't have anything to occupy my time with when I'm bored."

"I'm sure mum would have been willing to program more spells for you." Setting his grandmother's completed gift with the others that had already been wrapped, he reached for his cup of tea.

"I know she would have, I just wanted you to be the one to do it," Iris whispered breathlessly, her eyes trained on her brother's hand. "Is something wrong, Harry?" she asked with barely restrained emotion in her voice. Harry had placed his hand to the cup, but had stopped all movement after that.

Said Potter had been about to pick up his cup when a foreign tingling spread up his arm, originating from the rune covered ring on his thumb that his grandfather had given him on his birthday. The prickling feeling quickly spread to the whole of his body making him freeze in surprise. As the tingling encompassed his head Harry was shocked to feel a presence slip into his mind, ghosting through his mental shields whispering to him.

'Veritaserum!'

In that instant it all clicked into place for him. Iris' sudden and random behavior, her running off as she had to fetch them tea, the

way she had been fidgeting since she had reappeared and the loaded glances she had been sending him since. She was attempting to drug him with the world's strongest truth potion.

Harry suddenly found himself very thankful for the Potter family heirloom around his thumb. Had he not worn it since the day he had received it, he may have spilled his deepest secrets in a potion induced trance. But his joy at dodging this new bullet quickly vanished as a slew of new emotions overtook him, the strongest of which was betrayal.

'Why would she do this? Why to me?'

All these conflicting emotions and their accompanying thoughts passed through his head in the span of a heartbeat, and would have more than likely continued on, had it not been for the source for his inner turmoil calling out to him.

"I'm fine," he reassured her with a charming smile that didn't show his distress. "I just happened to become lost in thoug- oh, bugger!" Not seeing any other way out of his predicament, Harry had 'accidentally' spilled the scalding hot tea containing the veritaserum, burning his hand in the process.

"Harry," Iris cried, almost spilling her own tea in her effort to get to him. "Are you alright? We have to get you to mum so she can heal that!" Cradling his angry-red and heavily blistered hand in her own, she led Harry, whose thoughts were traveling over the many possibilities of the situation he found himself in, out of the room in search of their mother.

But even with his hand throbbing painfully and the possibility that the girl he was obsessed with may be trying something against him, Harry was still aware enough to be able to spot the genuine concern in her eyes, and the way she gingerly ran her fingers over his raw skin in an attempt to ease his suffering. This only was what stopped him from delving painfully into her mind, even though he knew he may come to regret his inaction later on.

'Why is nothing ever simple for me?'

S2ndC

"Harry! Wake u-" Ivy's morning wakeup call was cut off as she was swept up into her brother's arms. "Harry, you scared me!" she whined accusingly, attempting with all her might to crush him to her.

"I'm sorry," he chuckled into her hair. Reaching behind him with his free hand he pulled his bedroom door closed before setting off to the kitchen, his youngest sister still trapped in his arms. "Are you excited for your gifts?"

Bobbing her head wildly, her hair whipping around from the motion, she beamed up at him. "Did you get me something?" she asked cutely, a gleam in her eyes that Harry wasn't sure should be there.

"Of course I did," he reassured her, placing a small kiss to her cheek that made her erupt in giggles. "More than one actually." Still giggling and her cheeks red, her head perked up.

"Can I have them now?" She asked hopefully.

"Nope!" he grinned down at her and was rewarded with a look of shock forming across her tiny features. Her Harry never denied her!

Recovering quickly Ivy pressed on. "Can I have one then?"

"Not happening."

"Can I see them?"

"Negative."

"Will you tell me what they are?"

"Sorry, but no."

Huffing cutely, her once red cheeks now blown out in an adorable pout, she crossed her arms refusing to look him in the face. "You're mean!"

Laughter silently shaking his shoulders, he carried the two of them into the kitchen where their mother was already making lunch.

"Happy Christmas, mum."

"Happy Christmas!" Ivy cheered loudly from his arms before she became serious and continued on. "Can we open our presents now?"

Lily smiled at her daughter as she made her way over to her children. "Like every other time you've asked, Ivy, no you may not open them yet." Ignoring the 'aww' Ivy let loose at being denied by a second person she loved, Lily placed a kiss on each of her children's heads.

"How's your hand?" Lily caught his eye, making it clear what she was really asking. He had only been able to briefly tell her what had happened the night before.

"Fine, I guess," he replied offhandedly. It was clear he didn't want to talk about it at the moment, so she let it drop for the time being. "Anything I can help with?"

"No honey, you just enjoy yourself. It'll be ready in a little bit."

"Kay."

It was only a few minutes later that he had started reading Ivy one of her book as penance for denying her the right to see/know her gifts early, that the fireplace erupted in emerald flames, spewing out a handsome dark-haired man.

"Padfoot," Harry said, in way of greeting.

"Morning all!"

"Oh, Sirius, I didn't expect you," Lily said, showing obvious surprise, but appearing to be happy nonetheless. "Are you taking us up on our offer? It still stands you know."

"Nah, I'm just stopping by to drop off everyone's gifts." Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a handful of previously shrunk presents. Laying them out on the table before him, Sirius gave a wave of his wand returning the gifts to their original size. "I was hoping while I was here that I could watch all of you open them."

As soon as Ivy cheered, Lily knew there wouldn't be anything gained by denying her youngest this treat. "Go get your sister and father Ivy, then you can open your gift from unc- and she's already gone." The

little bundle of energy had taken off the moment she realized the sooner she got the rest of her family downstairs, the sooner she'd get what she wanted.

Chuckling along with the other two, Sirius dropped lazily into the seat next to Harry. Giving the green-eyed boy a calculating look, he reached out and took a cubed shaped box in blue wrapping paper from the table and held it out for him to take. "Happy Christmas."

Harry didn't respond in any way, nor did he take the offered gift, choosing instead to send the Head of the Black family a dry look that said 'get real.'

"There are no pranks happening today, I swear." Sirius waved the box in a tempting fashion under Harry's nose. "Though I do plan on getting you back for that brilliant, yet evil prank. I thought my life was over until James stepped in. Well played!"

Sighing in relief, Harry took the offered gift. "Thanks Padfoot."

Unwrapping the box cautiously, despite Sirius' words telling him not to, Harry found himself withdrawing a large, crystal inkwell, filled with a substance that continuously shifted from one color to the next, and that seemed to expand outward filling more of the inkwell before it would shift back in on itself. Besides the fact that its size was big enough to cover his entire hand, and the strange lid atop it that was filed down to a sharp point, it looked to be a normal inkwell. Though Harry knew without doubt its contents wasn't the normal everyday brand of every-color ink.

"It's definitely pretty, but I'm guessing there's more to it than that." Harry observed as he leaned in close, tracking the patterns that would appear in the ink seconds before it would shift colors.

"Press some skin to the tip and find out," Sirius said mysteriously, earning the same look he had when he first offered the gift. "Do I need to make a vow? There aren't any pranks happening today, I swear on my family jewels!"

"Is it wise to swear on something that's already so tainted?" Harry quipped, momentarily looking serious.

"Just do it!" Sirius ordered, chuckling and rolling his eyes.

"Fine." Placing the palm of his hand over the sharp point that somewhat reminded him of a bee's stinger; he lightly touched the palm of his hand to the point, careful not to break the skin. It was only seconds later that a loud gasp could be heard coming from his mother.

"Sirius, you didn't!" Lily hissed at the now laughing man as he slumped slightly in his chair.

Harry who realized something was amiss attempted to remove his hand from his 'gift', but found himself unable to do so no matter how hard he tried.

"Mutt! What have you done to m-" Harry's growl was cut off as he felt the point where his skin met the inkwell heat up and start to sting. Turning the inkwell and his hand upside down so he could inspect what was happening, he found the source of his mild, yet unwelcome discomfort.

From the point where his skin met glass, the ink was flowing on to his skin, still changing color and fluctuating.

Instantly, the word 'tattoo' popped in his mind along with a mental picture of the last one he had seen. Much to his surprise, the small bit of ink that was already on his skin formed into an exact copy of what he had been picturing seconds before.

Sirius who had been watching the process spotted the poorly done anchor that looked to be fading from age, and let a small sneer grace his features. "I hope you have better taste in skin-art than that," his disgust was clear in his tone.

Lily who had left what she had been doing, unloaded on the back of the grim animagus' head on her way to her son's side.

Feeling embarrassed by what was upon his skin Harry tried willing the anchor away and was rewarded with it dispersing back into the rest of the ink that had appeared on his skin since it had first been formed.

Letting loose a calming sigh, he glanced up to find his mother standing over him protectively while Sirius hissed under his breath, his still smarting head cradled in his hands.

"If this is what I think it is then it's pretty damn cool," Harry admitted, earning a smile from Sirius, who stopped as soon as he saw the two glares being sent his way. "But the fact that you did this without telling me really pisses me off. I mean what if I hadn't wanted a tattoo."

"Before you get mad and all hitty," Sirius winced, throwing Lily a weak, but dirty look. "I'll tell you about my gift. It's called a Meta-Tattoo, and like the name implies, you can change it at will. The shape, the color, the size, what it is, how many separate ones you want, where it or they are located on your body, everything about it is in your control. So if you don't want a tattoo - which by the way I can tell from your voice you like it - all you have to do is will the ink to the same shade as your skin and you won't have to worry about it anymore."

Wanting to test this Meta-Tattoo Harry started willing the ink upon his skin into different shapes and shades of color. Green Celtic knots, colorful Chinese dragons, strange and random shapes, and even a few animals. Settling on the sentence 'Sirius is an ass' he glanced up to see said man pouting slightly and Lily with an approving look in her eyes.

"I think I'm going to enjoy this uncle Padfoot, thanks!"

AN: I think I did a pretty good job with this chapter. Next one will most likely be back to my normal 12,000plus word chapters. I'll try getting ch24 out soon. Remeber good reviews makes thing go faster.

Poll: Now I know people are going to bitch but I'm putting a poll up about the harem. The way I've got things planned out it would work better to have a smaller group of girls in the mix. But since I know some of you will want a say in this I've put up options. Some of which include getting rid of two of the girls and replacing them with either Fleur or Tonks. Fleur lovers and Tonks/Remus haters rejoice, the chance you have been waiting for is here! Rest assured there is an option to keep things the same. I have a poll for one of my other stories coming soon, so vote asap or you may lose your chance to be heard.

AN: Chapters from here on out will be shorter - somewhere in-between 6-8,000 words and up. This way I might actually be able to get something out once in a while.

As for the poll from last chapter I've decided to say the hell with it. I'm just going to write from here on out. No more writing scenes just to give certain characters screen time. If I feel like the girl fits with Harry she'll be in the group. It can be caging and completely awkward and unsatisfying to write someone in when you feel trapped into doing so.

I'm going to be straight up with all of you, I really don't like parts of this chapter. While it's true I've struggled with finding the time to work on it, for the most part I've tried again and again to make this chapter flow as I wanted. It's still not where I want it to be, but it'll have to do. On the bright side I have started the next chapter, so that's good news.

Thanks, as always, goes out to Lawyer Joe.

With eyes a shade darker than they should have been, Harry trailed his gaze longingly over his sister's frame. Her short, jet-black hair hung loosely in her jade colored eyes, as they danced with amusement. Iris, along with tiny, little Ivy was laid out on the lounge floor playing with the pets Harry had gifted them only minutes before. Giggling, Iris tickled the stomach of her baby red panda, unaware of her brother drinking in the sight of the alabaster skin of her neck, and the innocent way her Christmas day dress had fallen across her form.

"Be mindful of those around you." Lily said in a pale whisper, nursing a cup of eggnog as she slid onto the sofa next to him. To the rest of the room it looked as if the youngest male Potter was lost to the world, his attention focused solely upon one of the books his grandmother, Dorea, had gifted him for Christmas, but to Lily it was easy to see where his attention was really focused. "You wouldn't want anyone to see the emotion hidden in your eyes." Harry smirked at the lack of disapproval in his mother's voice that until recently had made itself known anytime the subject of his feelings for Iris came up.

His reply was slow in coming, too busy were his eyes trailing over the small expanse of creamy thigh exposed by Iris' dress riding up to

respond right away. "I have no idea what it is you're speaking of." Not knowing how far in the book he appeared to be, Harry flipped to the next page keeping up the facade that he had been reading the entire time. "I'm simply sitting here enjoying my book."

"I can see that." Lily replied blandly. Bringing the mug she was nursing to her lips, she took in a deep drag of the cinnamon scent of her seasonal beverage. "Are you going to tell me why it is you didn't give Iris her other gift?" she asked suddenly, her voice lowering to keep from being overheard.

"I have to figure out what it is that's going on with her, and why she was attempting to drug me." Dragging his eyes from the recipient of his affections and current dilemma, Harry fixed his mother with a bemused look. "Did you not enjoy my gift to you? I know it's not exactly new..." he trailed off, enjoying the way Lily's entire manner had lit-up at the reminder of her gift.

"I absolutely love it." she said with true joy in her voice. "I must know how you were able to get a hold of one of the personal journals of Rowena Ravenclaw."

"For a time I wasn't sure what to get you or any of the others, then one day after one of our mirror training sessions I was musing over what to get you and the others, when I realized where I was." Harry pulled out his wand, giving it a flick summoning a length of purple ribbon that he used as a bookmark. "Instead of going to the place where things are hidden, I called for the room to take me to the place where forgotten and lost items were held. Surprisingly, the rooms aren't the same."

"When you come to the school to help me end Salazar's attempt at overcompensation, we'll have to stop by the Room of Requirement and let you see just how many magical objects and personal items the founders and past students have left within the castle's walls." Growing silent, Harry gained a pensive look that had Lily watching him closely, despite her growing excitement at the prospect of searching the room she had only ever visited in his memories. "I had an idea... but I'm hesitant to try it, even with your help."

"Go on." she prodded softly.

"Well, if the founders are the ones who created the castle, do you think it's possible they created a connection between the Room of Requirement and their private studies? I'm well aware that the chances of, arguably, the strongest witches and wizards to walk the halls of Hogwarts creating such an apparent and accommodating entrance to their personal areas of study or bedchambers is astronomical, and would be undoubtedly deadly were they to exist, but the secrets that could be learned would be invaluable."

"I'm happy you second guessed yourself," Lily admitted grimly, setting her cup on the side table next to the chair they were occupying. "The only individuals alive I could imagine who would have the necessary skills required to breach the type of protections the founders would have employed to protect their secrets would be Dumbledore or the Flamels. And even then, I'm not certain they'd make it past all of the wards, curses, and enchantments unscathed. The thought of you attempting something so deadly makes me cringe."

Harry nodded, conceding her point, but was unable to let the subject drop. "What are the chances that only one of the founders knew of the Room of Requirements?" he questioned, leaning in toward his mother as he spoke. "What if one of them took it upon themselves to create the room without letting the others know – similar to what Slytherin did with the Chamber of Secrets? Would it not be possible to bypass all of the protections left by the other three?"

"That could work," she admitted grudgingly, if a bit skeptically. "But you have to take into consideration the possibility that more than one of the founders, possibly all four, had a hand in its creation. Then there's the chance that the inside of their studies and private quarters have also been guarded against any who were lucky enough to get past their protections alive."

Harry huffed in annoyance, knowing that he looked childish at the moment and the fact that she was right in everything she said. At times like these, he couldn't escape the feeling that he truly was eleven again.

"Given time we may be able to figure out a way to enter their private domains, but for the time being it's simply too dangerous and an unnecessary risk." Meeting his eyes that were so like her own, she

spoke, "I'm going to ask you not to attempt breaching anything you know I wouldn't want you trying on your own."

Harry pursed his lips, unhappy with his mother's request that he knew she gave him as a way to protect him.

Even before she knew of his true past, Lily had only given him a few simple rules to follow, a drastic and welcomed change from his time with the Dursleys, but after she learned of how trying his previous life had been she had only set forth 'rules' when she was training him, the rest of the time she had trusted his judgment. Now however, there must have been something about the way he looked as he spoke of unlocking the founders' secrets that made her set down guidelines when he was using the Room of Requirement, or doing anything else for that matter.

"Alright," he reluctantly relented, without trying to mask his discontent with her suddenly imposed boundaries. "You've been beyond understanding with all that's been happening around me, the least I can do is accept and try to follow what you have to say." Lily smiled happily at her small victory.

As time had passed around them, the mother and son had gone on to discuss some of the items Harry had found during his brief exploration through the room of forgotten items, when from his peripherals Harry spotted Iris rise to her feet leaving her new pet with Ivy before daintily making her way upstairs.

"Where are you going?" Lily asked, watching him as he rose to his feet, her eyes going to the stairs where Iris had just disappeared.

"To get some answers." With his book in hand Harry quickly ascended the stairs sending a small, reserved smile to his grandmother, who for reasons unknown was trailing his movement with a knowing look from her place next to Charlus.

"Iris," he called, lightly tapping at her bedroom door, Dorea and her troubling gaze pushed from his mind for the time being.

"Give me just a minute!" From his side of the door Harry could hear the opening and closing of drawers and the hurried shifting of clothing. "I'm changing, I'll be right out."

Pushing down the sense of loss he felt knowing she wouldn't be wearing the same dress he had been enjoying all evening, Harry propped himself up against the wall waiting patiently for Iris to open her door. With flashes of ivory skin swimming through his ever advancing mind, the young Potter was unaware of how the enchanted ink embedded upon his skin danced across the plains of his neck and face, playing off of the thoughts that were consuming him.

"Sorry for the wait." Iris said in way of greeting, as she pulled the door open to reveal a pair of baggy sweat pants and a cotton tee in place of the dress Harry had liked so much. "What's...?" Iris trailed off, surprise flickering across her face as she gazed inquisitively at him.

"What?"

Iris gained an impish smile as she grabbed his hand dragging him into her room. As he crossed the threshold Harry was quick to make sure the door was closed - casting a locking spell that went unseen by the young girl pulling on his arm. He didn't want any distractions for what he was about to do.

"Take a look at yourself," she ordered through her soft laughter, leading him to her vanity. "You look as if Ivy's been using you as a canvas." Gazing into the mirror Harry was vaguely reminded of the mask he had purchased the day before.

Stemming from inside the lining of his collar were thin, emerald vines streaking up the right-side of his neck, up on to and across his face before disappearing into his hair. More shocking than the sudden addition of a tattoo on his face was the way the ink affected his eyes and hair. The magical-ink based vines flowed into the whites of his eyes, blended with his irises that were the same shade of green as the ink, and across the blacks of his pupils, creating the illusion of the vines traveling over the windows of his soul.

The same illusionary effect had taken place in his hair. Where once there had only been waves of shining, healthy hair the shade of freshly spilled blood were now streaks of emerald 'vines' flowing with the red. It was quite easy to see the green in his hair wasn't actual vines - it looked as if he had simply dyed his hair in such a fashion - but was nonetheless impressive, especially when one considered he

hadn't been aware of what he was doing when he had made the change.

Running a hand appraisingly through his long tresses, Harry let off a small chuckle. "Contrasts nicely, if I do say so myself." he quipped, as he thought, 'If I use this gift the right way, there are untold amounts of fun to be had with it.'

"Hair, yes - eyes, no." Stepping to his side Iris peered up at him. "The eyes are just a wee bit freaky." she admitted. "The ones on your face should go as well, but leave the ones on your neck. They..." she trailed off for a second time, looking thoughtful and if Harry's eyes weren't fooling him, slightly embarrassed. "I guess the best way to put it is that they somehow fit you."

Concentrating on the magically altered ink upon his face, Harry closed his eyes willing the ink into his eyes. When he next opened them gone were the emeralds he was so well known for, in their place were blacked out scleras, and irises and pupils that bled together in a haunting gold.

"Are these more to your liking?"

If the dainty hand placed gently against his chin, lightly forcing his head upwards and his eyes out of her line of sight were anything to go by, then he would have to assume she didn't.

"Eww." she said dryly, making Harry laugh at the rare moment of grisliness.

Iris was by no means a tomboy. She, like most girls her age, enjoyed looking nice, and had from time to time played dress up with Ivy using their mother's dresses and makeup. But neither was she overly feminine like Harry had come to associate with Lavender Brown. Iris enjoyed flying, spending hours in her mother's potions lab, and passing the time with those she cared for and a good book, not spending hours in front of a mirror prettying herself up - not that she needed it. If anything Harry found her to be the perfect mix of feminine and... What he liked to call 'Irisness'. She was very much like their mother; she could play around without being overly dainty, yet still retained a natural beauty that was hard to ignore. So when she had said something that was so unlike her, Harry couldn't help but let out a teasing laugh.

"Don't do that, I like that we have the same eyes." she said honestly.

"As do I." Harry said, all traces of the humor he had shown moments before gone. Gazing down at her he realized just how much taller he was than her 4'4, as he captured her eyes with his own, black and gold bleeding back into their original white and green.

A small 'oh' escaped Iris' shiny pink lips as she found herself frozen in place by the loaded gaze her brother had fixed her with. Her mouth went dry and her heart felt as if it was attempting to escape when Harry's smoldering pools of liquid emeralds found their way to her lips, tracing over them with a look of intense, unyielding longing. As impossible as it sounded, Iris could feel his gaze traveling over her lips – tenderly caressing them, absorbing every minute detail that he could possibly take in.

With her lips trembling like a leaf caught in a gentle breeze, Iris felt truly beautiful for the first time in her short life.

As quickly as the feeling had come it disappeared, broken by the soft, musical sound that was Harry's throaty chuckle. Blinking rapidly - and she was sure stupidly - she found him looking away from her, leaning toward her vanity, balled fists braced against the edges of its wood as he gazed into the mirror, looking for all intents and purposes as if he was searching for someone inside the reflective surface.

Iris didn't know if it was a trick of the light, or the presence of the magical ink buried in their depths, but from where she stood it appeared as if his eyes had darkened a great deal in the amount of time it had taken him to turn away from her.

"Sorry about that," he chuckled blithely. "I lost myself for a few seconds there."

Iris swallowed deeply, attempting to regain her composure. "It's fine, happens to everyone..."

Pushing fluidly off of the vanity, Harry pulled his wand out holding it up loosely, earning a confused look from his sister for the sudden and random action.

"Harry, what are you-" She stopped speaking when she felt the training wand he had gifted her for her birthday slip from her pocket. Before she could find where it had fallen to she watched it sail into view and her brother's waiting hand.

Ignoring her inquiring eyes Harry pushed magic through his wand once more, sending it in search of what he knew – guessed – to be hidden somewhere in the room. Choosing to pay Iris' sudden in-take of breath no mind, he turned to see a teddy bear twice as big as the hand of a fully grown man flying from the direction of her closet.

"Please don't mess with that." Iris whispered, her voice breaking as it fought not to fall over the cusp it was teetering on and into outright pleading.

Harry didn't listen.

The light brown bear came to a stop in front of him, suspended just before his eyes. Reaching out with his wand he tapped one of its stumpy legs, turning it in midair and exposing its back and the line of tiny buttons that trailed from the base of the head down to the brown, cotton ball-like tail. Running his wand over the trail of buttons, each one loosened as the tip of the ash-colored, rune engraved wand slid over them.

Iris' panicked breathing played loudly and torturously in his ears as he reached into her childhood friend and pulled out a crystal vial full of what could have passed for water, but that he knew to be Veritaserum. Examining the vial - not noticing how the labored breathing of his sister slowed almost to a stop - he saw that had the seal on the stopper not been broken, it would have looked unused and full. It was a sign that she knew not to add too much of the truth serum to his tea - too much of the substance would have resulted in him spilling every secret he had ever possessed, both his own and those that he kept for his friends in both this life and the last, as he died a slow painful death - as was expected of someone who loved potions as much as she did.

"I don't know how-" Harry raised his hand, cutting her off by showing her the ring she had witnessed their grandfather gift him only months before.

"Knowing you would try to drug me is hurtful, to say the least. Don't add insult to injury by trying to fool me with such a thinly veiled lie. You're smarter than that Iris – you and I both know it."

Watching her fidget and squirm under his gaze was almost too much for the oldest of the Potter children. Delving into her mind and taking his answers was a temptation he would have given into had she been someone he didn't care for – only his inexperience and the untold amounts of pain he would cause her with such a reckless and cruel action stilled his magic-laced mind probe.

"Is it that even after all this time you still find yourself unable to trust me?" Even with his shields firmly in place and his emotions hidden away, he was unable to keep the hurt completely from his voice.

"NO!" she exclaimed, finally meeting his eyes again, the panic his words created in her clear for him to see. "I trust you completely. I just... I wanted answers."

"What questions could be so important that you would break the law? I'm really hoping you got that vial from mum's private stores and not from dad."

"I'd rather not say – and of course I got it from mum's stock – I'm not stupid. Dad would notice instantly if the single vial of Veritaserum he always carries with him was suddenly missing."

Harry gave her a searching look. "Iris, unless you tell me why you did this, I don't think I can trust you." At this, the panic that had been etched into her visage was washed away by a regretful, hurt look. And still, she did not reveal why she had tried to drug him.

"If you tell me what it is you wanted to know so desperately, I may answer your questions." Harry offered, grasping at straws to find a way to know what was going on.

Wide eyed, Iris stared at him in shock, relief shining in her large expressive eyes. "But only if the questions are within reason." When Iris nodded that she was okay with his solution, it was Harry's turn to be relieved. One way or another he was going to get his answers. Even if it had meant that he would have been forced to make her take some of the very potion that had led to this encounter.

"Deal," she agreed, quickly.

When it became clear she didn't know where to start, Harry knew she was having trouble by the lost, almost panic stricken look; he took her gently by the hand, pulling her flush to him. "I promise I won't be upset, all I want is for you to trust in me."

Iris shivered, leaning into his embrace. Goosebumps spread across her skin at the feel of his breath ghosting on the bud of her ear – the feeling was foreign to her, and all she really knew was that she liked it.

"When we lost you, after you had traveled through the barrier at King's Cross, I saw you reappear on the platform out of thin air, almost like you had just apparated. You said the reason you disappeared was because you were helping someone with their luggage, but I don't believe it. What were you really up too?"

The only indicator Iris had that her question had taken her brother by surprise was the slight tightening of his hold on her.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't feel like it." she told him in a small voice. "I'll understand if you don't want too. We all have things we want kept secret. All I ask is the same as you – don't lie to me."

"You want honesty, but what would you think of me if I told you I was doing something others frown upon?" The all too familiar need to give her what she wanted was rearing its head once more. Despite knowing he shouldn't reveal what he had done that day to her or anyone else for that matter, he felt his resolve slipping the longer he held her. And yet, he could not force himself to let her go.

"...It would depend on what you had done." she answered honestly.

Harry nodded into her hair. "That day I asked to go through the barrier alone, was so that I could illegally apparate to Hogwarts, sneak into the castle and my future head of house's office, so that I could steal a Time Turner from his desk."

Iris pulled back slowly, being sure to stay within his arms as she fixed him with a dubious look. "You do realize how farfetched that sounds, right? How could you have done all that in such a short amount of- Time Turner, right." she nodded, seemingly unfazed that

he had just admitted to stealing a very rare and powerful ministry controlled magical object.

"You believe me?"

"If you were lying you would have taken longer to answer, and would have told me something more believable. Not to mention your heartbeat didn't change when you answered me." Seeing his questioning look, she answered, "Gran has been teaching me how to read body language since you've been away. She says everyone has a tell when they lie. The hardest to reach, but the easiest to read, is a person's heartbeat. Yours didn't change in the slightest when you answered."

Harry chuckled at the simple, yet clever way of reading him. He recalled his grandmother telling him the same during the few times Dorea had been available to teach him about reading body language. He had forgotten most of what she had taught him since they had only been able to have three lessons together before he had gone off to school – a fact he was going to have to remedy.

"Here I thought you let me hold you was because you liked it. Who knew my dark little-flower was such a Slytherin at heart." It was to the sound of her chiming laughter that he pulled her back into his chest. "Come here. Let me make it easy for you to know if I'm telling the truth."

Iris hummed into his chest, enjoying the feel of his strong arms caging her to him. It was a shock to her that she didn't care he had stolen something, let alone an item as important as a magical device created by the Unspeakables. Not that she was in any position to reprimand him. She had, after all, stolen one of the most dangerous and highly controlled substances in magical Britain.

Either way, when this conversation was done and behind them, she was going to have to once again try and evaluate how deeply her feelings for her brother went. She knew she was smitten by him, a fact she had never admitted aloud, though she had an inkling that at least Astoria had figured as much out, but was it possible that she felt something even stronger than the effects of a first crush?

"Are you angry with me?" he hazarded, pulling her from her musings.

"Are you angry that I tried drugging you?"

"No... I admit to being hurt at first, but I can honestly say, had I been in the same situation I would have done the same. Possibly, something far, far worse."

"Good, because I'm not mad – just surprised and a little impressed." she admitted sheepishly, a small blush overtaking her dusting of freckles, not that her brother saw this. "How many people can say they've broken into Hogwarts undetected?"

"I think I may be a bad influence on you." Iris giggled at the thought. "Now what was the other questions eating away at you?"

Instantly Iris' laughter died away. Pressing her head deeper into his chest, she was sure he'd feel the heat coming off her face, but couldn't seem to bring herself to care. Anything was better than looking him in the eye as she asked her second question.

"Can I see the Time Turner?" she requested in an attempt to stall for time. "The closest I've ever come to seeing one was in a book."

"You wouldn't happen to be planning to steal it from me, so you can go back and try and put a stop to this conversation?"

"Time meddlers tend to end up dead – so no, no paradoxes for me." Harry chuckled.

"I'm sorry, but I can't show it to you. It was destroyed not too long ago. Every shard and grain of sand has become lost to me." After letting Iris process this bit of information, Harry pressed on. "Now why don't you stop attempting to distract me, and tell me what's going on in that beautiful mind of yours."

Iris' rushed reply was little more than a jumble of words that even Harry's advanced hearing couldn't decipher. "Mind repeating that in a way that I can understand?"

"I asked," she repeated, her tone imitating a leaf caught in a strong wind, "if there was anyone at Hogwarts you care for?"

"I care for all my friends: Daphne, Blaise, my housemates, most of the Hufflepuffs as well." Harry felt that he knew – hoped he was right – where this line of questioning was going, and decided to play ignorant until he could be sure.

"No, not your friends – I know you care for them. What I mean to ask is... are there any girls you fancy?" she finished in a rush.

Harry was ready this time for her the swiftness of her words, paying close attention so as not to miss a thing she had to say. Like Iris' blush before, the smile that lit up the Potter heir's face went unnoticed by his sibling. If there had been any doubt before that Iris was at the very least interested in him more than a sister should be – a little sister no less – it was gone now.

Unfortunately for him, it was a smile that died away as quickly as it had made its appearance. Harry had agreed to be honest with the witch in his arms as long as it was within reason. If he were to keep his word to anyone, it would be her. And here is where his dilemma laid.

The honest truth was that there were witches he cared for at Hogwarts. He could easily see himself dating either Cho or Katie. It was clear to him now, after looking back at his first term at Hogwarts, that the girls felt the same, that is, if their constant and steadily escalating bickering was anything to go by. How would Iris react to hearing that he had not one but two witches that came to mind. And more important still, why was it that a certain stoic housemate of his stood out in his mind the longer he thought about the subject, more so than both of the older girls.

"I said I wouldn't lie, and I won't."

Dreading what she was going to hear, Iris gripped the front of his shirt. Listening raptly, she noted the gentle tone he spoke with, as if he was aware of what she was truly asking him and how easily his answer could hurt her.

"There are a few that stand out in my mind – one of which I'm only just realizing that I have a soft spot for. But more so than-" Harry's attempt to hint at his true feelings for the one he was holding, was brought to a sudden and jarring halt when said witch roughly pushed away from him.

Iris fixed her crush with a gaze filled with jealousy and hurt. "Then what about what happened the day we came to visit you in the infirmary? What about m-" Gasping, Iris clasped a hand to her mouth. She hadn't meant to say any of that. Revealing she had felt how his body had reacted to her hug that day was bad enough, but she had, in a moment of overwhelming jealousy, all but admitted her own uncertain feelings to him – her brother. He'd probably see her as one of those disgusting pureblooded freaks, who got their jollies off 'keeping it in the family.'

Harry, much like his mortified sister, was facing his own earth shattering crisis. First his mother, then his best friend – that he now knew he felt more than a strong sense of friendship for – and now the girl he could scarcely go more than a few minutes without thinking about knew he had been aroused by his almost eleven – admitting that a ten year old had that effect on him was too much for the young Potter – year old sister's hug. He was sure the only way more people could have found out about his embarrassing reaction was if the loose-tongued Astoria had witnessed it.

"Iris..."

"I-I didn't mean it that way!" Harry stopped her from denying her words further by once again wrapping her in a hug. His hold was enough to set the young girl's fears at ease. He didn't hate her; the way he held her told her as much. She felt safe enough and loved enough in his arms that she no longer feared asking of him what she was so unsure of herself. "Harry, how do you feel about me?"

For the briefest of seconds Harry considered telling her that he was unable to answer that question until she was older, but before the words could form on his lips, his mother's advice on how to keep Iris for himself came to mind.

"Do you recall what I told you about mum and dad that day at the Leaky Cauldron – how he knew she was the one for him, even at such a young age?" Iris nodded, meeting his emerald gaze with her own.

Taking her by the chin, the feel of his body flush against her small frame driving him forward, Harry softly pressed his lips to her cheek – purposely catching the corner of her soft lips with his own.

"Without a single shred of doubt, I know how he felt when he laid eyes on her." The corner of his mouth burned from the brief contact they shared, and his soul soared at the sight of understanding and pure elation lighting her eyes.

"I-" What words Harry was going to express next would forever be a mystery to Iris – for at that moment a silver stag ghosted through her bedroom floor causing the two to break from their embrace, handily destroying their shared moment.

It was as the Patronus spoke in their father's voice, her eyes trained on her brother as he lowered his wand an angry sneer upon his lips, that Iris understood two things. The first being that her feelings for him were far stronger than she ever realized. The second, and the more jarring and upsetting of the two, was that no matter what happened between him and her from that moment on, they would forever be forced to keep their feelings a secret from the world.

"Your grandmother and grandfather are headed toward the floo. Come and tell them goodbye. You don't know when you'll see them next." Though the voice stayed strong throughout the message, the Patronus had dissipated leaving thousands of glowing particles to drift lazily around the room well before their father's words faded.

As had become habit for him when he was feeling stressed or any other strongly powered emotion, Harry ran a hand absentmindedly over his head and through his hair, as he took in the room and the girl it belonged to. Spotting the vial of potion and Iris' teddy bear lying on the floor where he had dropped them, he shook his head trying to get a grasp of how things had changed so much in a few short minutes. Summoning both items to his person, he slowly made his way over to his fidgeting sister, making a show of placing the potion back into her hiding place.

"I believe this belongs to you." Taking the bear Iris pulled it to her chest. "I know you're young, and probably not sure about how you feel, and that's fine – I understand. Take your time and really think about what you want to do from here on out."

It was as he left the room that he heard Iris' surprised intake of breath. She had found the simple yet elegant black, Venice-lace choker he had placed on the bear – her second Christmas gift from him.

S2ndC

"Fight back!" Lily commanded, sending another spell chain at her rapidly dodging son.

Spinning away from a large, slow moving red spell, Harry raised his wand ready to fire off his own curse, only to be forced to drop to his knees or be hit by a much faster green-gray hex headed for his chest. Scrambling to his feet, he fired an Accio at one of the training dummies located along the wall of the dueling chamber, pulling it into the path of a second green-gray spell. As the training aid was engulfed in constricting vines, the younger of the two Potters dived out of the way of a fourth spell, firing his own hex as he rolled to his feet.

Even though he had finally gotten off his own spell, Harry wasn't so arrogant as to believe the Paralysis hex would hit its target and kept moving while looking for an opening. However, what he witnessed next brought him to a stop despite knowing better.

Lily seeing her son's retaliation, pointed her wand at the incoming spell, using a charm Harry had never witnessed before to seize control of his attack – making the blue, sizzling haze that was the spell, spin around her body slingshotting it back at her frozen-in-place son. Knowing he would dive out of the spell's path before it could hit, Lily pulled a vial of murky green substance from her pocket and banished it to where she was sure he would roll to.

Her prediction of his movements proved to be correct – just as Harry's shoulder hit the ground the vial shattered against the platform releasing the gas it contained into his face. Pulling a second vial from her pocket, this one holding a light-blue liquid inside, Lily quickly made her way to her now violently coughing, green faced son.

As a wave of nausea passed over him, Harry was sure he felt like Ron had looked the time his wand had backfired in their second year. If it wasn't bad enough that his slave driver of a mother had forced him to duel her while being under the influence of pre-cast hexes – spells that made his muscles both cramp and spasm, because as she had pointed out "you never know what form of handicap you'll

face in battle" – now she was unexpectedly introducing the use of potions into their duels.

Just as his mother reached him, Harry lost the fight to control his stomach. Lily winced at the painful sounding retching coming from her son. Squatting next to his hunched over form, she swiftly applied the antidote before he could get anything else up, quickly following this act of kindness by casting the counter-curses for both of the earlier applied hexes.

Breathing heavily, more so from the sudden bout of sickness than the strain from their workout, Harry sat back on his haunches, banishing away the sour smell that polluted the air and the contents of his stomach littering the floor. Moving silently his mother folded her legs under herself, taking the spot next to him. Though it was a simple gesture, the feel of her hand rubbing circles on his back was enough to distract him from the raw, burning plaguing his throat.

"That was evil, you know that." he commented, anger or any other signs he was upset with her absent from his voice.

Lily smiled apologetically at him. The cold, detached, and most notably, ruthless persona she wore when pushing him was noticeably absent from her visage at the moment. "As cruel as it sounds, the best way to learn a lesson is to reassure that the consequences of our actions are well learnt" Harry nodded at her explanation, waiting for her to continue. "Many see potions as nothing more than remedies to be used to cure ailments. When in reality, they can be used for so much more – especially when one capitalizes on their benefits in battle."

Harry watched as his mother summoned a thick dark-green article of clothing that had gone unnoticed by him up until this point from across the room. The expertly crafted, dragon hide belt possessed holsters for potion vials and test tubes all along its length, along with two pouches for other items he could find use for that would set upon his hips when worn. Knowing it was a gift, he let it fall into his lap, examining it and the potions already slotted into the holsters as his mother once again began to talk.

"When an enemy takes or finds you without a wand, they assume they've won or have the upper hand and will let their guard down. It's then that you use their arrogance against them. Or, instead of using

potions as a last resort, you can incorporate their use in battle as I just showcased."

Harry nodded, going over the possibilities that had just been laid out for him. "I can see how they'd be helpful. Throwing something that isn't a spell at an enemy could serve to throw them off – giving those who wish you harm more to worry about than enemy spell-fire. And if you possess a potion that has a wide area-of-effect, you could take out more than one opponent at a time or even bypass shields meant to protect solely against spells and their affects, not potion vials and other tangible items."

"Excellent, you've grasped the concept so easily." Lily beamed.

Grunting, he replied, "Not hard to miss after that little demonstration you so kindly gave me."

Slowly, the smile she had been wearing gave way to a smaller, less enthusiastic imitation. "My method of teaching is effective, no matter how much I dislike employing it with my own son." she admitted softly. "However, to make up for pushing you as hard as I have, I'm going to teach you a Potter family shield."

Wearing a surprised tinged smile, Harry set forward. "What type of shield is it?"

"It was created by your grandfather during the last war, as a sort of counter measure against the killing curse." Harry's eyes widened hearing this. He knew the occupants of this world were stronger than the one he originated from, but hadn't thought such a feat would be possible. "It uses debris and anything else you can find to block incoming spells – this of course includes the killing curse. The spell uses a variant of the Levitation charm on objects around you – causing said objects to orbit around you as you duel. When an incoming spell is detected the shield throws whatever it has in its pull into the path of the oncoming spell."

"As you can guess, this doesn't protect you from everything. Blasting curses or any number of high powered spells can cause the debris that's shielding you to become ammunition for your enemies. And while the shield does try to stop all incoming spells, it's not a hundred percent. Those moving at too great a speed to be intercepted or a multitude of curses all at once are capable of

breaching its domain." Lily informed him, recalling the fight with Death Eaters in which Charlus had learned the hard way his shield wasn't impenetrable. "If relied on too heavily, it'll only be a matter of time before it gets you killed. This would be a shield you should use sparingly. Since you use a style of dueling that relies on fluid and graceful movements to dodge and turn your opponent's spells against them, this would be more of a hindrance to you than an actual aid in battle." Harry nodded in agreement.

"I can already see a number of spells that could easily render this shield ineffective." Staring off into space pensively, his mind raced through the ways he would counter such a spell if he were to ever face it. "Fire spells, water based spells, transfiguring or summoning a pit, destabilizing the footing of the caster. And as you pointed out, banishment charms could be used to turn the objects used to protect one's self into ammunition for your enemies. This shield comes with as many risks as it does perks. Though if used in the same manner..."

Seeing the look of deep concentration he was wearing, Lily couldn't contain her curiosity and gave voice to her inner Ravenclaw. "Perhaps you've devised a solution that can counter the shield's many drawbacks?"

"Yes and no. It's not really a way to counter the shield's flaws, but a way to turn it into a deadly last resort. Employing a wide-range banishment charm or a spell that possess similar effects could be used not only to stop more spells than the shield normally would, but also as a type of – wide-reaching shrapnel spell." he finished, struggling with himself to find a term that would fit his idea. "You couldn't use it if your allies are near, but if you're alone and surrounded by enemies..."

"You can use the shield as a devastating and more than likely lethal wide area spell." Lily really liked his solution. Even though the Death Eaters didn't possess massive numbers during the last war, those who were willing and able to fight Voldemort's lapdogs and the monster himself were far outnumbered by the blood supremacists and those who wished for nothing more than to watch the world burn around them. She could name a number of occasions where his idea for Charlus' shield would have been of a great help to her and their family.

But more important than reliving past experiences where her son's plans would have been of help, she felt a deep, all encompassing pride that he had not only recognized the shield's flaws, but had come up with a way to improve upon its use in a matter of minutes of learning of the spell – and this was before he had even learned how to cast the spell. It seemed impossible for this version of Harry – "her precious son", she told herself, despite not being the one to actually give birth to him – to not meet the high expectations she had grown to hold him to.

"Before I start teaching you the shield or we attempt to incorporate more of your ideas, I need to inform you of things that are different from the magical world you came from. Things that will affect you and possibly all of the Potter family greatly in the future."

Falling back into a more comfortable position, Harry nodded. "What's going on?"

"In this world there are a number of organizations that have their wands in everything. Sports, betting pools, businesses, loans, investments, the muggle world, and even students who they – these 'groups' – see as having potential in one form or another. If there is something to be gained by being a part of it, or a person they can find some use for, they'll do all in their power to persuade and lead them to join their respective causes. And once they have you, they're like a severe case of dragon-pox – almost impossible to get away from truly unscathed."

"How do you know there weren't such groups in the other world?" he asked curiously. To him it sounded like these groups were similar to the Death Eaters, minus the obligatory hatred of anything that was different than it was a thousand years ago. Not to say they lacked the same bigotry as the DE's, organizations like those his mother spoke of weren't the type of thing that could just appear – making a name for themselves overnight. It took old – "pure" – blood, large sums of money and connections that had been established for generations to gain that kind of control. That some of them would be anti-muggleborns, playing up their lineages and any type of progress in the rights for anyone different than them was a given.

Lily gave him a thin lipped smile that let him know she was upset by something or someone. The person or persons, or the thing that had gained his mother's ire became clear when she next spoke. "With no

one taking the time to teach you the traditions and laws of the wizarding world, if there had been any such groups they would have swooped in and ensnared you in a contract that would have you in a situation that could have potentially been worse than that with the Vega girl."

"As I'm sure you've worked out for yourself, these groups are filled with the most powerful and gifted, the richest and most valuable individuals Magical Britain, and as is often the case, those lands that lie beyond her borders, has to offer. Including Death Eaters who would like nothing more than to get their claws into someone like you – the son to one of Britain's four great families."

"You've made quite the name for yourself these past couple of months. Your perfect grades, the way you were able to fly circles around Cedric and capture of the Snitch – even your recent duel against Gryffindor has all caught the eye of those who pull the strings of our society." Looking as if she was trying to choose her words carefully, she pressed on. "I'm warning you, so that you're prepared when the offers start to roll in. There will be those who will approach you bearing gifts, those who will expect you to jump at their offer; some will threaten you passive aggressively, while others will do so outright. Be cautious in how you respond to these advances, for anything you say and do will have long lasting and far reaching consequences."

"I'll take any offers I receive with a grain of salt. Though if I joined with an organization that is well known for having Death Eater members I could get in close to them sooner rather than later." He had expected his words to be met with the same look of approval he always seemed to receive from his mother, but before he had even finished speaking she was shaking her head.

"Harry, since I started your training you've improved significantly, but the Death Eaters of this world far exceed those you're used to facing. Voldemort as well is vastly different here. In your original world it was clear that he ruled with fear – punishing those who failed in his eyes, even when it was not their fault. In this world he was known for taking a far greater interest in the advancement of his followers' abilities." she revealed, her tone etched with worry. "When his servants failed him they would be punished, much like they would be in your world. But he didn't stop there. He would oversee their training – pushing them until they met his expectations. As for his

closest followers – his inner circle – they were showered with his attention. He took natural born killers – the scum of the world and turned them into his personal weapons; extensions of himself."

As one would expect, this news was met with a less than excited response. The thought of Voldemort putting his followers through hellish training, both those who pleased him and those who gained his wrath, was a frightening thought. Already, with their training to duel at an early age, this world's inhabitants were much stronger than those of his world. What would it be like to face a Bellatrix Lestrange who was trained by Voldemort personally?

Ignoring the old part of himself that wanted to mope and brood about how they were all doomed, and his newer self that was raring for the challenge that such enemies would undoubtedly bring, he turned his attention back to his mother, who had been sitting patiently waiting for him to surface from his thoughts. "I'll keep that in mind for the future."

"Be sure that you do." Lily grew quiet after saying that. Fighting the nervousness that was plaguing her – her heart beating as wildly as it had the first time she had accepted James' offer of a date – she steeled her resolve, knowing that Harry wouldn't like – maybe outright hate – her plan.

"I've made plans that can counter most of the offers you'd receive – those offered by the organizations with the weakest of wills at least, and that will allow you access to vast amounts of knowledge that the masses will never be privy to. Whether or not you wish to take this offer is up to you. Know that if you do take it you can still accept additional propositions, as well."

"These 'plans' of yours sounds tempting, very tempting. But for some reason I sense there's a rather large 'but' coming my way."

Lily nodded grimly. "If you were to accept you and I both would be forced to make a costly sacrifice."

AN: So I think the short chapter plan was good idea. Here's chapter 25 with almost 9,000 words. Not to mention how much faster this update was compared to the last.

Now I have to explain something important about this chapter at the end. So before I start getting flamed, just listen to what I have to say.

The continuation of Harry's conversation with Lily will take place later on in the chapter. I've gone ahead and skipped the rest of Christmas, as there was only three important events left (including Harry and Lily's talk) that I can cover in flashbacks.

Thanks, as always, goes out to Lawyer Joe.

"Damn woman."

Hissing not for the first time that day, Harry sluggishly exited the Ravenclaw showers. Flicking his wand to open the wide, arching window by his bed as he entered the boy's first year dorm, he was pleased to see his bunk mates were out for the time being.

The absence of his roommates meant that the young Potter heir wouldn't be forced to lie or dodge any awkward questions the sight of his bare, well-muscled (for his age) chest would have undoubtedly drawn. And though it could be said the boys he bunked with were excellent at minding their own business and looking the other way when one of their own was doing something that may be frowned upon by their professors, the scattering of purple, black, and disgusting, sickly looking yellow marks that littered his front and back, up and down his legs and the areas that disappeared into his towel would have seen them up in arms.

Though they may be in the house of knowledge, the bond shared by the Ravenclaw first years was comparable, if not outshined, that of any of the Hufflepuff house possessed. The thought of one of their own being harmed, especially one as well liked as Harry, would have resulted in the entire flock of ravens taking to the skies looking for blood.

Forgoing his usual drying charm, Harry perched himself on the edge of his bed, biting back the gasp that nearly escaped as his still wet form lowered on to his mattress. Sighing into his second towel, he

enjoyed the feel of the light breeze that ghosted against his sore body summoning goosebumps to the surface of his skin.

A week had come and gone since his return to Hogwarts. A week that had crawled at the same agonizing pace of a drunken flobber worm for the boy with blood-colored hair, as he was forced to wait for the day his mother was to sneak into Hogwarts and help him rid the castle of the basilisk that had lurked bellow its occupants' feet for centuries.

Little did he know how unexceptional and outright lackluster such an event – the defeat of one of the Magical world's most deadly and feared creatures – would be. The only mildly redeeming event of the day had been witnessing his mother's behavior as she waited for him to open the entrance to the chamber.

With a cranky rooster underarm, Lily visibly shook with excited, nervous energy, her eyes trained intently on the sink as it shifted into a grime and filth coated slide that disappeared into the stagnant scented darkness below. Privately, Harry felt that his mother had never looked more like Ivy than she did in that moment, whereas normally, it was the former that resembled their mother with her small actions and love for reading. But as the final, deafening thunk reverberated through the dust strewn bathroom floor and into the soles of their feet, he couldn't help but compare her demeanor to that of Ivy on Christmas morning.

"How are we going to go about this? I'll go down first if you'll allow it."

Lily smiled, moving the less than thrilled animal from under her arm and into his hands. "No need."

Together, Harry and the rooster watched as the only female member of the trio cast a silencing charm on the bathroom before going on to tap her wand to the inside of the entrance leading down into the chamber.

"What spell was that?" Down the slide and along the walls and ceiling that lined the filthy slope appeared a brief flash of orange energy that vanished almost too quickly for Harry to register.

"Echo charm." she answered, absentmindedly. Nodding to herself, she reached out and reapplied the spell before adding a second charm to the first. "It'll keep any sound that enters the area the charm has been cast on going for days. The second spell will gradually amplify the volume of any sound captured in the first charm until said spell dispels."

Hearing this, realization, followed quickly by disappointment, dawned on Harry. There wasn't going to be any impressive displays of highly advanced charms and defensive spells; no traveling into the beast's domain to face it in a battle of life and death, where they came out victorious after pitting themselves against such a deadly foe. No, no such heroic tale would take place on this day. She, a woman known for her knowledge of rare and obscure spells and her combat prowess with and without a wand, was going to have the rooster cry into the chamber and let such unimpressive charms do all the work. It was both brilliant in its elegance and simplicity yet disheartening (for Harry's inner adrenaline freak) at the same time.

Taking the rooster from her son, Lily prodded it with her wand applying what Harry recognized as a Sonorous charm on the flightless bird. Receiving a look from his mother he hastened to cast a deafening charm onto their persons seconds before she held the animal to the entrance and hit it with a weak stinging hex.

Deafened by his own spell work, Harry was unable to hear the creature's indignant cry – but this alone did nothing to prevent him or his mother from feeling the resulting vibrations of its magnified yell. Receiving the signal from his mother, he hissed the entrance closed as she silenced the still squawking rooster.

"That was anticlimactic." he snorted into the unnaturally quiet bathroom, after having released them from the charm that had been addling their hearing. Reaching out he stroked the still upset rooster on the head.

"Better the conquest be over quickly and completed with ease, than it be exciting and one of us ending up dead." Dropping the silencing charm that she had placed on the bathroom, she made for the door. "Since I'm already here, let's take this opportunity for me to teach you the benefits of conjuration in battle."

This statement was the only warning he received of what was in store for him. Hours later he had stumbled into Ravenclaw tower with firsthand knowledge of what it was like to be pelted with steel, iron, and any other precious metals she could summon for the sole purpose of "training him."

The lesson on conjuring metals and other substances in various forms was without a doubt downright fascinating and would surely come in handy in the future. But the road taken to learn said lesson was one Harry wouldn't have minded waiting until a later date, preferably after his speed and ability to dodge had gone up, to learn.

Pulling on his clothing and slinging his potions-belt low onto his hips, Harry made his way downstairs where he had left his schoolbag in his haste to rendezvous with his mother. Finding his things where he had left them, he surveyed the room for anyone he'd like to spend time with.

Noting Daphne's absence from the tower, and feeling too tired to try and join any of the ongoing conversations, he started for the exit intent on finding a quiet place to reflect on his day and work on his mental shields. As he reached the entrance, his mind drifting to the fact that despite being in the Room of Requirement earlier in the day, his mother had yet to visit the specific rooms they had spoken about searching, he nearly bumped into another person who was as lost to the world as he was.

Trailing his eyes up the light-olive skin and lithe frame of his would be collision – past her slightly wavy, chestnut-hair that hung to her shoulder blades, and her shiny pink lips, up into the girl's dark and intelligent doe-like eyes, he recognized the beauty of Alice Wynter, Ravenclaw's female seventh year prefect and Hogwarts' Headgirl.

The "older" girl looked shocked at being pulled from her thoughts, the feel of his strong hands grasping her gently by the elbows so as not to hurt herself upon awakening to her surroundings. That didn't stop her from giving him a sweet smile when she realized who she had almost collided with, or noticing that he was almost as tall as she was now.

"Harry! I'm sorry – I was preoccupied and failed to pay attention to where I was going."

Harry chuckled. "No need for an apology, Alice. I'm more than okay with having a beautiful woman fall into my arms on occasion." Adding a wolfish smirk to his flirty words, Harry was pleased with the almost unnoticeable hint of pink that crept up the girl's neck.

Swatting his arm lightly, Alice fixed him with an amused, reprimanding look. "You're incorrigible, Potter."

"I try," he shrugged, impishly. "Where are you headed in such a hurry?"

"I'm off to send a reply to my father... He's been quite cross with me as of late."

"Cross...? With you?" Harry gave her a skeptical look. "Prefect, Headgirl, top of your year, has a job despite her family being worth more than most of the other pureblood families in Britain, gorgeous, kind hearted, and a whole slew of other traits that set you apart from your average boy-crazy seventeen year old witch, and still your father is able to find something to be cross with you about?"

Her blush made its reappearance, this time darker and farther reaching than before. She giggled softly into her hand. "Something tells me he'd be fine with me being more like those 'boy crazy witches.'" she said cryptically, not sharing what she had meant by her words.

"You must get your ability to overachieve from him." Harry deadpanned, before becoming serious. "Anything I can help with?"

"No." she replied, giving a small shake of the head, her long hair swaying from the action. "You can walk with me, though. If you want to, that is."

Nodding that he would in fact like that, the duo set out for the owlery side by side. Chatting as they made their way to the tower housing Hogwarts' and its students' owls, their conversation remained light and easy as they went. It wasn't until Alice had sent off her letter and had turned to face him with a searching gaze that he realized she knew something was up with him.

"Are you going to tell me what it is that's upsetting you, or are you going to keep it bottled up? Looks aside, no girl likes a guy who has

a tendency to brood." Harry snorted, finding amusement in her flat tone and blunt approach.

"Who says anything's wrong with me?" he challenged. "I'm my same, normal, charming self, like always."

"Harry..."

Toeing at the bones of one of the thousands of long since decayed mice that littered the owlerly floor, he sighed. Alice had never given him a reason not to trust her, and he did need someone to talk with.

"I've been handed a choice that will affect me for the rest of my life. A decision that could mean the difference between life and death for not only me, but others as well."

Wearing a look of concern for the young boy she had come to grow quite fond of, Alice wrapped him in a hug from behind, much like she had the night of his sorting. No longer could she place her chin upon his crown. Instead, she now leaned her head into his, her chin on his shoulder.

"Maybe I can help make your decision easier... if you'll let me?"

Harry nodded.

FLASHBACK

"These 'plans' of yours sound tempting, very tempting. But for some reason I sense there's a rather large 'but' coming my way."

Lily nodded grimly. "If you were to accept, you and I both would be forced to make a costly sacrifice."

Eyeing her wearily, he sat up a little straighter preparing himself for what he was sure to be an evening-ruining conversation.

"In the past, just after your father and I decided to start a family, it wasn't an uncommon sight for Croaker's head to be in our fireplace, pleading with me to return to my position within the Unspeakables. His attempts to re-recruit me became so frequent that eventually I was forced to warn him off."

Harry didn't need her to elaborate any further to know that this Croaker-fellow had incurred her ire. There was a good reason Sirius feared his mother, so.

"Who's Croaker? I'm assuming he's somehow important within the Ministry and the DoM."

"He's the head of the Unspeakables and the Department of Mysteries. A powerful wizard who is well known for his thirst for knowledge and ruthlessness when dealing with his and the Unspeakables' enemies," she explained. "After getting my point across with him, I hadn't heard from him or any of the other Unspeakables in a capacity that pertained to the Department of Mysteries since."

"Hazarding a guess here, but I'm assuming this period of silence ended recently?" Harry commented, dryly.

"You'd be correct. Croaker has asked me to head a private contract that the Department of Mysteries has received from an influential, foreign pureblood family." Lily's revelation was met with a serious, probing look. Anytime the word "pureblood" was brought up and had something to do with his mother or sisters, Harry instantly went on alert.

"How will this foreign family take the news that a muggleborn witch will be the one to oversee this expedition or whatever it is they're asking for? I know not all magical nations are as intolerant and bigoted as Britain can be, but I also know that we're not the worst, either. Not even close."

"The contract would have me traveling to Japan, leading an expedition team into an underground labyrinth that connects a shrine and a castle, both of which are as old as Hogwarts. Our team will be responsible for the circumventing and the destruction of wards and any and all spells or enchantments with malicious intent."

Throughout her explanation Harry kept up the same expectant look, waiting for her to answer his original question. Shaking her head in exasperation, she laughed softly at how protective he was acting. Just another trait of his that reminded her of his father.

"You have nothing to worry about. Japan doesn't share views with the majority of Britain's older families on the importance of blood status." she reassured him, rolling her eyes playfully at him, attempting to lighten the tension visible in his shoulders. "While they strive to keep alive their traditions and all the things that led their government and people to being a force to be reckoned with, they've also come to accept that change is something to be embraced, not fought and restricted. And that if they wish to keep their legacies alive for future generations they have to welcome new life and blood into their ancient bloodlines."

"But before we get ahead of ourselves, I've not taken the job yet. Whether or not I do depends on you and the choice you make." Seeing her words effect on him, she pressed on, knowing that his reaction was likely to be a negative one. "I was going to outright refuse Croaker's offer to return to his ranks and the chance to head up the execution of the contract. But just as I was about to turn him down, he brought you up, expressing his interest in you and your achievements. He then went on to reveal his plans to try and recruit you sooner rather than later. Hearing this, I knew that if I made him an offer, then and there, I could gain you access to a wider range of the knowledge housed within the Department of Mysteries."

The thought of all the knowledge hidden away in the deepest parts of the Ministry, far from the prying eyes of even the most influential, palm-greasing purebloods, suddenly being offered to you would be enough to make even the laziest and most unmotivated person sit up in attention. Harry, who was living up to his new house's reputation, couldn't think of any organization that could bestow such a tempting perk for joining them.

"And how much access were you able to barter for?"

"If you agree to join them that will depend on you. It's only natural; there are certain pieces of information and dangerous artifacts that you won't be privy to right away, if ever. However, they're willing to allow you access to as much knowledge as you can safely handle. Of course, it's a given you'll have to swear an oath not to disclose anything the department and the Ministry wants kept from the public eye, but if you continue to excel as you have so far they'll allow you as much knowledge as you can handle."

Ignoring the thrill of excitement traveling up his spine, he said, "That's quite generous of them."

Lily nodded. "In addition to the access to their spells and library of information, I'll also be allowed to officially train you, not only in combat but in Charms, Runes, Ward Construction, Potions, Arithmancy and in reaching the title Elemental. Trainers for other subjects you may be interested in will also be made available to you, though your father is looking forward to taking you under his wing and training you in his chosen art of Transfiguration."

"It sounds like the offer of a lifetime," he admitted truthfully. "But you've yet to tell me what the drawback to all this is."

Lily grimaced. "The job requires that we identify, learn, and remove all the protections that have been placed on the tunnels since the time of their creation, excluding those that are preventing the passageways from caving in and wearing away with time. In addition to bringing back the enchantments and wards we discover to the family that contracted the DoM, we're expected to capture any and all creatures we come across down there, without maiming or killing them. Severely harming one of these beings, even by accident, could lead to an international incident."

"I understand things are different for this family, and maybe it's just how things are done in their country, but what's so important about these creatures to them? More times than not, families of great power, no matter how accepting they are of change, wouldn't blink twice at the death of animals or any creature they label as being lower than them that stand in the way of something they want." For the moment the "sacrifice" he was expected to make was forgotten.

"The labyrinth hasn't been entered in over a century, and even before this time the wildlife and wilderness that thrived in the miles of wide twists and turns made it difficult to venture into the tunnels. In the past hundred years alone, there have been a number of creatures native only to Japan that have gone extinct – it's the same all over the world. Their hope is that at least a few of these thought to be forever lost species might still be alive and thriving."

"How big are these tunnels supposed to be? If they're capable of sustaining all these creatures and wildlife then they'd have to be of an impressive size."

"I've only seen a few sketches of the hidden entrance chamber located at the shrine, but that was as large as the Great Hall of Hogwarts. If the information the family has is accurate, then the tunnels are just as big, if not bigger." she informed him, knowing exactly how he felt. She had been doubtful of the chances of survival for any of the extinct creatures they hoped to find, that is until she saw just how incredibly massive the area she and her team would be working in actually was.

Having allowed him time to grasp how large an undertaking clearing the tunnels would be, Lily decided it was time to answer his question. "If you accept Croaker's proposition then you will be a part of this excursion as my apprentice, working alongside me and my team. Learning all you can through firsthand experience. The root of our problem lies with the core Rune Stone and Wards knitted into the very foundation of the Rune Clusters. The use of Apparition and Portkeys will be impossible until the very end."

Understanding lit the Potter heir's eyes. "Making travel that would normally be easy for a witch or wizard much more difficult."

"We'll leave as soon as you're ready; the entire expedition is waiting for my go ahead. Once we start – if we go through with this, we'll only be able to make the trip home on occasion. Until the job is completed we'll be forced to go months at a time without seeing your father, Iris, and Ivy."

"What of Ivy? Who will take care of her?" he demanded in a sharp voice.

"James has agreed to cut back on his hours to help out at home, and she will spend the rest of the time with Dorea."

"They know about this?"

"Your grandfather knew of Croaker's plans before even I did." Lily's confession was given with a scowl, not that Harry was paying this any mind. "Your grandparents, father, and I all think it's a wonderful opportunity."

"What of Iris?" he blurted angrily. Suddenly all that knowledge he'd been offered and the adventure the labyrinth presented him with

didn't seem as tempting as it had before. "How do I explain leaving after telling her how I feel... sort of." he finished, sounding almost sheepish despite his anger.

"I'm not sure." Lily answered him honestly, looking at him apologetically. "As I said before, it'll be a sacrifice for the both of us."

FLASHBACK END

"I can see why you're troubled." Alice whispered comfortingly into his ear. "A chance to enter the Unspeakables at such a young age is unheard of. But to have to tell your family and friends goodbye for such a long period of time is a costly price to pay."

Harry nodded, keeping his gaze focused on the mountains off in the distance. Though he had shared only the most basic of details with her, he still felt his shoulders lighten from doing so.

"I'm at a loss as to what I should do... Accept the chance of a lifetime and be forced to say goodbye to everyone I care for, or stay here attending classes that I could sleep through and still pass, but possess the company of those I so desperately crave." Sighing, he leaned his head back onto her shoulder placing her temple against his pulse point. Silently, he relished in the intimacy of the moment just as Alice was.

"Those who are far older than you or I would have difficulty with such a decision. It's not a choice I envy." she confessed, sincerely. "I think you have to ask yourself whether or not the knowledge and opportunity you've been presented with is worth the sacrifice. For a reason you've not shared with me, you seem to be under the impression that you'll need all the power you can attain in the near future. If being away for a time meant I would be capable of protecting those I care for and love from danger, I'd gladly take the loneliness... for their sake."

"You're right..." A soft chuckle escaped him as he angled his head so his eyes were meeting hers. "As if there was any doubt of anything less passing those mesmerizing lips."

This time not even Alice could lie to herself, he had brought out in her what no other member of the opposite sex could, a blush that colored even her slender throat. "You should be careful what you

say to girls, Harry. Words like that mean more to us than they do to the men who so casually throw them around." she explained, hastily shifting her gaze from his.

"Shyness is very becoming of you."

"Shaddup," she mumbled, cutely.

Something about the view of Alice through her curtain of silky chestnut hair, the pink tint tracing the planes of her features, and the way her nervous eyes avoided his, ignited something animalistic – a terrible hunger for her deep within him. His liquid pools of emerald trained themselves on her shiny, pillow-esque lips, Harry turned within her arms boldly pressing his chest to hers. And still Alice refused to look at him.

Snaking his hand under her school robes and around her to the base of her spine, he turned them slowly pressing her softly into the dirty stone wall.

"Harry." she whispered, her breath leaving its mark on the space between their faces.

"Refusing to meet my eyes like that could easily be misconstrued as an invitation."

Leaning forward he ghosted his lips below her jaw line, keeping his devilish smirk pressed to her neck as a shiver made its way through her body. Growing emboldened by her reaction to his lips, he slowly grazed his teeth over her pulse point and was rewarded by the feel of her squirming against him.

Alice was a bundle of nerves. It was only half an hour earlier that she had sent off a letter telling her father in no uncertain terms that no matter how many times he yelled and complained, gifted her with expensive and extravagant trinkets, or arranged marriage meetings for her, she was never going to be interested in a member of the opposite sex.

The very thought of being touched by a man turned her stomach. But here she was, pinned to the wall of the owlery by a charming and mischievous, first year boy that she somehow, despite everything that told her she shouldn't, found outrageously attractive.

And then there were his lips...

Merlin, his lips were amazing!

His lips were doing things for her with a few small brushes against her skin that the few girls she had been with had failed to do. He's a first year... you have to stop this-

All thought of stopping him was brought to a crashing halt as she registered a hardness pressing against her thigh. Eyes going wide, a very girly sound of surprise escaped her making the boy flush against her shake with silent laughter.

"Skittish as a kitten." he hummed into the soft bend of her neck. Not wanting to push her too far or make her uncomfortable, he shifted his hips away from her despite the part of him that begged not to.

"Harry," she started shakily, her breathing a pitch faster than was normal. "You – I – we can't do this."

"Can't do what?" he questioned playfully, taking the lobe of her ear between his teeth.

"That," she moaned, eliciting a pleased rumble from Harry. "You have to stop... it's not right – not proper."

"Why would I want to do something like that?" Sliding a finger under her blouse, he traced circles against the dimples at the base of her spine. "Does my touch not excite you? Please you in ways your past lovers have? Am I not enough of a man for you?" Accentuating his final question, he boldly ground his hips into hers, giving her a feel of his full length and how much he craved her touch.

At the word "man" a jolt traveled through her that was enough to bring her back to herself.

"Harry, stop." she ordered sternly, being firm with not only the first year who had her worked up so well, but herself.

Hearing her shift in tone Harry pulled away, looking at her with confusion. "What's wrong?"

"We can't do this. You shouldn't even be kissing girls on the cheek yet, let alone doing... that!" Stopping herself from groaning at the loss of contact, she pulled his hand from inside her blouse as she moved to one of the large, pane less windows and away from him.

Harry, guessing what her problem was, made an annoyed sound that drew a surprised look from the girl he had been pressing to the wall just seconds before. "If you're not attracted to me, or are seeing someone, or if it's something as simple as not wanting to get carried away then I can understand you stopping us. But don't let something as stupid as my age determine what we can or can't do together."

"No, your age isn't the only reason I stopped us, but even if that wasn't the case it's still a more than adequate a reason to do so." she shot back, her temper flaring.

"Tell me why then. I like you, and I have a hard time believing you're the type of woman that would allow someone they're not interested in get as far as you let me." Stepping close to her, he fixed her with a challenging look.

Squirming slightly under his intense gaze, she replied, "For one, you're right, I'm not that type of girl, but neither am I one who starts randomly necking with those she does like. I'm no slag! Secondly, I..."

Harry looked at the suddenly hesitant girl expectantly. "And?" he prompted.

Alice scowled. "I'm too old for you. Do you know what people would say if they saw us together?"

Harry scoffed. "Do I seem too young to you? And you're way off base on the part about what others would think. This is one of those rare occasions where the double standard is in women's favor."

"What rubbish are you talking about?"

"If a woman sleeps around she's a slag, if a man does the same he's called a seeker. Well that same double standard is applicable to dating someone who's younger than you. When a man dates a girl that's too much younger than him, he's labeled a pervert. With women it becomes a joke about how awesome the guy must be."

Harry had pulled his argument out of his ass, and if the look Alice was giving him was anything to go by she knew this. "Plus we're magical! We mature faster than muggles and live longer. Age is irrelevant to us."

"Harry we can't date each other."

"And I'm not asking you out. All I'm saying is that you shouldn't dismiss me out of hand because I'm younger than you."

Alice began to speak only to stop herself as she looked into his eyes. Chewing her lip in a way that reminded Harry of the diamond hard organ he had been introducing her to just minutes before, she thought over what he had to say.

She'd be lying if she said he wasn't ridiculously attractive. Smart, athletic, handsome, and charming, Harry Potter was definitely an appealing individual, and would undoubtedly make a great boyfriend. And there lied one of the two problems that arose when considering him as dating material. He was male, and she was into women. No matter how good his lips had felt against her neck, or that she did in fact find him, a member of the opposite sex, attractive, could she really change a part of herself that she had been sure of since she was twelve?

And if it was possible for her to look past such a huge part of herself that had caused untold amounts of strife with her father, then there was the matter of his age to be concerned about. While there was some truth to be found in what he said about double standards, she doubted people would be accepting of what had taken place between them.

When Alice surfaced from her thoughts it was to the sight of an owl landing on Harry's outstretched arm. Watching him remove the letter she had failed to notice from its leg, she was taken aback by the rapid changing of emotions that crossed his face.

"Dung, you have the worst timing." he muttered to himself, unintentionally speaking loud enough for her to hear.

"Dung?"

Looking up, he pocketed the unopened envelope and shook his head. "Nothing you need concern yourself with." Before Alice could hope to respond, he crossed the distance separating them, pulling her into a searing kiss.

If Alice wasn't enjoying the kiss or didn't want to participate, she failed to voice her objections. By the time his tongue danced along her bottom lip asking for permission to enter, Hogwarts' Headgirl was returning his kiss with equal amounts of enthusiasm and fervor, allowing him to explore the inside of her mouth with his strong and surprisingly experienced tongue. It was as he hissed, winning the battle of their tongues that a moan of unrestrained pleasure escaped her, granting him full control as she enjoyed the skill with which he dominated her.

Hands balled in her robes pulling her into his chest, teeth closed around her bottom lip, Harry broke the kiss with a cocky smile. "Look at that," he chuckled huskily, "swollen lips look good on you too."

Despite her already labored breathing Alice was able to huff at him, looking both ashamed and pleased with herself – satisfied, yet far from being sated.

It was a good look on her, Harry decided.

"How can you only be eleven?" she panted, honest curiosity coloring her voice.

Releasing a small, bitter laugh, he leaned forward, capturing her lips again in a brief kiss. "You can blame that on the bipolar bitch that is my luck."

S2ndC

"Purchasing a private room was an excellent bit of foresight on your part, Dung"

Hood drawn, all that was visible of Harry to the petty criminal was the blond tresses that escaped his hood and his hands that were the same shade of ebony as that of Dean Thomas. His crooked smile hidden beneath his hood, he silently thanked Sirius for his gift.

"Figured ya wanna be done with 'his somewhere 'way from 'he public eye." Shuffling from foot to foot the small, unkempt man clutched a scroll, yellowed by age, to his chest.

Harry nodded. Surveying the room the unidentified Potter projected an air on nonchalance, masking his impatience from the fidgeting crook as he listlessly walked circles around him. "Your letter was lacking anything but a room number. I assume you've called me here for what we spoke of previously?"

Dung nodded hurriedly, offering up the scroll. The man who had ransacked the house of his deceased godfather in his original world and timeline was eager to please him, no doubt with thoughts of the reward Harry had promised him for the speedy retrieval of a way to be rid of the underage trace playing in his unwashed head.

Taking the scroll and unfurling it, Harry inquired how Dung had gone about acquiring its possession as he skimmed over its contents, finding only a single worded incantation and a brief summary about the spell's mechanics.

"Nik'd it from Borgin and Burkes, I did. Turns out, only a few dim Purebloods know it. Rest of 'em 'ave to go to ol' Borgin to rid their young'uns of it."

Harry smiled at that. While it was true the owner of Borgin and Burkes probably knew the spell by heart after having cast it on the children of purebloods for years, it was the thought of the man's face twisted in bewildered anger at the discovery of the theft that pleased Harry.

"Again, excellent work Dung. Perhaps you're not as useless as I previously believed." Reaching into his robes he produced a palm sized bag of galleons. "For a job well done." he explained, tossing the clinking bag to the wide eyed man.

"I'll be in touch."

Taking his words for what they were, a dismissal, Dung silently made his way out of the room, eyes burning a hole through the little brown bag that sat atop his hand, his head now filled with thoughts of firewhiskey and Knockturn Alley's red light district.

Once he was sure he was alone, Harry wasted no time in casting the spell on himself. As the tingling sensation the scroll had described traveled down his spine, he was left to ponder over what other uses he could make of the pickpocket.

Exiting the private room Dung had procured specifically for their meeting; Harry stepped out into the second floor hallway of the Three Broomsticks, just as a hooded figure quickly ascended the stairs leading down to the crowded main area of the pub. As had become second nature for him when faced with a potentially dangerous situation, the youngest male Potter went on alert, searching the narrow hallway lined with doors and a single window at the end of said hall for the best areas to take cover from spell-fire and exits if a retreat became necessary.

All seemed to be fine for Harry as he passed the cloaked individual, noting that the hurried pace the genderless stranger carried him or herself with was that of person in a rush to meet someone, perhaps a lover.

The thought of a lover's tryst made Harry chuckle and his mind travel back to the owlery earlier that evening, only for him to almost trip down the stairs when he caught a nose full of the eye-watering scent coming off of what he now knew was a man. It was a scent that could be confused with the presence of an abundance of garlic, but what was in actuality the stench of a decaying body being rotted away from the inside out by a malevolent spirit. It was a smell all the students had to put up with when entering the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom – the stench of Quirinus Quirrell and the monster sticking out of the back of his head, Voldemort.

Forcing himself not to stiffen or turn around and start firing off the most deadly curses he knew, Harry continued on down the stairs as if he hadn't just passed the man planning to steal the Philosopher's Stone, turning his head only slightly so he could see which room his robed professor disappeared into.

As the sound of the door being forced shut reached his ears, he began casting spells. Floor and clothing silenced, his person disillusioned, and his most powerful shield teetering on the edge of his lips, Harry crept forward, pressing his ear to the door he knew Quirrell and his master to be behind.

"My master," cooed a rough and deep, but most surprisingly familiar voice. "You are looking well today." The gentleness and devotion Harry detected in the voice, even through the heavy wooden door, was sickening and enough to cause him to idly wonder if Bellatrix had some competition on her hands for the title of Voldemort's most ardent servant.

"Enough you fool, do you have the blood or not?" Harry suppressed a shudder of revulsion that made itself known at the sound of Voldemort's airy, serpentine voice.

"Have you any news on what Snape's and Dumbledore's protections of the stone entail?" Quirrell's strong, true voice drifted to Harry, muffled by the door and the shuffling happening inside the room.

Shifting forward, closer to the door, he sent up a silent prayer to Kar, thanking him, not for the first time, for the enhancements he had gifted him with. Had it not been for his improved hearing Harry would have been unable to comprehend what was being said.

"Here you are, master." said the first voice that Harry, despite trying, couldn't place with anyone he knew. Following these words the sound of desperate, greedy chugging filled the room – a sound that was sickening even to Harry who was crouched outside. "No, I haven't. Snape trusts no one, and Dumbledore has no reason to share what protections he's emplaced. To ask would be to draw unwanted attention upon myself."

"Excuses!" Quirrell hissed venomously, the same disgust that Harry was experiencing shaking in the man's cruel voice. "If we cannot learn what's standing between us and the stone then all this will be for naut. Blindly facing the protections those two have set forth would see me fail the Dark Lord." Unexpectedly the wet sounds Voldemort was making died away.

"Silence, Quirinus! He is the oldest of my followers and one of the chosen I have put my trust into. He can guaranty the old fool's absence when we make our move, more of a contribution than I can say you have offered me as of late."

Harry sucked his teeth in annoyance. It appeared that Voldemort wasn't going to use the third member of their party's name. Which was unfortunate for Harry, seeing as he had cast his mind back and

still couldn't remember a single Death Eater who had bragged about being by the snake's side since the beginning. And that was information a Death Eater would take great pleasure in boasting.

"-what of Longbottom?"

Pulled from his musing Harry unthinkingly leaned onto the door having missed part of what was said between the three. He never expected for it to not fit its frame properly, or that his leaning against it would cause the door to move and sound as if someone was attempting to force their way in.

"Someone's at the door!" Voldemort snarled savagely, setting both of his followers and Harry into motion at once. "HIDE ME AND KILL THEM!"

Waving his wand downward, a fountain of silver sprang from his wand, melting into a shield that filled the doorframe unlike the useless slab of wood that had exposed him. Taking only a second to admire his handy work Harry turned and started sprinting for the stairs just in time to be missed by the explosion that tore the silver he had just conjured, and half of the wall on both sides of the hall into shreds.

Unprepared for such a large scale form of retaliation Harry was sent careening off his feet and almost down the stairs head first.

"YOU FOOL, YOU'LL EXPOSE US ALL!" Though Voldemort's scream was enough to tear at his nonexistent throat, Harry was barely able to distinguish it from the screams of shock and terror originating from downstairs or his headache and the skull splitting ringing filling his head.

His entire body felt like one giant bruise that was being tap-danced on by a group of randy leprecons. But having learned what laying around when fighting for your life could result in, he rolled over the edge of the steps and painfully onto his side. Grasping at any vial he could reach from the left side of his potions belt, the side that housed those meant for use in battle, he started relentlessly flinging vial and spell toward the opening in the wall.

Sending a bone exploding curse over the top step and into the dust that had yet to settle, together with a vial of the same gas his mother

had hit him with when first introducing potion use in battle, Harry silently hoped there wasn't any innocents that would be caught in the cross fire.

With visibility nonexistent, and a barrage of spellfire and potions being sent their way, Voldemort and his two men had no choice but to retreat.

"We can't risk exposure, we must flee! Blow out the wall; we'll jump and apparate out that way! Leave nothing for them to trace back to us!" Quirrell commanded his fellow Death Eater.

The rage and disgust in the phantom's following scream was comparable only to that of a Horcrux being destroyed.

Suddenly feeling very vulnerable and out in the open, despite being invisible to the naked eye, Harry turned and jumped down the stairs. Landing in a roll, he found himself standing amidst the panicking patrons of the Three Broomsticks, his hood falling back from his fluid movement revealing that the magical ink had bleed away during his attempt to hit Voldemort. A mass of screaming witches and wizards stampeding for the exit, whose fears were renewed by a second explosion so violent that it shook them all to their knees.

Managing to both hiss in pain and use profanity in Parseltongue at the same time, Harry quickly rose to his feet to try and help people up and out of the pub. As he moved he failed to realize he had dropped his disillusionment charm. It was as he helped a speechless man to his feet that a sound Harry had only heard a few times in his past life reached him, chilling him as nothing else had on that day.

It started as a distant roaring, then a billowing rumble that froze everyone where they were, including Harry. As the rumble continued to grow, the entire pub shook as if it feared for those within its walls. The powerful roar that had sounded as if it had been a great distance away before melted into an awful, soul shattering scream that would live on in the nightmares of those who survived till morning.

"Fiendfyre..." he whispered disbelievingly, every person in the bar experiencing the gentle caress of his horrified words. They were like the softness of a maiden's lips seconds before the executioner brought down his axe – breathtakingly beautiful, but in the end just a

fleeting moment that would do nothing to still the blade that would free your life's blood.

As if his words were all the encouragement the cursed fire needed, the entire pub was assaulted by the searing heat. Instantly every person was coated in sweat, their bodies attempting unsuccessfully to fight off the unnatural heat bearing down on them from above.

As everyone scrambled for the exit and the sweet release that was the frosty, January night air that lay just beyond its threshold, Harry grabbed at the individuals unlucky enough to still be on the floor with one hand, while raising his wand with the other.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

The silver, ghostly form of Harry's Thestral Patronus, which normally would have drawn every eye within seeing distance went unnoticed to all except Harry in the chaos of the pub, or so he thought.

"THREE BROOMSTICKS – FIENDFYRE – HELP!"

Even had he wanted to watch his Patronus turn and run off, Harry would have been unable to do so. For at that moment, as he bent down and grabbed an older woman by the arms, part of the ceiling collapsed in on itself crushing all those who had been close.

Having paused at the sight of the fiery beams raining down on a group of people, he was snapped from his horrified thoughts by the woman he still held. Jerking the screaming blond to her feet, Harry fought down the image of Madam Rosmerta being crushed by a piece of her home. Shoving the frightened woman in the direction of the door, he pushed his way through the crowd looking for others who needed help.

Spotting a man lying unconscious by the bar and two women trying to lift him, Harry ran to them dodging parts of the floor above that were still falling around him. "Why aren't they using their wands?" he growled, stumbling over a broken chair leg.

Sliding to his knees and pushing one of the girls to the side, Harry hooked his arms under the prone man. "Come on – we need to get out of here!" As if to accentuate his point a large, flaming section of

the ceiling came crashing down by the entrance of the pub, setting off a chain reaction as more of the floor above them started breaking off.

Eyes watering from the heat coming off the monstrous black flames spreading around them and his arms wrapped around the portly stranger, he started for the row of windows closest to them. The scream coming from the girls glued to his side was all the warning he had that they were under a section of floor that had finally given way.

Adrenaline coursing through him, driving him onward, Harry put his shoulder into the girl to his right knocking her out of the way, while shoving the lady to his left with his foot. Landing partly on top of the woman he had shoved with his shoulder, with both his and the man's weight, Harry let the man go rolling onto his side so he could check on her.

"Are you alright?" he yelled over the screaming flames, running a hand appraisingly over the side she was clutching.

"I-I'm alright-" she started, staring up at him with big, tear filled, blue eyes, only to be cut off by a bloodcurdling scream.

Whipping around Harry watched in horror as a giant, flaming snake took hold of the woman he had kicked out of the way of the falling beams by her long raven hair. Before he could move to try and help the screaming woman, the snake gave a violent shake of its giant, orange head, filling the air with the sickening crack her neck made.

Looking her in the eye, Harry watched as the life left her fearful, brown orbs, leaving only a glassy, soulless corpse behind.

"JASMINE!" Eyes ripped away from the destruction of the now dead girl's body – the flames began burning their way down her long locks as the flame beast imitated a real snake devouring its prey – he turned and grabbed the girl pushing her to her feet before turning to the man and picking him up.

"We're running out of time. We have to move, NOW!" he yelled, noticing for the first time that the man was bleeding profusely from a cut on the side of his head.

"WHERE DO WE GO?"

It was then that he realized what she was talking about. Standing between them and all the windows was a wall of blazing, cursed fire. The only side that didn't have elemental beasts bearing down on them was the wall the bar set against.

"Come on!" Hefting the man onto his shoulder, Harry led his female companion toward the bar, laying the man upon its surface and helping the girl over before jumping over himself. "Do you have your wand on you?"

"No!" she panted, fear dancing in her eyes like the flame beasts taunting them with their encroaching death. "I lost it when everyone was rushing for the exit!"

Cursing loudly, he pulled the man and woman back against the wall, holding them there as a flaming, roaring Chimera jumped onto the bar. Not for the first time in his life, Harry pondered just how much intelligence and self-awareness the cursed flames possessed, as the creature gave what sounded like a mocking roar of victory.

"We're going to have to try and apparate out!" he screamed, over the deafening flames. He was thankful the summoned demons, for there was nothing else they could be, seemed to want to taunt him before they enjoyed his death. "Hopefully the Rune Stone has been destroyed by the flames by now!"

Before he had finished speaking the girl twisted in place – the heat, witnessing the death of her best friend, and her fear at being burned alive driving her, the same girl who had earlier been willing to try and help a fallen stranger, now attempted to flee without giving a second thought to the safety of the young boy who had saved her. Unfortunately for her the main Rune Stone was still intact – the ward that kept any intoxicated patron from apparating while drunk, doing to her what it did to anyone attempting to leave the pub in such a fashion. Fortunately for her she was in a magic induced sleep when she fell into the flaming maw of the same serpent that took her friend's life.

"DAMMIT!" Harry screamed, the first traces of panic making themselves known. "DUMBLEDORE... where the fuck are you!?"

Sliding down the wall, the man he had been carrying the entire time still clutched to his chest, Harry met the cruel, flaming eyes of the Chimera that would end his life.

"I really don't want to die."

AS if it understood him and wanted most what he wanted the least, the beast crouched down preparing to pounce.

Slowly, a crooked, bitter smile twisted his lips. His gaze never leaving the flaming pools of the beast's.

"Fuck you."

And then the Chimera pounced.

AN: Yes I know I'm an asshole – I admit to this and accept it. But the truth aside, how was the chapter? A little bit of action in this one, both the good and bad kind. From here on out in the story things are going to be moving fast. I know I've promised the same in the past but this time I'm certain of it.

The reason I was able to update so quickly was I had a couple of days off back to back. No work, no classes, just free time to enjoy with my girl and my favorite pastime, writing. But having to go back to work was why you received a cliffhanger. When I would be able to finish the chapter (if I had held on to it) and when I would feel like finishing it were all beyond me. I know how lazy I am after working all day and attending classes, and the chances of me bouncing home to eagerly finish chapter 25 wasn't likely. So in the hopes that I might motivate myself I posted the cliffy. Your reviews can hopefully help me as well. So please send your support, and if there happened to be something you didn't like about, I'll be happy to hear it as long as you communicate it without being disrespectful.

Chp26